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THE LIFE OF MARY JEMISON

THE AMERICAN
SCENIC & HISTORIC PRESERVATION SOCIETY

THE TRIBUNE BUILDING, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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BRONZE STATUE OF MARY JEMISON
At Letchworth Park, New York.

55635

A Narrative of

THE LIFE OF MARY JEMISON

The White Woman of the Genesee

55635

by

JAMES EVERETT SEAVER, M.D.

Revised by

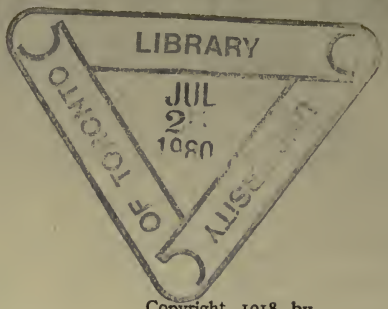
CHARLES DELAMATER VAIL, L.H.D.

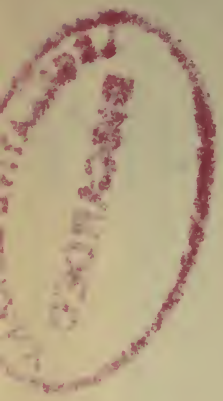
Emeritus Professor of English Literature at Hobart College

TWENTIETH EDITION

Presenting the First Edition literally restored, Together with chapters added to later editions by Ebenezer Mix, Lewis Henry Morgan, LL.D., William Clement Bryant and William Pryor Letchworth, LL.D. Enlarged with historical and archæological memoranda and critical notes by modern authorities

New York
The American Scenic & Historic Preservation Society
1918





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1918

To the Memory of
WILLIAM PRYOR LETCHWORTH, LL.D.,
who gave sanctuary in what is now
Letchworth Park
to the dust of the remarkable woman
whose life forms the subject of these pages,
the labors bestowed upon this edition
are dedicated by
THE REVISER

Published by the Fund
given by
HELEN HALL VAIL
in loving remembrance of
a long and beautiful friendship with
the Letchworth Family

FOREWORD

THE Life of Mary Jemison, the White Woman of the Genesee, is, in all its details, a wondrous story of one of the most remarkable captivities suffered at the hands of the Indians by the early settlers of this country. Told by herself with extraordinary clearness of memory at the age of 80 years to James Everett Seaver, M. D.,[1] it was first published at Canandaigua, N. Y., in 1824; and now, ninety-four years later, after no less than nineteen editions in this country and England, the popularity of the work is so persistent that this Twentieth Edition has become necessary.

For details of the bibliography of this classic in the Indian history of Western New York, the reader is referred to the chapter on that subject on pages 274-293 following; but for a proper comprehension of the story as a whole a few general observations may here be made.

In the course of the preceding nineteen editions, the book has received the impress notably of four men, each in turn as editor, namely, James Everett Seaver, M.D., Ebenezer Mix, Lewis Henry Morgan, LL.D., and William Pryor Letchworth, LL.D.

Dr. Seaver, in his original narrative, brings out with vividness the personality of the White Woman. Her story is full of pathos and tragedy, and still thrills the reader going over its pages for the first time; but

above the pathos and tragedy, the thoughtful person cannot fail to be impressed with the uniformity of elevated character of Mary Jemison herself. She endured hardship and suffering with astounding fortitude. Amidst the hardening surroundings of barbaric life, she preserved the sensibilities of a white woman. Her natural tender emotions were never extinguished; the atrocities of the uncivilized people among whom it was her destiny to live always shocked her. She cherished a lively sympathy for the sufferings of others, and never failed to minister to the needy and unfortunate according to her resources; and a new name, "The Friend of the Distressed," was given to her by common consent. Mary Jemison never failed to stand up for those whom she felt she should befriend, and apparently was absolutely devoid of fear of criticism of whatever she did, living, as she believed, by the rule of conscience. Although she dwelt in the midst of a savage people who had social customs and practices alien to her own, yet by the force of her personality she commanded the respect of her brethren-by-adoption and maintained the standard of private character becoming her origin. The memory of her mother's prayers and teachings, recalled in her last days, as touchingly related by Mrs. Asher Wright, reveals one of the influences which, sub-consciously perhaps, lay back of these manifestations of Mary Jemison's heroic character. It is doubtful if any English work presents a passage of greater dramatic elevation and pathos than is shown when Mary Jemison recovers her memory of the prayer taught her in her childhood by her mother and so many years mourned by her in the night watches as lost.

When, in 1842, William Seaver & Son, brother and nephew of James Everett Seaver, the author, republished the work in Batavia, N. Y., they brought Ebenezer Mix [2] to their aid in the revision. Mr. Mix's special impress on the book is geographical. Mr. Mix was one of the most familiar figures in the early affairs of the Genesee Valley and the Holland Purchase Company. It was a current saying in the Genesee country that Mr. Mix knew more about the lands and holdings of each pioneer than the pioneer himself knew, and that his word about any given transaction could be accepted practically without dispute. Thus it happened that when William Seaver & Son engaged Mr. Mix's service, and, availing themselves of the privilege of family relationship to the deceased author, consented to various alterations,—or, as it was the fashion then to say, "improvements,"—in the text, the alterations tended to give very marked prominence to the history and geography of the Genesee country.

Lewis Henry Morgan,[3] the learned author of "The League of the Iroquois," who was brought into collaboration by D. M. Dewey in the publication of the 1856 edition at Rochester, N. Y., imparted another characteristic to the book. His training and viewpoint were those of the student of Indian life, customs and language, and the profusion of notes which Dr. Morgan introduced and the chapter on Indian place-names in the Iroquois country which he added, concentrate attention on linguistic and philological characteristics.

In 1877 William Pryor Letchworth [4] again touched the keynote which Dr. Seaver had sounded at the beginning. About the time when Dr. Letchworth

conspicuously manifested his interest in the subject of these pages by causing Mary Jemison's remains to be transferred from Buffalo to what is now Letchworth Park, he acquired the publication rights in Mary Jemison's Life. His long work as a philanthropist made him keenly responsive to human suffering and deeply appreciative of noble personal character; and, as might have been expected, the valuable additions which appeared in the edition first published by him in 1877 emphasize again the human characteristics of Mary Jemison which were illustrated in Dr. Seaver's original narrative. To this dominating and continuing ideal, Dr. Letchworth gave a noble summation in the bronze statue of the White Woman of the Genesee which he erected over her grave in the last year of his life.

In searching for the cause of the enduring vitality and popularity of this book, the reader will find that its appeal to his judgment is threefold—human, historical and literary.

The first, however, is the real secret of the book. The book lives primarily because of its portrayal of the affecting life and wonderful character of Mary Jemison. And it should be noted that the First Edition, laying emphasis on her personality, established for the book itself a claim to a place in our English literature as having enriched its permanent stock of great stories, of stories revealing some of the finest traits possible in our human nature.

Of its historical value, it may be said that the book portrays with the realism of personal narrative the dramatic details of an important period in the progress of civilization. When we read the history of the Old World we have presented to us the larger

features of the great migrations of races and the contact between the more and the less civilized; but those epoch-marking events are so remote that the details—the little things which would give the human touch and make the scenes live with human life—are lacking; the impressions which one receives from them are impersonal; the scenes are dead, like fossils in the rocks. In the coming together of the white and red races in the New World, however, we have reproduced under our own eyes, as it were, an event as epoch-marking as any of the ancient migrations; but, unlike the ancient histories, the Life of Mary Jemison gives those intimately personal details which impart to the history of her period a living reality.

The book also has a value as indicating something of the state of American literature in the early part of the nineteenth century. The exceeding scarcity of the First Edition, of which only sixteen copies are known to be in existence, is itself significant of the time at which it appeared. It is said that its rarity has been brought about in Western New York and the Genesee Valley, its natural home and market, because of the vogue which the story achieved when it was in its first bloom, and when the generation who were to be its patrons and readers did not find the book-stalls offering stories of Indian captivities which, in charm and fascination, were in any sense rivals to Mary Jemison's revelations of the life which she led in the lands of the Ohio and the Genesee. As a consequence, the readers of the period literally wore out the copies of the little 16mo which were frequently carried in the pocket, and more frequently passed from hand to hand, so that only a few

have survived the intensive use to which they were put.

In addition to this evidence of the contemporary place which the book occupied in American literature, we find in the original edition evidence of an interesting period in American linguistics. Dr. Seaver, in his Preface, dwells on the care he has used in writing the narrative, "as books of this kind are sought and read with avidity, especially by children, and are well calculated to . . . improve them in the art of reading." We may infer, therefore, both from this statement and from Dr. Seaver's evident culture, that when he transcribes into his own words such expressions as "you was deaf to my cries," "when those rebels had drove us from the fields of our fathers," "he . . . run for his life," etc., his grammatical forms were not the result of ignorance but were based on actual if not persistent personal usage.[5]

This Twentieth Edition has been revised with a view to giving the reader the benefits of all the qualities of the First Edition together with the additions made to later editions and certain new matter which has been the result of modern research.

Part I of the present edition, therefore, presents the First Edition separated from all accretions and in its original purity. The text is printed word for word, line for line and page for page, including the author's original notes, literally as in the First Edition, the only differences being, first, that a larger size of type has been used, making the size of the page correspondingly larger; and second, that superior figures have been inserted referring to the notes in Part III. In this process the grammatical forms and the spelling of words which Mr. Mix

"improved" in the edition of 1842 have necessarily been restored to the forms in which they appeared in the First Edition.

In Part II have been placed the chapters and appendices, wonderfully interesting and dramatic, which were added by others to Dr. Seaver's original narrative, with an addition to Chapter IV by Dr. Edward Hagaman Hall concerning the place of Mary Jemison's capture; an addition by the Reviser to Chapter V concerning the Mary Jemison statue; a new Chapter VI by the late William H. Samson concerning Mary Jemison's will; and a new Chapter IX by the Reviser on the bibliography of this work. The foot-notes appended to the chapters in Part II which have appeared in former editions have been placed in Part III, with due credit in each case. Superior figures have been inserted in the text referring not only to the notes which originally accompanied these chapters, but also to new notes by the Reviser of the present edition.

Part III, as already indicated, includes the notes by the author of the chapters in Part II and also notes by the Reviser which are the result of modern research and are frequently based on documentary evidence not available to early writers, including memoranda contributed by valued correspondents therein mentioned.

The First Edition contained no illustrations. For the present edition a few selections have been made from various editions which followed the First, and new illustrations have been added.

The Reviser acknowledges his indebtedness to the Rt. Rev. Cameron Mann, D.D., Bishop of Southern Florida; the Rev. William Martin Beauchamp, S.T.D.,

of Syracuse, N. Y., author of "Aboriginal Place Names of New York," etc.; Mr. Arthur C. Parker of Albany, N. Y., New York State Archaeologist; Mr. Elmer Adler of Rochester, N. Y., biliophile and collector of data concerning Mary Jemison; the late William Holland Samson of Rochester, for many years editor of the *Rochester Post-Express;* Mr. Frank H. Severance of Buffalo, N. Y., Secretary of the Buffalo Historical Society; Miss Caroline Bishop, for many years Dr. Letchworth's Secretary and now Librarian of Letchworth Park; Hon. Truman L. Stone of Sonyea, N. Y., Superintendent of the Craig Colony for Epileptics; Mr. Robert H. Kelby of New York, Librarian of the New York Historical Society; Rev. George P. Donehoo, D.D., of Coudersport, Penn., Secretary of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission; John Woolf Jordan, LL.D., of Philadelphia, Penn., Librarian of the Pennsylvania Historical Society; the Rev. W. K. Zieber, D.D., of Hanover, Penn., author of papers published in the *Gettysburg Compiler;* Mr. C. B. Galbraith of Columbus, O., State Librarian of Ohio, and Miss Alice Boardman, Assistant State Librarian; Mr. William Smith of Ottawa, Keeper of Manuscripts in the Department of Public Archives of the Dominion of Canada; and others mentioned in Part III for their helpful co-operation in the preparation of this edition, and particularly to Edward Hagaman Hall, L.H.D., of New York, Secretary of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, for his invaluable assistance in editing these pages.

CHARLES DELAMATER VAIL.

Walnut Hill, Geneva, N. Y., July 1, 1918.

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PART I

THE FIRST EDITION LITERALLY REPRODUCED

VOWEL SOUNDS.

ă . . . . . as in arm.

ă . . . . . as in at.

a . . . . . as in ale.

ĕ . . . . . as in met.

ō . . . . . as in tone.

A NARRATIVE

OF THE LIFE OF

MRS. MARY JEMISON,

Who was taken by the Indians, in the year 1755, when only about twelve years of age, and has continued to reside amongst them to the present time.

CONTAINING

An Account of the Murder of her Father and his Family; her sufferings; her marriage to two Indians; her troubles with her Children; barbarities of the Indians in the French and Revolutionary Wars; the life of her last Husband, &c.; and many Historical Facts never before published.
Carefully taken from her own words, Nov. 29th, 1823.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

An APPENDIX, containing an account of the tragedy at the Devil's Hole, in 1763, and of Sullivan's Expedition; the Traditions, Manners, Customs, &c. of the Indians, as believed and practised at the present day, and since Mrs. Jemison's captivity; together with some Anecdotes, and other entertaining matter.

BY JAMES E. SEAVER.

CANANDAIGUA:

PRINTED BY J. D. BEMIS AND CO.

1824.

FAC-SIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE OF FIRST EDITION
(Actual size)

A NARRATIVE

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BY JAMES E. SEAVER.

CANANDAIGUA:

PRINTED BY J. D. BEMIS AND CO.[6]

1824.

Northern District of New-York, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the eighth day of May, in the forty-eighth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1824, JAMES D. BEMIS, of the said District, has deposited in this (L.S.) Office the title of a Book the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"A Narrative of the Life of Mrs. Mary Jemison, who was taken by the Indians, in the year 1755, when only about twelve years of age, and has continued to reside amongst them to the present time; containing an account of the Murder of her Father and his Family; her Sufferings; her Marriage to two Indians; her Troubles with her Children; barbarities of the Indians in the French and Revolutionary Wars; the Life of her last Husband, &c. and many Historical Facts never before published. Carefully taken from her own words, Nov. 29th, 1823. To which is added an Appendix, containing an account of the Tragedy at the Devil's Hole, in 1763, and of Sullivan's Expedition; the Traditions, Manners, Customs, &c. of the Indians, as believed and practised at the present day, and since Mrs. Jemison's captivity; together with some anecdotes, and other entertaining matter. By James E. Seaver."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also, to the act entitled, "An act supplementary to an act entitled 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching historical and other prints."

R. R. LANSING, *Clerk of the Northern District of New-York.*

PREFACE.

THAT to biographical writings we are indebted for the greatest and best field in which to study mankind, or human nature, is a fact duly appreciated by a well-informed community. In them we can trace the effects of mental operations to their proper sources; and by comparing our own composition with that of those who have excelled in virtue, or with that of those who have been sunk in the lowest depths of folly and vice, we are enabled to select a plan of life that will at least afford self-satisfaction, and guide us through the world in paths of morality.

Without a knowledge of the lives of the vile and abandoned, we should be wholly incompetent to set an appropriate value upon the charms, the excellence and the worth of those principles which have produced the finest traits in the character of the most virtuous.

Biography is a telescope of life, through which we can see the extremes and excesses of the varied properties of the human heart. Wisdom and folly, refinement and vulgarity, love and hatred, tenderness and cruelty, happiness and misery, piety and infidelity, commingled with every other cardinal virtue or vice, are to be seen on the variegated pages of the history of human events, and are eminently deserving the attention of those who would learn to walk in the "paths of peace."

The brazen statue and the sculptured marble, can commemorate the greatness of heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and blood-stained conquerors, who have risen to the zenith of human glory and popularity, under the influence of the mild sun of prosperity: but it is

the faithful page of biography that transmits to future generations the poverty, pain, wrong, hunger, wretchedness and torment, and every nameless misery that has been endured by those who have lived in obscurity, and groped their lonely way through a long series of unpropitious events, with but little help besides the light of nature. While the gilded monument displays in brightest colors the vanity of pomp, and the emptiness of nominal greatness, the biographical page, that lives in every line, is giving lessons of fortitude in time of danger, patience in suffering, hope in distress, invention in necessity, and resignation to unavoidable evils. Here also may be learned, pity for the bereaved, benevolence for the destitute, and compassion for the helpless; and at the same time all the sympathies of the soul will be naturally excited to sigh at the unfavorable result, or to smile at the fortunate relief.

In the great inexplicable chain which forms the circle of human events, each individual link is placed on a level with the others, and performs an equal task; but, as the world is partial, it is the situation that attracts the attention of mankind, and excites the unfortunate vociferous eclat of elevation, that raises the pampered parasite to such an immense height in the scale of personal vanity, as, generally, to deprive him of respect, before he can return to a state of equilibrium with his fellows, or to the place whence he started.

Few great men have passed from the stage of action, who have not left in the history of their lives indelible marks of ambition or folly, which produced insurmountable reverses, and rendered the whole a mere caricature, that can be examined only with disgust and regret. Such pictures, however, are profitable, for "by others' faults wise men correct their own."

The following is a piece of biography, that shows what changes may be effected in the animal and mental constitution of man; what trials may be surmounted; what cruelties perpetrated, and what pain endured,

when stern necessity holds the reins, and drives the car of fate.

As books of this kind are sought and read with avidity, especially by children, and are well calculated to excite their attention, inform their understanding, and improve them in the art of reading, the greatest care has been observed to render the style easy, the language comprehensive, and the description natural. Prolixity has been studiously avoided. The line of distinction between virtue and vice has been rendered distinctly visible; and chastity of expression and sentiment have received due attention. Strict fidelity has been observed in the composition: consequently, no circumstance has been intentionally exaggerated by the paintings of fancy, nor by fine flashes of rhetoric: neither has the picture been rendered more dull than the original. Without the aid of fiction, what was received as matter of fact, only has been recorded.

It will be observed that the subject of this narrative has arrived at least to the advanced age of eighty years; that she is destitute of education; and that her journey of life, throughout its texture, has been interwoven with troubles, which ordinarily are calculated to impair the faculties of the mind; and it will be remembered, that there are but few old people who can recollect with precision the circumstances of their lives, (particularly those circumstances which transpired after middle age.) If, therefore, any error shall be discovered in the narration in respect to time, it will be overlooked by the kind reader, or charitably placed to the narrator's account, and not imputed to neglect, or to the want of attention in the compiler.

The appendix is principally taken from the words of Mrs. Jemison's statements. Those parts which were not derived from her, are deserving equal credit, having been obtained from authentic sources.

For the accommodation of the reader, the work has been divided into chapters, and a copious table of con-

tents affixed. The introduction will facilitate the understanding of what follows; and as it contains matter that could not be inserted with propriety in any other place, will be read with interest and satisfaction.

Having finished my undertaking, the subsequent pages are cheerfully submitted to the perusal and approbation or animadversion of a candid, generous and indulgent public. At the same time it is fondly hoped that the lessons of distress that are pourtrayed, may have a direct tendency to increase our love of liberty; to enlarge our views of the blessings that are derived from our liberal institutions; and to excite in our breasts sentiments of devotion and gratitude to the great Author and finisher of our happiness.

THE AUTHOR.

Pembroke, March 1, 1824.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Peace of 1783, and the consequent cessation of Indian hostilities and barbarities, returned to their friends those prisoners, who had escaped the tomahawk, the gauntlet, and the savage fire, after their having spent many years in captivity, and restored harmony to society.

The stories of Indian cruelties which were common in the new settlements, and were calamitous realities previous to that propitious event; slumbered in the minds that had been constantly agitated by them, and were only roused occasionally, to become the fearful topic of the fireside.

It is presumed that at this time there are but few native Americans that have arrived to middle age, who cannot distinctly recollect of sitting in the chimney corner when children, all contracted with fear, and there listening to their parents or visitors, while they related stories of Indian conquests, and murders, that would make their flaxen hair nearly stand erect, and almost destroy the power of motion.

At the close of the Revolutionary war; all that part of the State of New-York that lies west of Utica was uninhabited by white people, and few indeed had ever passed beyond Fort Stanwix, except when engaged in war against the Indians, who were numerous, and occupied a number of large towns between the Mohawk river and lake Erie.

Sometime elapsed after this event, before the country about the lakes and on the Genesee river was visited, save by an occasional land speculator, or by defaulters who wished by retreating to what in those days was deemed almost the end of the earth, to escape the force of civil law.

At length, the richness and fertility of the soil excited emigration, and here and there a family settled down and commenced improvements in the country which had recently been the property of the aborigines. Those who settled near the Genesee river, soon became acquainted with "The White Woman," as Mrs. Jemison is called, whose history they anxiously sought, both as a matter of interest and curiosity. Frankness characterized her conduct, and without reserve she would readily gratify them by relating some of the most important periods of her life.

Although her bosom companion was an ancient Indian warrior, and notwithstanding her children and associates were all Indians, yet it was found that she possessed an uncommon share of hospitality, and that her friendship was well worth courting and preserving. Her house was the stranger's home; from her table the hungry were refreshed;—she made the naked as comfortable as her means would admit of; and in all her actions, discovered so much natural goodness of heart, that her admirers increased in proportion to the extension of her acquaintance, and she became celebrated as the friend of the distressed. She was the protectress of the homeless fugitive, and made welcome the weary wanderer. Many still live to commemorate her benevolence towards them,

when prisoners during the war, and to ascribe their deliverance to the mediation of "The White Woman."

The settlements increased, and the whole country around her was inhabited by a rich and respectable people, principally from New-England, as much distinguished for their spirit of inquisitiveness as for their habits of industry and honesty, who had all heard from one source and another a part of her life in detached pieces, and had obtained an idea that the whole taken in connection would afford instruction and amusement.

Many gentlemen of respectability, felt anxious that her narrative might be laid before the public, with a view not only to perpetuate the remembrance of the atrocities of the savages in former times, but to preserve some historical facts which they supposed to be intimately connected with her life, and which otherwise must be lost.

Forty years had passed since the close of the Revolutionary war, and almost seventy years had seen Mrs. Jemison with the Indians, when Daniel W. Banister, Esq. at the instance of several gentlemen, and prompted by his own ambition to add something to the accumulating fund of useful knowledge, resolved, in the autumn of 1823, to embrace that time, while she was capable of recollecting and reciting the scenes through which she had passed, to collect from herself, and to publish to the world, an accurate account of her life.

I was employed to collect the materials, and prepare the work for the press; and accordingly went to the house of Mrs. Jennet Whaley in the town of Castile, Genesee co. N. Y. in company

with the publisher, who procured the interesting subject of the following narrative, to come to that place (a distance of four miles) and there repeat the story of her eventful life. She came on foot in company with Mr. Thomas Clute, whom she considers her protector, and tarried almost three days, which time was busily occupied in taking a sketch of her narrative as she recited it.

Her appearance was well calculated to excite a great degree of sympathy in a stranger, who had been partially informed of her origin, when comparing her present situation with what it probably would have been, had she been permitted to have remained with her friends, and to have enjoyed the blessings of civilization.

In stature she is very short, and considerably under the middle size, and stands tolerably erect, with her head bent forward, apparently from her having for a long time been accustomed to carrying heavy burdens in a strap placed across her forehead. Her complexion is very white for a woman of her age, and although the wrinkles of fourscore years are deeply indented in her cheeks, yet the crimson of youth is distinctly visible. Her eyes are light blue, a little faded by age, and naturally brilliant and sparkling. Her sight is quite dim, though she is able to perform her necessary labor without the assistance of glasses. Her cheek bones are high, and rather prominent, and her front teeth, in the lower jaw, are sound and good. When she looks up and is engaged in conversation her countenance is very expressive; but from her long residence with the Indians, she has acquired the habit of peeping from under eye-brows as they

do with the head inclined downwards. Formerly her hair was of a light chesnut brown—it is now quite grey, a little curled, of middling length and tied in a bunch behind. She informed me that she had never worn a cap nor a comb.

She speaks English plainly and distinctly, with a little of the Irish emphasis, and has the use of words so well as to render herself intelligible on any subject with which she is acquainted. Her recollection and memory exceeded my expectation. It cannot be reasonably supposed, that a person of her age has kept the events of seventy years in so complete a chain as to be able to assign to each its proper time and place; she, however, made her recital with as few obvious mistakes as might be found in that of a person of fifty.

She walks with a quick step without a staff, and I was informed by Mr. Clute, that she could yet cross a stream on a log or pole as steadily as any other person.

Her passions are easily excited. At a number of periods in her narration, tears trickled down her grief worn cheek, and at the same time a rising sigh would stop her utterance.

Industry is a virtue which she has uniformly practised from the day of her adoption to the present. She pounds her samp, cooks for herself, gathers and chops wood, feeds her cattle and poultry, and performs other laborious services. Last season she planted, tended and gathered corn—in short, she is always busy.

Her dress at the time I saw her, was made and worn after the Indian fashion, and consisted of a shirt, short gown, petticoat, stockings, moccasins,

a blanket and a bonnet. The shirt was of cotton and made at the top, as I was informed, like a man's without collar or sleeves—was open before and extended down about midway of the hips.—The petticoat was a piece of broadcloth with the list at the top and bottom and the ends sewed together. This was tied on by a string that was passed over it and around the waist, in such a manner as to let the bottom of the petticoat down half way between the knee and ankle and leave one-fourth of a yard at the top to be turned down over the string—the bottom of the shirt coming a little below, and on the outside of the top of the fold so as to leave the list and two or three inches of the cloth uncovered. The stockings, were of blue broadcloth, tied, or pinned on, which reached from the knees, into the mouth of the moccasins.—Around her toes only she had some rags, and over these her buckskin moccasins. Her gown was of undressed flannel, colored brown. It was made in old yankee style, with long sleeves, covered the top of the hips, and was tied before in two places with strings of deer skin. Over all this, she wore an Indian blanket. On her head she wore a piece of old brown woollen cloth made somewhat like a sun bonnet.

Such was the dress that this woman was contented to wèar, and habit had rendered it convenient and comfortable. She wore it not as a matter of necessity, but from choice, for it will be seen in the sequel, that her property is sufficient to enable her to dress in the best fashion, and to allow her every comfort of life.

Her house, in which she lives, is 20 by 28 feet;

built of square timber, with a shingled roof, and a framed stoop. In the centre of the house is a chimney of stones and sticks, in which there are two fire places. She has a good framed barn, 26 by 36, well filled, and owns a fine stock of cattle and horses. Besides the buildings above mentioned, she owns a number of houses that are occupied by tenants, who work her flats upon shares.

Her dwelling, is about one hundred rods north of the Great Slide, a curiosity that will be described in its proper place, on the west side of the Genesee river.

Mrs. Jemison, appeared sensible of her ignorance of the manners of the white people, and for that reason, was not familiar, except with those with whom she was intimately acquainted. In fact she was (to appearance) so jealous of her rights, or that she should say something that would be injurious to herself or family, that if Mr. Clute had not been present, we should have been unable to have obtained her history. She, however, soon became free and unembarrassed in her conversation, and spoke with a degree of mildness, candor and simplicity, that is calculated to remove all doubts as to the veracity of the speaker. The vices of the Indians, she appeared disposed not to aggravate, and seemed to take pride in extoling their virtues. A kind of family pride inclined her to withhold whatever would blot the character of her descendants, and perhaps induced her to keep back many things that would have been interesting.

For the life of her last husband, we are indebted to her cousin, Mr. George Jemison, to whom she

referred us for information on that subject generally. The thoughts of his deeds, probably chilled her old heart, and made her dread to rehearse them, and at the same time she well knew they were no secret, for she had frequently heard him relate the whole, not only to her cousin, but to others.

Before she left us she was very sociable, and she resumed her naturally pleasant countenance, enlivened with a smile.

Her neighbors speak of her as possessing one of the happiest tempers and dispositions. and give her the name of never having done a censurable act to their knowledge.

Her habits, are those of the Indians—she sleeps on skins without a bedstead, sits upon the floor or on a bench, and holds her victuals on her lap, or in her hands.

Her ideas of religion, correspond in every respect with those of the great mass of the Senecas. She applauds virtue, and despises vice. She believes in a future state, in which the good will be happy, and the bad miserable; and that the acquisition of that happiness, depends primarily upon human volition, and the consequent good deeds of the happy recipient of blessedness. The doctrines taught in the Christian religion, she is a stranger to.

Her daughters are said to be active and enterprizing women, and her grandsons, who arrived to manhood, are considered able, decent and respectable men in their tribe.

Having in this cursory manner, introduced the subject of the following pages, I proceed to the

narration of a life that has been viewed with attention, for a great number of years by a few, and which will be read by the public with the mixed sensations of pleasure and pain, and with interest, anxiety and satisfaction.

A NARRATIVE

OF

THE LIFE

OF

MRS. MARY JEMISON,

WHO WAS TAKEN BY THE INDIANS,

IN THE YEAR 1755,

When only about twelve years of age, and has continued to reside amongst them to the present time.

CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF THE

MURDER OF HER FATHER AND HIS FAMILY;

HER SUFFERINGS;

HER MARRIAGE TO TWO INDIANS;

HER TROUBLES WITH HER CHILDREN;

Barbarities of the Indians in the French and Revolutionary Wars;

THE LIFE OF HER LAST HUSBAND;

And many Historical Facts never before published.

CAREFULLY TAKEN FROM HER OWN WORDS,

Nov. 29th, 1823.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN APPENDIX,

Containing an Account of the Tragedy at the Devil's Hole, in 1763, and of Sullivan's Expedition; the Traditions, Manners, Customs, &c., of the Indians, as believed and practised at the present day, and since Mrs. Jemison's Captivity; together with some Anecdotes, and other entertaining Matter.

BY JAMES E. SEAVER.

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LIFE
OF
MARY JEMISON.

CHAPTER I.

Nativity of her Parents.—Their removal to America.—Her Birth.—Parents settle in Pennsylvania.—Omen of her Captivity.

ALTHOUGH I may have frequently heard the history of my ancestry, my recollection is too imperfect to enable me to trace it further back than to my father and mother, whom I have often heard mention the families from whence they originated, as having possessed wealth and honorable stations under the government of the country in which they resided.

On the account of the great length of time that has elapsed since I was separated from my parents and friends, and having heard the story of their nativity only in the days of my childhood, I am not able to state positively, which of the two countries, Ireland or Scotland, was the land of my parents' birth and education. It, however, is my impression, that they were born and brought up in Ireland.[7]

My Father's name was Thomas Jemison, and my mother's, before her marriage with him, was Jane Erwin. Their affection for each other was mutual, and of that happy kind which tends directly to sweeten the cup of life; to render connubial sorrows lighter; to assuage every discontentment; and to promote not only their own comfort, but that of all who come within the circle of their acquaintance. Of their happiness I recollect to have heard them speak; and the remembrance I yet retain of their mildness and perfect agreement in the government of their children, together with their mutual attention to our common education, manners, religious instruction and wants, renders it a fact in my mind, that they were ornaments to the married state, and examples of connubial love, worthy of imitation. After my remembrance, they were strict observers of religious duties; for it was the daily practice of my father, morning and evening, to attend, in his family, to the worship of God.

Resolved to leave the land of their nativity, they removed from their residence to a port in Ireland, where they lived but a short time before they set sail for this country, in the year 1742 or 3, on board the ship Mary William, bound to Philadelphia, in the state of Pennsylvania.

The intestine divisions, civil wars, and ecclesiastical rigidity and domination that prevailed in those days, were the causes of their leaving their mother country, to find a home in the American wilderness, under the mild and temperate government of the descendants of William Penn; where, without fear, they might worship God, and perform their usual avocations.

In Europe my parents had two sons and one daughter, whose names were John, Thomas and Betsey; with whom, after having put their effects on board, they embarked, leaving a large connexion of relatives and friends, under all those painful sensations, which are only felt when kindred souls give the parting hand and last farewell to those to whom they are endeared by every friendly tie.

In the course of their voyage I was born,[8] to be the sport of fortune and almost an outcast to civil society; to stem the current of adversity through a long chain of vicissitudes, unsupported by the advice of tender parents, or the hand of an affectionate friend; and even without the enjoyment, from others, of any of those tender sympathies that are adapted to the sweetening of society, except such as naturally flow from uncultivated minds, that have been calloused by ferocity.

Excepting my birth, nothing remarkable occurred to my parents on their passage, and they were safely landed at Philadelphia. My father being fond of rural life, and having been bred to agricultural pursuits, soon left the city, and removed his family to the then frontier settlements of Pennsylvania, to a tract of excellent land lying on Marsh creek.[9] At that place he cleared a large farm, and for seven or eight years enjoyed the fruits of his industry. Peace attended their labors; and they had nothing to alarm them, save the midnight howl of the prowling wolf, or the terrifying shriek of the ferocious panther, as they occasionally visited their improvements, to take a lamb or a calf to satisfy their hunger.

During this period my mother had two sons, be-

tween whose ages there was a difference of about three years: the oldest was named Matthew, and the other Robert.

Health presided on every countenance, and vigor and strength characterized every exertion. Our mansion was a little paradise. The morning of my childish, happy days, will ever stand fresh in my remembrance, notwithstanding the many severe trials through which I have passed, in arriving at my present situation, at so advanced an age. Even at this remote period, the recollection of my pleasant home at my father's, of my parents, of my brothers and sister, and of the manner in which I was deprived of them all at once, affects me so powerfully, that I am almost overwhelmed with grief, that is seemingly insupportable. Frequently I dream of those happy days: but, alas! they are gone: they have left me to be carried through a long life, dependent for the little pleasures of nearly seventy years, upon the tender mercies of the Indians! In the spring of 1752,[10] and through the succeeding seasons, the stories of Indian barbarities inflicted upon the whites in those days, frequently excited in my parents the most serious alarm for our safety.

The next year the storm gathered faster; many murders were committed; and many captives were exposed to meet death in its most frightful form, by having their bodies stuck full of pine splinters, which were immediately set on fire, while their tormentors, exulting in their distress, would rejoice at their agony!

In 1754, an army for the protection of the settlers, and to drive back the French and Indians,

was raised from the militia of the colonial governments, and placed (secondarily) under the command of Col. George Washington. In that army I had an uncle, whose name was John Jemison, who was killed at the battle at the Great Meadows,[11] or Fort Necessity. His wife had died some time before this, and left a young child, which my mother nursed in the most tender manner, till its mother's sister took it away, a few months after my uncle's death. The French and Indians, after the surrender of Fort Necessity by Col. Washington, (which happened the same season, and soon after his victory over them at that place,) grew more and more terrible. The death of the whites, and plundering and burning their property, was apparently their only object: But as yet we had not heard the death-yell, nor seen the smoke of a dwelling that had been lit by an Indian's hand.

The return of a new-year's day found us unmolested; and though we knew that the enemy was at no great distance from us, my father concluded that he would continue to occupy his land another season: expecting (probably from the great exertions which the government was then making) that as soon as the troops could commence their operations in the spring, the enemy would be conquered and compelled to agree to a treaty of peace.

In the preceding autumn my father either moved to another part of his farm, or to another neighborhood, a short distance from our former abode. I well recollect moving, and that the barn that was on the place we moved to was built of logs, though the house was a good one.

The winter of 1754—5 [12] was as mild as a com-

mon fall season,[13] and the spring presented a pleasant seed time, and indicated a plenteous harvest. My father, with the assistance of his oldest sons, repaired his farm as usual, and was daily preparing the soil for the reception of the seed. His cattle and sheep were numerous, and according to the best idea of wealth that I can now form, he was wealthy.

But alas! how transitory are all human affairs! how fleeting are riches! how brittle the invisible thread on which all earthly comforts are suspended! Peace in a moment can take an immeasurable flight; health can lose its rosy cheeks; and life will vanish like a vapor at the appearance of the sun! In one fatal day our prospects were all blasted; and death, by cruel hands, inflicted upon almost the whole of the family.

On a pleasant day in the spring of 1755,[14] when my father was sowing flax-seed, and my brothers driving the teams, I was sent to a neighbor's house, a distance of perhaps a mile, to procure a horse and return with it the next morning. I went as I was directed. I was out of the house in the beginning of the evening, and saw a sheet wide spread approaching towards me, in which I was caught (as I have ever since believed) and deprived of my senses! The family soon found me on the ground, almost lifeless, (as they said,) took me in, and made use of every remedy in their power for my recovery, but without effect till day-break, when my senses returned, and I soon found myself in good health, so that I went home with the horse very early in the morning.

The appearance of that sheet, I have ever con-

sidered as a forerunner of the melancholy catastrophe that so soon afterwards happened to our family: and my being caught in it, I believe, was ominous of my preservation from death at the time we were captured.

CHAPTER II.

Her Education.—Captivity.—Journey to Fort Pitt.—Mother's Farewell Address.—Murder of her Family.—Preparation of the Scalps.—Indian Precautions.—Arrival at Fort Pitt, &c.

My education had received as much attention from my parents, as their situation in a new country would admit of. I had been at school some, where I learned to read in a book that was about half as large as a Bible; and in the Bible I had read a little. I had also learned the Catechism, which I used frequently to repeat to my parents, and every night, before I went to bed, I was obliged to stand up before my mother and repeat some words that I suppose was a prayer.

My reading, Catechism and prayers, I have long since forgotten; though for a number of the first years that I lived with the Indians, I repeated the prayers as often as I had an opportunity. After the revolutionary war, I remembered the names of some of the letters when I saw them; but have never read a word since I was taken prisoner. It is but a few years since a Missionary kindly gave me a Bible, which I am very fond of

hearing my neighbors read to me, and should be pleased to learn to read it myself; but my sight has been for a number of years, so dim that I have not been able to distinguish one letter from another.

As I before observed, I got home with the horse very early in the morning, where I found a man that lived in our neighborhood, and his sister-in-law who had three children, one son and two daughters. I soon learned that they had come there to live a short time; but for what purpose I cannot say. The woman's husband,[15] however, was at that time in Washington's army, fighting for his country; and as her brother-in-law had a house she had lived with him in his absence. Their names I have forgotten.

Immediately after I got home, the man took the horse to go to his house after a bag of grain, and took his gun in his hand for the purpose of killing game, if he should chance to see any.—Our family, as usual, was busily employed about their common business. Father was shaving an axe-helve at the side of the house; mother was making preparations for breakfast;—my two oldest brothers were at work near the barn; and the little ones, with myself, and the woman and her three children, were in the house.

Breakfast was not yet ready, when we were alarmed by the discharge of a number of guns, that seemed to be near. Mother and the women before mentioned, almost fainted at the report, and every one trembled with fear. On opening the door, the man and horse lay dead near the house, having just been shot by the Indians.

I was afterwards informed, that the Indians

discovered him at his own house with his gun, and pursued him to father's, where they shot him as I have related. They first secured my father, and then rushed into the house, and without the least resistance made prisoners of my mother, Robert, Matthew, Betsey, the woman and her three children, and myself, and then commenced plundering.[16]

My two brothers, Thomas and John,[17] being at the barn, escaped and went to Virginia, where my grandfather Erwin then lived, as I was informed by a Mr. Fields, who was at my house about the close of the revolutionary war.

The party that took us consisted of six Indians and four Frenchmen, who immediately commenced plundering, as I just observed, and took what they considered most valuable; consisting principally of bread, meal and meat. Having taken as much provision as they could carry, they set out with their prisoners in great haste, for fear of detection, and soon entered the woods.[18] On our march that day, an Indian went behind us with a whip, with which he frequently lashed the children to make them keep up. In this manner we travelled till dark without a mouthful of food or a drop of water; although we had not eaten since the night before. Whenever the little children cried for water, the Indians would make them drink urine or go thirsty. At night they encamped in the woods without fire and without shelter, where we were watched with the greatest vigilance. Extremely fatigued, and very hungry, we were compelled to lie upon the ground supperless and without a drop of water to satisfy the cravings of

our appetites. As in the day time, so the little ones were made to drink urine in the night if they cried for water. Fatigue alone brought us a little sleep for the refreshment of our weary limbs; and at the dawn of day [19] we were again started on our march in the same order that we had proceeded on the day before. About sunrise we were halted, and the Indians gave us a full breakfast of provision that they had brought from my father's house. Each of us being very hungry, partook of this bounty of the Indians, except father, who was so much overcome with his situation—so much exhausted by anxiety and grief, that silent despair seemed fastened upon his countenance, and he could not be prevailed upon to refresh his sinking nature by the use of a morsel of food. Our repast being finished, we again resumed our march, and before noon passed a small fort that I heard my father say was called Fort Canagojigge.[20]

That was the only time that I heard him speak from the time we were taken till we were finally separated the following night.

Towards evening we arrived at the border of a dark and dismal swamp, which was covered with small hemlocks, or some other evergreen, and other bushes, into which we were conducted; and having gone a short distance we stopped to encamp for the night.

Here we had some bread and meat for supper: but the dreariness of our situation, together with the uncertainty under which we all labored, as to our future destiny, almost deprived us of the sense of hunger, and destroyed our relish for food.

Mother, from the time we were taken, had

manifested a great degree of fortitude, and encouraged us to support our troubles without complaining; and by her conversation seemed to make the distance and time shorter, and the way more smooth. But father lost all his ambition in the beginning of our trouble, and continued apparently lost to every care—absorbed in melancholy. Here, as before, she insisted on the necessity of our eating; and we obeyed her, but it was done with heavy hearts.

As soon as I had finished my supper, an Indian took off my shoes and stockings and put a pair of moccasins on my feet, which my mother observed; and believing that they would spare my life, even if they should destroy the other captives, addressed me as near as I can remember in the following words:—

"My dear little Mary, I fear that the time has arrived when we must be parted forever. Your life, my child, I think will be spared; but we shall probably be tomahawked here in this lonesome place by the Indians. O! how can I part with you my darling? What will become of my sweet little Mary? Oh! how can I think of your being continued in captivity without a hope of your being rescued? O that death had snatched you from my embraces in your infancy; the pain of parting then would have been pleasing to what it now is; and I should have seen the end of your troubles!—Alas, my dear! my heart bleeds at the thoughts of what awaits you; but, if you leave us, remember my child your own name, and the name of your father and mother. Be careful and not forget your English tongue. If you shall have an opportunity to get away from the Indians, don't try to escape;

for if you do they will find and destroy you. Don't forget, my little daughter, the prayers that I have learned you—say them often; be a good child, and God will bless you. May God bless you my child, and make you comfortable and happy."

During this time, the Indians stripped the shoes and stockings from the little boy that belonged to the woman who was taken with us, and put moccasins on his feet, as they had done before on mine. I was crying. An Indian took the little boy and myself by the hand, to lead us off from the company, when my mother exclaimed, "Don't cry Mary—don't cry my child. God will bless you! Farewell—farewell!"

The Indian led us some distance into the bushes, or woods, and there lay down with us to spend the night. The recollection of parting with my tender mother kept me awake, while the tears constantly flowed from my eyes. A number of times in the night the little boy begged of me earnestly to run away with him and get clear of the Indians; but remembering the advice I had so lately received, and knowing the dangers to which we should be exposed, in travelling without a path and without a guide, through a wilderness unknown to us, I told him that I would not go, and persuaded him to lie still till morning.

Early the next morning [21] the Indians and Frenchmen that we had left the night before, came to us; but our friends were left behind. It is impossible for any one to form a correct idea of what my feelings were at the sight of those savages, whom I supposed had murdered my parents and brothers, sister, and friends, and left them in the swamp to

be devoured by wild beasts! But what could I do? A poor little defenceless girl; without the power or means of escaping; without a home to go to, even if I could be liberated; without a knowledge of the direction or distance to my former place of residence; and without a living friend to whom to fly for protection, I felt a kind of horror, anxiety, and dread, that, to me, seemed insupportable. I durst not cry—I durst not complain; and to inquire of them the fate of my friends (even if I could have mustered resolution) was beyond my ability, as I could not speak their language, nor they understand mine. My only relief was in silent stifled sobs.

My suspicions as to the fate of my parents proved too true; for soon after I left them they were killed and scalped, together with Robert, Matthew, Betsey,[22] and the woman and her two children, and mangled in the most shocking manner.[23]

Having given the little boy and myself some bread and meat for breakfast, they led us on as fast as we could travel, and one of them went behind and with a long staff, picked up all the grass and weeds that we trailed down by going over them. By taking that precaution they avoided detection; for each weed was so nicely placed in its natural position that no one would have suspected that we had passed that way. It is the custom of Indians when scouting, or on private expeditions, to step carefully and where no impression of their feet can be left—shunning wet or muddy ground. They seldom take hold of a bush or limb, and never break one; and by observing those precautions and that of setting up the weeds and grass which they necessarily lop, they completely elude the sagacity of

their pursuers, and escape that punishment which they are conscious they merit from the hand of justice.

After a hard day's march we encamped in a thicket, where the Indians made a shelter of boughs, and then built a good fire to warm and dry our benumbed limbs and clothing; for it had rained some through the day. Here we were again fed as before. When the Indians had finished their supper they took from their baggage a number of scalps and went about preparing them for the market, or to keep without spoiling, by straining them over small hoops which they prepared for that purpose, and then drying and scraping them by the fire. Having put the scalps, yet wet and bloody, upon the hoops, and stretched them to their full extent, they held them to the fire till they were partly dried and then with their knives commenced scraping off the flesh; and in that way they continued to work, alternately drying and scraping them, till they were dry and clean. That being done they combed the hair in the neatest manner, and then painted it and the edges of the scalps yet on the hoops, red. Those scalps I knew at the time must have been taken from our family by the color of the hair. My mother's hair was red; and I could easily distinguish my father's and the children's from each other. That sight was most appaling; yet, I was obliged to endure it without complaining.

In the course of the night they made me to understand that they should not have killed the family if the whites had not pursued them.

Mr. Fields, whom I have before mentioned,

informed me that at the time we were taken, he lived in the vicinity of my father; and that on hearing of our captivity, the whole neighborhood turned out in pursuit of the enemy, and to deliver us if possible: but that their efforts were unavailing. They however pursued us to the dark swamp, where they found my father, his family and companions, stripped and mangled in the most inhuman manner: That from thence the march of the cruel monsters could not be traced in any direction; and that they returned to their homes with the melancholy tidings of our misfortunes, supposing that we had all shared in the massacre.

The next morning[24] we went on; the Indian going behind us and setting up the weeds as on the day before. At night we encamped on the ground in the open air, without a shelter or fire.

In the morning[25] we again set out early, and travelled as on the two former days, though the weather was extremely uncomfortable, from the continual falling of rain and snow.

At night the snow fell fast, and the Indians built a shelter of boughs, and a fire, where we rested tolerably dry through that and the two succeeding nights.

When we stopped, and before the fire was kindled, I was so much fatigued from running, and so far benumbed by the wet and cold, that I expected that I must fail and die before I could get warm and comfortable. The fire, however, soon restored the circulation, and after I had taken my supper I felt so that I rested well through the night.

On account of the storm, we were two days [26] at that place. On one of those days, a party consisting of

six Indians who had been to the frontier settlements, came to where we were, and brought with them one prisoner, a young white man who was very tired and dejected. His name I have forgotten.

Misery certainly loves company. I was extremely glad to see him, though I knew from his appearance, that his situation was as deplorable as mine, and that he could afford me no kind of assistance. In the afternoon the Indians killed a deer, which they dressed, and then roasted it whole; which made them a full meal. We were each allowed a share of their venison, and some bread, so that we made a good meal also.

Having spent three nights and two days at that place, and the storm having ceased, early in the morning [27] the whole company, consisting of twelve Indians, four Frenchmen, the young man, the little boy and myself, moved on at a moderate pace without an Indian behind us to deceive our pursuers.

In the afternoon we came in sight of Fort Pitt (as it is now called), where we were halted while the Indians performed some customs [28] upon their prisoners which they deemed necessary. That fort was then occupied by the French and Indians, and was called Fort Du Quesne. It stood at the junction of the Monongahela, which is said to signify, in some of the Indian languages, the Falling-in-Banks,* and the Alleghany † rivers,

* Navigator.[29]

† The word Alleghenny, was derived from an ancient race of Indians called "Tallegawe." [30] The Delaware Indians, instead of saying "Alleghenny," say "Allegawe," or "Allegawenink." *Western Tour—p.* 455.[31]

A NARRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF
MRS. MARY JEMISON,

Who was taken by a party of French and Indians at Marsh Creek, in Pennsylvania, in the year 1755, and carried down the Ohio River when only 12 years of age, and who continued to reside with the Indians and follow their manner of living 78 years, until the time of her death, which took place at the SENECA RESERVATION, near Buffalo, N. Y. in 1833 at the advanced age of 90 years.

CONTAINING

An account of the Murder of her Father's Family, who were taken captives at the same time with herself, but who were Tomahawked and Scalped the second night of their captivity; her Marriage to two Indian Chiefs, with whom she lived many years, and both of whom she followed to the grave

TO WHICH IS ADDED

An account of her conversion to the Christian Religion a few months before her death:—Her ideas of the Christian Religion and views of herself previous to her conversion, as related by the Rev. Mr. WRIGHT, Minister at the Seneca Reservation, where she died.

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where the Ohio river begins to take its name. The word O-hi-o, signifies bloody.[32]

At the place where we halted, the Indians combed the hair of the young man, the boy and myself, and then painted our faces and hair red, in the finest Indian style. We were then conducted into the fort, where we received a little bread, and were then shut up and left to tarry alone through the night.[33]

CHAPTER III.

She is given to two Squaws.—Her Journey down the Ohio.—Passes a Shawanee town where white men had just been burnt.—Arrives at the Seneca town.—Her Reception.—She is adopted.—Ceremony of Adoption.—Indian Custom.—Address.—She receives a new name.—Her Employment.—Retains her own and learns the Seneca Language.—Situation of the Town, &c.—Indians go on a Hunting Tour to Sciota and take her with them.—Returns.—She is taken to Fort Pitt, and then hurried back by her Indian Sisters.—Her hopes of Liberty destroyed.—Second Tour to Sciota.—Return to Wiishto, &c.—Arrival of Prisoners.—Priscilla Ramsay.—Her Chain.—Mary marries a Delaware.—Her Affection for him.—Birth and Death of her first Child.—Her Sickness and Recovery.—Birth of Thomas Jemison.

The night was spent in gloomy forebodings. What the result of our captivity would be, it was out of our power to determine or even imagine.—At times we could almost realize the approach of

our masters to butcher and scalp us;—again we could nearly see the pile of wood kindled on which we were to be roasted; and then we would imagine ourselves at liberty; alone and defenceless in the forest, surrounded by wild beasts that were ready to devour us. The anxiety of our minds drove sleep from our eyelids; and it was with a dreadful hope and painful impatience that we waited for the morning to determine our fate.

The morning [34] at length arrived, and our masters came early and let us out of the house, and gave the young man and boy to the French, who immediately took them away. Their fate I never learned; as I have not seen nor heard of them since.

I was now left alone in the fort, deprived of my former companions, and of everything that was near or dear to me but life. But it was not long before I was in some measure relieved by the appearance of two pleasant looking squaws of the Seneca tribe,[35] who came and examined me attentively for a short time, and then went out. After a few minutes absence they returned with my former masters, who gave me to them to dispose of as they pleased.

The Indians by whom I was taken were a party of Shawanees,[36] if I remember right, that lived, when at home, a long distance down the Ohio.

My former Indian masters, and the two squaws, were soon ready to leave the fort, and accordingly embarked; the Indians in a large canoe, and the two squaws and myself in a small one, and went down the Ohio.

When we set off, an Indian in the forward canoe

took the scalps of my former friends, strung them on a pole that he placed upon his shoulder, and in that manner carried them, standing in the stern of the canoe, directly before us as we sailed down the river, to the town where the two squaws resided.

On our way we passed a Shawanee town,[37] where I saw a number of heads, arms, legs, and other fragments of the bodies of some white people who had just been burnt. The parts that remained were hanging on a pole which was supported at each end by a crotch stuck in the ground, and were roasted or burnt black as a coal. The fire was yet burning; and the whole appearances afforded a spectacle so shocking, that, even to this day, my blood almost curdles in my veins when I think of them!

At night we arrived at a small Seneca Indian town, at the mouth of a small river, that was called by the Indians, in the Seneca language, She-nan-jee,* where the two Squaws [38] to whom I belonged resided. There we landed, and the Indians went on; which was the last I ever saw of them.

Having made fast to the shore, the Squaws left me in the canoe while they went to their wigwam or house in the town, and returned with a suit of Indian clothing, all new, and very clean and nice. My clothes, though whole and good when I was

*That town, according to the geographical description given by Mrs. Jemison, must have stood at the mouth of Indian Cross creek, which is about 76 miles by water, below Pittsburgh; or at the mouth of Indian Short creek, 87 miles below Pittsburgh, where the town of Warren now stands. But at which of those places I am unable to determine.[39] *Author.*

taken, were now torn in pieces, so that I was almost naked. They first undressed me and threw my rags into the river; then washed me clean and dressed me in the new suit they had just brought, in complete Indian style;[40] and then led me home and seated me in the center of their wigwam.

I had been in that situation but a few minutes, before all the Squaws in the town came in to see me. I was soon surrounded by them, and they immediately set up a most dismal howling, crying bitterly, and wringing their hands in all the agonies of grief for a deceased relative.

Their tears flowed freely, and they exhibited all the signs of real mourning. At the commencement of this scene, one of their number began, in a voice somewhat between speaking and singing, to recite some words to the following purport, and continued the recitation till the ceremony was ended; the company at the same time varying the appearance of their countenances, gestures and tone of voice, so as to correspond with the sentiments expressed by their leader:

"Oh our brother! Alas! He is dead—he has gone; he will never return! Friendless he died on the field of the slain, where his bones are yet lying unburied! Oh, who will not mourn his sad fate? No tears dropped around him; oh, no! No tears of his sisters were there! He fell in his prime, when his arm was most needed to keep us from danger! Alas! he has gone! and left us in sorrow, his loss to bewail: Oh where is his spirit? His spirit went naked, and hungry it wanders, and thirsty and wounded it groans to return! Oh help-

less and wretched, our brother has gone! No blanket nor food to nourish and warm him; nor candles to light him, nor weapons of war:—Oh, none of those comforts had he! But well we remember his deeds!—The deer he could take on the chase! The panther shrunk back at the sight of his strength! His enemies fell at his feet! He was brave and courageous in war! As the fawn he was harmless: his friendship was ardent: his temper was gentle: his pity was great! Oh! our friend, our companion is dead! Our brother, our brother, alas! he is gone! But why do we grieve for his loss? In the strength of a warrior, undaunted he left us, to fight by the side of the Chiefs! His war-whoop was shrill! His rifle well aimed laid his enemies low: his tomahawk drank of their blood: and his knife flayed their scalps while yet covered with gore! And why do we mourn? Though he fell on the field of the slain, with glory he fell, and his spirit went up to the land of his fathers in war! Then why do we mourn? With transports of joy they received him, and fed him, and clothed him, and welcomed him there! Oh friends, he is happy; then dry up your tears! His spirit has seen our distress, and sent us a helper whom with pleasure we greet. Dickewamis [41] has come: then let us receive her with joy! She is handsome and pleasant! Oh! she is our sister, and gladly we welcome her here. In the place of our brother she stands in our tribe. With care we will guard her from trouble; and may she be happy till her spirit shall leave us."

In the course of that ceremony, from mourning

they became serene—joy sparkled in their countenances, and they seemed to rejoice over me as over a long lost child. I was made welcome amongst them as a sister to the two Squaws before mentioned, and was called Dickewamis; which being interpreted, signifies a pretty girl, a handsome girl, or a pleasant, good thing. That is the name by which I have ever since been called by the Indians.

I afterwards learned that the ceremony I at that time passed through, was that of adoption. The two squaws had lost a brother in Washington's war,[42] sometime in the year before, and in consequence of his death went up to Fort Pitt, on the day on which I arrived there, in order to receive a prisoner or an enemy's scalp, to supply their loss.

It is a custom of the Indians, when one of their number is slain or taken prisoner in battle, to give to the nearest relative to the dead or absent, a prisoner, if they have chanced to take one, and if not, to give him the scalp of an enemy. On the return of the Indians from conquest, which is always announced by peculiar shoutings, demonstrations of joy, and the exhibition of some trophy of victory, the mourners come forward and make their claims. If they receive a prisoner, it is at their option either to satiate their vengeance by taking his life in the most cruel manner they can conceive of; or, to receive and adopt him into the family, in the place of him whom they have lost. All the prisoners that are taken in battle and carried to the encampment or town by the Indians, are given to the bereaved families, till their number is made good.

And unless the mourners have but just received the news of their bereavement, and are under the operation of a paroxysm of grief, anger and revenge; or, unless the prisoner is very old, sickly, or homely, they generally save him, and treat him kindly. But if their mental wound is fresh, their loss so great that they deem it irreparable, or if their prisoner or prisoners do not meet their approbation, no torture, let it be ever so cruel, seems sufficient to make them satisfaction. It is family,[43] and not national, sacrifices amongst the Indians, that has given them an indelible stamp as barbarians, and identified their character with the idea which is generally formed of unfeeling ferocity, and the most abandoned cruelty.

It was my happy lot to be accepted for adoption; and at the time of the ceremony I was received by the two squaws, to supply the place of their brother in the family; and I was ever considered and treated by them as a real sister, the same as though I had been born of their mother.

During my adoption, I sat motionless, nearly terrified to death at the appearance and actions of the company, expecting every moment to feel their vengeance, and suffer death on the spot. I was, however, happily disappointed, when at the close of the ceremony the company retired, and my sisters went about employing every means for my consolation and comfort.[44]

Being now settled and provided with a home, I was employed in nursing the children, and doing light work about the house. Occasionally I was sent out with the Indian hunters, when they went but a short distance, to help them carry their game.

My situation was easy; I had no particular hardships to endure. But still, the recollection of my parents, my brothers and sisters, my home, and my own captivity, destroyed my happiness, and made me constantly solitary, lonesome and gloomy.

My sisters would not allow me to speak English in their hearing; but remembering the charge that my dear mother gave me at the time I left her, whenever I chanced to be alone I made a business of repeating my prayer, catechism, or something I had learned in order that I might not forget my own language. By practising in that way I retained it till I came to Genesee flats, where I soon became acquainted with English people with whom I have been almost daily in the habit of conversing.

My sisters were diligent in teaching me their language; and to their great satisfaction I soon learned so that I could understand it readily, and speak it fluently. I was very fortunate in falling into their hands; for they were kind good natured women; peaceable and mild in their dispositions; temperate and decent in their habits, and very tender and gentle towards me. I have great reason to respect them, though they have been dead a great number of years.

The town where they lived was pleasantly situated on the Ohio, at the mouth of the Shenanjee: the land produced good corn; the woods furnished a plenty of game, and the waters abounded with fish. Another river emptied itself into the Ohio, directly opposite the mouth of the Shenanjee. We spent the summer at that place, where we planted, hoed, and harvested a large crop of corn, of an excellent quality.

About the time of corn harvest, Fort Pitt was taken from the French by the English.*

The corn being harvested, the Indians took it on horses and in canoes, and proceeded down the Ohio, occasionally stopping to hunt a few days, till we arrived at the mouth of Sciota river;[45] where they established their winter quarters, and continued hunting till the ensuing spring, in the adjacent wilderness. While at that place I went with the other children to assist the hunters to bring in their game. The forests on the Sciota [46] were well stocked with elk, deer, and other large animals; and the marshes contained large numbers of beaver, muskrat, &c. which made excellent hunting for the Indians; who depended, for their meat, upon their success in taking elk and deer; and for ammunition and clothing, upon the beaver, muskrat, and other furs that they could take in addition to their peltry.

The season for hunting being passed, we all returned in the spring [47] to the mouth of the river Shenanjee, to the houses and fields we had left in the fall before. There we again planted our corn, squashes, and beans, on the fields that we occupied the preceding summer.

*The above statement is apparently an error; and is to be attributed solely to the treachery of the old lady's memory; though she is confident that that event took place at the time above mentioned. It is certain that Fort Pitt was not evacuated by the French and given up to the English, till sometime in November, 1758. It is possible, however, that an armistice was agreed upon, and that for a time, between the spring of 1755 and 1758, both nations visited that post without fear of molestation. As the succeeding part of the narrative corresponds with the true historical chain of events, the public will overlook this circumstance, which appears unsupported by history.[48] AUTHOR.

About planting time, our Indians all went up to Fort Pitt, to make peace with the British, and took me with them.* We landed on the opposite side of the river from the fort, and encamped for the night. Early the next morning the Indians took me over to the fort to see the white people that were there. It was then that my heart bounded to be liberated from the Indians and to be restored to my friends and my country. The white people were surprized to see me with the Indians, enduring the hardships of a savage life, at so early an age, and with so delicate a constitution as I appeared to possess. They asked me my name; where and when I was taken—and appeared very much interested on my behalf. They were continuing their inquiries, when my sisters became alarmed, believing that I should be taken from them, hurried me into their canoe and recrossed the river—took their bread out of the fire and fled with me, without stopping, till they arrived at the river Shenanjee. So great was their fear of losing me, or of my being given up in the treaty, that they never once stopped rowing till they got home.

Shortly after we left the shore opposite the fort, as I was informed by one of my Indian brothers, the white people came over to take me back; but after considerable inquiry, and having made diligent search to find where I was hid, they returned with heavy hearts. Although I had then been

* History is silent as to any treaty having been made between the English, and French and Indians, at that time; though it is possible that a truce was agreed upon, and that the parties met for the purpose of concluding a treaty of peace.[49]

with the Indians something over a year, and had become considerably habituated to their mode of living, and attached to my sisters, the sight of white people who could speak English inspired me with an unspeakable anxiety to go home with them, and share in the blessings of civilization. My sudden departure and escape from them, seemed like a second captivity, and for a long time I brooded the thoughts of my miserable situation with almost as much sorrow and dejection as I had done those of my first sufferings. Time, the destroyer of every affection, wore away my unpleasant feelings, and I became as contented as before.

We tended our cornfields through the summer; and after we had harvested the crop, we again went down the river to the hunting ground on the Sciota, where we spent the winter,[50] as we had done the winter before.

Early in the spring we sailed up the Ohio river, to a place that the Indians called Wiishto,* where one river emptied into the Ohio on one side, and another on the other. At that place the Indians built a town, and we planted corn.

We lived three summers at Wiishto, and spent each winter on the Sciota.

The first summer of our living at Wiishto, a party of Delaware Indians came up the river, took up their residence, and lived in common with us. They brought five white prisoners with them, who by their conversation, made my situation much

*Wiishto I suppose was situated near the mouth of Indian Guyundat, 327 miles below Pittsburgh, and 73 above Big Sciota; or at the mouth of Swan creek, 307 miles below Pittsburgh.[51]

more agreeable, as they could all speak English. I have forgotten the names of all of them except one, which was Priscilla Ramsay. She was a very handsome, good natured girl, and was married soon after she came to Wiishto to Capt. Little Billy's uncle,[52] who went with her on a visit to her friends in the states.[53] Having tarried with them as long as she wished to, she returned with her husband to Can-a-ah-tua, where he died. She, after his death, married a white man by the name of Nettles, and now lives with him (if she is living) on Grand River, Upper Canada.

Not long after the Delawares came to live with us, at Wiishto, my sisters told me that I must go and live with one of them,[54] whose name was Shenin-jee. Not daring to cross them, or disobey their commands, with a great degree of reluctance I went; and Sheninjee and I were married [55] according to Indian custom.[56], [57]

Sheninjee was a noble man; large in stature; elegant in his appearance; generous in his conduct; courageous in war; a friend to peace, and a great lover of justice. He supported a degree of dignity far above his rank, and merited and received the confidence and friendship of all the tribes with whom he was acquainted. Yet, Sheninjee was an Indian. The idea of spending my days with him, at first seemed perfectly irreconcilable to my feelings: but his good nature, generosity, tenderness, and friendship towards me, soon gained my affection; and, strange as it may seem, I loved him!—To me he was ever kind in sickness, and always treated me with gentleness; in fact, he was an agreeable husband, and a comfortable companion.

We lived happily together till the time of our final separation, which happened two or three years after our marriage, as I shall presently relate.

In the second summer of my living at Wiishto, I had a child [58] at the time that the kernels of corn first appeared on the cob. When I was taken sick, Sheninjee was absent, and I was sent to a small shed, on the bank of the river, which was made of boughs, where I was obliged to stay till my husband returned. My two sisters, who were my only companions, attended me, and on the second day of my confinement my child was born; but it lived only two days. It was a girl: and notwithstanding the shortness of the time that I possessed it, it was a great grief to me to lose it.

After the birth of my child, I was very sick, but was not allowed to go into the house for two weeks;[59] when, to my great joy, Sheninjee returned, and I was taken in and as comfortably provided for as our situation would admit of. My disease continued to increase for a number of days; and I became so far reduced that my recovery was despaired of by my friends, and I concluded that my troubles would soon be finished. At length, however, my complaint took a favorable turn, and by the time that the corn was ripe I was able to get about. I continued to gain my health, and in the fall was able to go to our winter quarters, on the Sciota, with the Indians.[60]

From that time, nothing remarkable occurred to me till the fourth winter of my captivity, when I had a son born, while I was at Sciota: I had a quick recovery, and my child was healthy. To commemorate the name of my much lamented father, I called my son Thomas Jemison.

CHAPTER IV.

She leaves Wiishto for Fort Pitt, in company with her Husband.—Her feelings on setting out.—Contrast between the labor of the white and Indian Women.—Deficiency of Arts amongst the Indians.—Their former Happiness.—Baneful effects of Civilization, and the introduction of ardent Spirits amongst them, &c.—Journey up the River.—Murder of three Traders by the Shawnees.—Her Husband stops at a Trading House.—Wantonness of the Shawnees.—Moves up the Sandusky.—Meets her Brother from Ge-nish-a-u.—Her Husband goes to Wiishto, and she sets out for Genishau in company with her Brothers.—They arrive at Sandusky.—Occurrences at that place.—Her Journey to Genishau, and Reception by her Mother and Friends.

In the spring, when Thomas was three or four moons [months] old, we returned from Sciota to Wiishto,[61] and soon after set out to go to Fort Pitt, to dispose of our fur and skins, that we had taken in the winter, and procure some necessary articles for the use of our family.

I had then been with the Indians four summers and four winters, and had become so far accustomed to their mode of living, habits and dispositions, that my anxiety to get away, to be set at liberty, and leave them, had almost subsided. With them was my home; my family was there, and there I had many friends to whom I was warmly attached in consideration of the favors, affection and friendship with which they had uniformly treated me, from the time of my adoption. Our labor was not severe; and that of one year was exactly similar, in almost

every respect, to that of the others, without that endless variety that is to be observed in the common labor of the white people. Notwithstanding the Indian women have all the fuel and bread to procure, and the cooking to perform, their task is probably not harder than that of white women, who have those articles provided for them; and their cares certainly are not half as numerous, nor as great. In the summer season, we planted, tended and harvested our corn, and generally had all our children with us; but had no master to oversee or drive us, so that we could work as leisurely as we pleased. We had no ploughs on the Ohio; but performed the whole process of planting and hoeing with a small tool that resembled, in some respects, a hoe with a very short handle.

Our cooking consisted in pounding our corn into samp or hommany,[62] boiling the hommany, making now and then a cake and baking it in the ashes, and in boiling or roasting our venison. As our cooking and eating utensils consisted of a hommany block and pestle, a small kettle, a knife or two, and a few vessels of bark or wood, it required but little time to keep them in order for use.

Spinning, weaving, sewing, stocking knitting, and the like, are arts which have never been practised in the Indian tribes generally. After the revolutionary war, I learned to sew, so that I could make my own clothing after a poor fashion; but the other domestic arts I have been wholly ignorant of the application of, since my captivity. In the season of hunting, it was our business, in addition to our cooking, to bring home the game that was taken by the Indians, dress it, and care-

fully preserve the eatable meat, and prepare or dress the skins. Our clothing was fastened together with strings of deer skin, and tied on with the same.

In that manner we lived, without any of those jealousies, quarrels, and revengeful battles between families and individuals, which have been common in the Indian tribes since the introduction of ardent spirits amongst them.

The use of ardent spirits amongst the Indians, and the attempts which have been made to civilize and christianize them by the white people, has constantly made them worse and worse; increased their vices, and robbed them of many of their virtues; and will ultimately produce their extermination. I have seen, in a number of instances, the effects of education upon some of our Indians, who were taken when young, from their families, and placed at school before they had had an opportunity to contract many Indian habits, and there kept till they arrived to manhood; but I have never seen one of those but what was an Indian in every respect after he returned. Indians must and will be Indians,[63] in spite of all the means that can be used for their cultivation in the sciences and arts.

One thing only marred my happiness, while I lived with them on the Ohio; and that was the recollection that I had once had tender parents, and a home that I loved. Aside from that consideration, or, if I had been taken in infancy, I should have been contented in my situation. Notwithstanding all that has been said against the Indians, in consequence of their cruelties to their

MARSH CREEK HOLLOW (RIGHT) AND MARSH CREEK VALLEY (LEFT), PENNSYLVANIA

Scene near the site of Mary Jemison's first home, looking eastward. The highway is the Chambersburg Pike, leading to Gettysburg.

enemies—cruelties that I have witnessed, and had abundant proof of—it is a fact that they are naturally kind, tender and peaceable towards their friends, and strictly honest;[64] and that those cruelties have been practised, only upon their enemies, according to their idea of justice.

At the time we left Wiishto,[65] it was impossible for me to suppress a sigh of regret on parting with those who had truly been my friends—with those whom I had every reason to respect. On account of a part of our family living at Genishau, we thought it doubtful whether we should return directly from Pittsburgh, or go from thence on a visit to see them.

Our company consisted of my husband, my two Indian brothers, my little son and myself. We embarked in a canoe that was large enough to contain ourselves and our effects, and proceeded on our voyage up the river.

Nothing remarkable occurred to us on our way, till we arrived at the mouth of a creek which Sheninjee and my brothers said was the outlet of Sandusky lake;[66] where, as they said, two or three English traders in fur and skins had kept a trading house but a short time before, though they were then absent. We had passed the trading house but a short distance, when we met three white men floating down the river,[67] with the appearance of having been recently murdered by the Indians. We supposed them to be the bodies of the traders, whose store we had passed the same day. Sheninjee being alarmed for fear of being apprehended as one of the murderers, if he should go on, resolved to put about immediately, and we accordingly re-

turned to where the traders had lived, and there landed.

At the trading house we found a party of Shawnee Indians, who had taken a young white man prisoner, and had just begun to torture him for the sole purpose of gratifying their curiosity in exulting at his distress. They at first made him stand up, while they slowly pared his ears and split them into strings; they then made a number of slight incisions in his face; and then bound him upon the ground, rolled him in the dirt, and rubbed it in his wounds: some of them at the same time whipping him with small rods! The poor fellow cried for mercy and yelled most piteously.

The sight of his distress seemed too much for me to endure: I begged of them to desist—I entreated them with tears to release him.[68] At length they attended to my intercessions, and set him at liberty. He was shockingly disfigured, bled profusely, and appeared to be in great pain: but as soon as he was liberated he made off in haste, which was the last I saw of him.

We soon learned that the same party of Shawnees had, but a few hours before, massacred the three white traders whom we saw in the river, and had plundered their store. We, however, were not molested by them, and after a short stay at that place, moved up the creek about forty miles to a Shawnee town, which the Indians called Gawgush-shaw-ga, (which being interpreted signifies a mask or a false face.) The creek that we went up was called Candusky.

It was now summer; and having tarried a few days at Gawgushshawga,[69] we moved on up the

creek to a place that was called Yis-kah-wa-na,[70] (meaning in English open mouth.)

As I have before observed, the family to which I belonged was part of a tribe of Seneca Indians, who lived, at that time, at a place called Genishau, from the name of the tribe, that was situated on a river of the same name which is now called Genesee. The word Genishau signifies a shining, clear or open place. Those of us who lived on the Ohio, had frequently received invitations from those at Genishau,[71] by one of my brothers, who usually went and returned every season, to come and live with them, and my two sisters [72] had been gone almost two years.

While we were at Yiskahwana, my brother arrived there from Genishau, and insisted so strenuously upon our going home (as he called it) with him, that my two brothers concluded to go, and to take me with them.

By this time the summer was gone, and the time for harvesting corn had arrived. My brothers, for fear of the rainy season setting in early, thought it best to set out immediately that we might have good travelling. Sheninjee consented to have me go with my brothers; but concluded to go down the river himself with some fur and skins which he had on hand, spend the winter in hunting with his friends, and come to me in the spring following.

That was accordingly agreed upon, and he set out for Wiishto; and my three brothers and myself, with my little son on my back, at the same time set out for Genishau. We came on to Upper Sandusky,[73] to an Indian town that we found deserted by its inhabitants, in consequence of their having

recently murdered some English traders, who resided amongst them. That town was owned and had been occupied by Delaware Indians, who, when they left it, buried their provision in the earth, in order to preserve it from their enemies, or to have a supply for themselves if they should chance to return. My brothers understood the customs of the Indians when they were obliged to fly from their enemies; and suspecting that their corn at least must have been hid, made diligent search, and at length found a large quantity of it, together with beans, sugar and honey, so carefully buried that it was completely dry and as good as when they left it. As our stock of provision was scanty, we considered ourselves extremely fortunate in finding so seasonable a supply, with so little trouble. Having caught two or three horses, that we found there, and furnished ourselves with a good store of food, we travelled on till we came to the mouth of French Creek,[74] where we hunted two days, and from thence came on to Conowongo Creek, where we were obliged to stay seven or ten days, in consequence of our horses having left us and straying into the woods. The horses, however, were found, and we again prepared to resume our journey. During our stay at that place the rain fell fast, and had raised the creek to such a height that it was seemingly impossible for us to cross it. A number of times we ventured in, but were compelled to return, barely escaping with our lives. At length we succeeded in swimming our horses and reached the opposite shore; though I but just escaped with my little boy from being drowned. From Sandusky the path that we travelled was crooked and obscure;

but was tolerably well understood by my oldest brother, who had travelled it a number of times, when going to and returning from the Cherokee wars. The fall by this time was considerably advanced, and the rains, attended with cold winds, continued daily to increase the difficulties of travelling. From Conowongo we came to a place, called by the Indians Che-ua-shung-gau-tau,[75] and from that to U-na-waum-gwa,[76] (which means an eddy, not strong,) where the early frosts had destroyed the corn so that the Indians were in danger of starving for the want of bread. Having rested ourselves two days at that place, we came on to Caneadea[77] and stayed one day, and then continued our march till we arrived at Genishau.[78] Genishau at that time was a large Seneca town, thickly inhabited, lying on Genesee [79] river, opposite what is now called the Free Ferry, adjoining Fall-Brook, and about south west of the present village of Geneseo, the county seat for the county of Livingston, in the state of New-York.

Those only who have travelled on foot [80] the distance of five or six hundred miles, through an almost pathless wilderness, can form an idea of the fatigue and sufferings that I endured on that journey. My clothing was thin and illy calculated to defend me from the continually drenching rains with which I was daily completely wet, and at night with nothing but my wet blanket to cover me, I had to sleep on the naked ground, and generally without a shelter, save such as nature had provided. In addition to all that, I had to carry my child, then about nine months old, every step of the journey on my back,[81] or in my arms, and provide

for his comfort and prevent his suffering, as far as my poverty of means would admit. Such was the fatigue that I sometimes felt, that I thought it impossible for me to go through, and I would almost abandon the idea of even trying to proceed. My brothers were attentive, and at length, as I have stated, we reached our place of destination, in good health, and without having experienced a day's sickness from the time we left Yiskahwana.[82]

We were kindly received by my Indian mother and the other members of the family, who appeared to make me welcome; and my two sisters, whom I had not seen in two years, received me with every expression of love and friendship, and that they really felt what they expressed, I have never had the least reason to doubt. The warmth of their feelings, the kind reception which I met with, and the continued favors that I received at their hands, rivetted my affection for them so strongly that I am constrained to believe that I loved them as I should have loved my own sister had she lived, and I had been brought up with her.

CHAPTER V.

Indians march to Niagara to fight the British.—Return with two Prisoners, &c.—Sacrifice them at Fall-Brook.—Her Indian Mother's Address to her Daughter.—Death of her Husband.—Bounty offered for the Prisoners taken in the last war.—John Van Sice attempts to take her to procure her Ransom.—Her Escape.—Edict of the Chiefs.—Old King of the tribe

determines to have her given up.—Her brother threatens her Life.—Her narrow Escape.—The old King goes off.—Her brother is informed of the place of her concealment, and conducts her home.—Marriage to her second Husband.—Names of her Children.

When we arrived at Genishau, the Indians of that tribe were making active preparations for joining the French, in order to assist them in retaking Fort Ne-a-gaw (as Fort Niagara [83] was called in the Seneca language) [84] from the British, who had taken it from the French in the month preceding. They marched off the next day after our arrival,[85] painted and accoutred in all the habiliments of Indian warfare, determined on death or victory; and joined the army in season to assist in accomplishing a plan that had been previously concerted for the destruction of a part of the British army. The British feeling themselves secure in the possession of Fort Neagaw, and unwilling that their enemies should occupy any of the military posts in that quarter, determined to take Fort Schlosser, lying a few miles up the river from Neagaw, which they expected to effect with but little loss. Accordingly a detachment of soldiers, sufficiently numerous, as was supposed, was sent out to take it, leaving a strong garrison in the fort, and marched off, well prepared to effect their object. But on their way they were surrounded by the French and Indians, who lay in ambush to receive them, and were driven off the bank of the river into a place called the "Devil's Hole," together with their horses, carriages, artillery, and every thing pertaining to the army. Not a single man escaped being driven off, and of the whole number one only was

fortunate enough to escape with his life.* Our Indians were absent but a few days, and returned in triumph, bringing with them two white prisoners, and a number of oxen. Those were the first neat cattle [86] that were ever brought to the Genesee flats.

The next day after their return to Genishau, was set apart as a day of feasting and frolicing, at the expence of the lives of their two unfortunate prisoners, on whom they purposed to glut their revenge, and satisfy their love for retaliation upon their enemies. My sister was anxious to attend the execution, and to take me with her, to witness the customs of the warriors, as it was one of the highest kind of frolics ever celebrated in their tribe, and one that was not often attended with so much pomp and parade as it was expected that would be. I felt a kind of anxiety to witness the scene, having never attended an execution, and yet I felt a kind of horrid dread that made my heart revolt, and inclined me to step back rather than support the idea of advancing. On the morning of the execution she made her intention of going to the frolic, and taking me with her, known to our mother, who in the most feeling terms remonstrated against a step at once so rash and unbecoming the true dignity of our sex:

"How, my daughter, (said she, addressing my sister,) how can you even think of attending the feast and seeing the unspeakable torments that those poor unfortunate prisoners must inevitably suffer from the hands of our warriors? How can you stand and see them writhing in the warriors' fire, in all the agonies of a slow, a lingering death?

* For the particulars of that event, see Appendix, No. 1.

How can you think of enduring the sound of their groanings and prayers to the Great Spirit for sudden deliverance from their enemies, or from life? And how can you think of conducting to that melancholy spot your poor sister Dickewamis, (meaning myself,) who has so lately been a prisoner, who has lost her parents and brothers by the hands of the bloody warriors, and who has felt all the horrors of the loss of her freedom, in lonesome captivity? Oh! how can you think of making her bleed at the wounds which now are but partially healed? The recollection of her former troubles would deprive us of Dickewamis, and she would depart to the fields of the blessed, where fighting has ceased, and the corn needs no tending—where hunting is easy, the forests delightful, the summers are pleasant, and the winters are mild!—O! think once, my daughter, how soon you may have a brave brother made prisoner in battle, and sacrificed to feast the ambition of the enemies of his kindred, and leave us to mourn for the loss of a friend, a son and a brother, whose bow brought us venison, and supplied us with blankets!—Our task is quite easy at home, and our business needs our attention. With war we have nothing to do: our husbands and brothers are proud to defend us, and their hearts beat with ardor to meet our proud foes. Oh! stay then, my daughter; let our warriors alone perform on their victims their customs of war!"

This speech of our mother had the desired effect; we stayed at home and attended to our domestic concerns. The prisoners, however, were executed by having their heads taken off, their bodies cut in pieces and shockingly mangled, and then burnt to

ashes!—They were burnt on the north side of Fall-brook, directly opposite the town which was on the south side, some time in the month of November, 1759.[87]

I spent the winter comfortably, and as agreeably as I could have expected to, in the absence of my kind husband. Spring at length appeared, but Sheninjee was yet away; summer came on, but my husband had not found me. Fearful forebodings haunted my imagination; yet I felt confident that his affection for me was so great that if he was alive he would follow me and I should again see him. In the course of the summer, however, I received intelligence that soon after he left me at Yiskahwana he was taken sick and died [88] at Wiishto. This was a heavy and an unexpected blow. I was now in my youthful days left a widow, with one son, and entirely dependent on myself for his and my support. My mother and her family gave me all the consolation in their power, and in a few months my grief wore off and I became contented.

In a year or two after this, according to my best recollection of the time, the King of England offered a bounty [89] to those who would bring in the prisoners that had been taken in the war, to some military post where they might be redeemed and set at liberty.

John Van Sice, a Dutchman, who had frequently been at our place, and was well acquainted with every prisoner at Genishau, resolved to take me to Niagara, that I might there receive my liberty and he the offered bounty. I was notified of his intention; but as I was fully determined not to be redeemed at that time, especially with his assistance,

I carefully watched his movements in order to avoid falling into his hands. It so happened, however, that he saw me alone at work in a corn-field, and thinking probably that he could secure me easily, ran towards me in great haste. I espied him at some distance, and well knowing the amount of his errand, run from him with all the speed I was mistress of, and never once stopped till I reached Gardow.* He gave up the chase, and returned: but I, fearing that he might be lying in wait for me, stayed three days and three nights in an old cabin at Gardow, and then went back trembling at every step for fear of being apprehended. I got home without difficulty; and soon after, the chiefs in council having learned the cause of my elopement, gave orders that I should not be taken to any military post without my consent; and that as it was my choice to stay, I should live amongst them quietly and undisturbed. But, notwithstanding the will of the chiefs, it was but a few days before the old king of our tribe told one of my Indian brothers that I should be redeemed, and he would take me to Niagara himself. In reply to the old king,[90] my brother said that I should not be given up; but that, as it was my wish, I should stay with the tribe as long as I was pleased to. Upon this a serious quarrel ensued between them, in which my brother frankly told him that sooner than I should be taken by force, he would kill me with his own hands!— Highly enraged at the old king, my brother came to my sister's house, where I resided, and informed her of all that had passed respecting me; and that,

*I have given this orthography, because it corresponds with the popular pronunciation.

if the old king should attempt to take me, as he firmly believed he would, he would immediately take my life, and hazard the consequences. He returned to the old king. As soon as I came in, my sister told me what she had just heard, and what she expected without doubt would befal me. Full of pity, and anxious for my preservation, she then directed me to take my child and go into some high weeds at no great distance from the house, and there hide myself and lay still till all was silent in the house, for my brother, she said, would return at evening and let her know the final conclusion of the matter, of which she promised to inform me in the following manner: If I was to be killed, she said she would bake a small cake and lay it at the door, on the outside, in a place that she then pointed out to me. When all was silent in the house, I was to creep softly to the door, and if the cake could not be found in the place specified, I was to go in: but if the cake was there, I was to take my child and go as fast as I possibly could to a large spring on the south side of Samp's Creek, (a place that I had often seen,) and there wait till I should by some means hear from her.

Alarmed for my own safety, I instantly followed her advice, and went into the weeds, where I lay in a state of the greatest anxiety, till all was silent in the house, when I crept to the door, and there found, to my great distress, the little cake! I knew my fate was fixed, unless I could keep secreted till the storm was over; and accordingly crept back to the weeds, where my little Thomas lay, took him on my back, and laid my course for

the spring as fast as my legs would carry me. Thomas was nearly three years old, and very large and heavy. I got to the spring early in the morning, almost overcome with fatigue, and at the same time fearing that I might be pursued and taken, I felt my life an almost insupportable burthen. I sat down with my child at the spring, and he and I made a breakfast of the little cake, and water of the spring, which I dipped and supped with the only implement which I possessed, my hand.

In the morning after I fled, as was expected, the old King came to our house in search of me, and to take me off; but, as I was not to be found, he gave me up, and went to Niagara with the prisoners he had already got into his possession.

As soon as the old King was fairly out of the way, my sister told my brother where he could find me. He immediately set out for the spring, and found me about noon. The first sight of him made me tremble with the fear of death; but when he came near, so that I could discover his countenance, tears of joy flowed down my cheeks, and I felt such a kind of instant relief as no one can possibly experience, unless when under the absolute sentence of death he receives an unlimited pardon. We were both rejoiced at the event of the old King's project; and after staying at the spring through the night, set out together for home early in the morning. When we got to a cornfield near the town, my brother secreted me till he could go and ascertain how my case stood; and finding that the old King was absent, and that all was

peaceable, he returned to me, and I went home joyfully.

Not long after this, my mother went to Johnstown, on the Mohawk river, with five prisoners, who were redeemed by Sir William Johnson, and set at liberty.

When my son Thomas was three or four years old, I was married to an Indian, whose name was Hiokatoo, commonly called Gardow, by whom I had four daughters and two sons.[56] I named my children, principally, after my relatives, from whom I was parted, by calling my girls Jane, Nancy, Betsey and Polly, and the boys John and Jesse. Jane died about twenty-nine years ago, in the month of August, a little before the great Council at Big-Tree,[91] aged about fifteen years. My other daughters are yet living, and have families.

CHAPTER VI.

Peace amongst the Indians.—Celebrations.—Worship. Exercises.—Business of the Tribes.—Former Happiness of the Indians in time of peace extolled.—Their Morals; Fidelity; Honesty; Chastity; Temperance. Indians called to German Flats.—Treaty with Americans.—They are sent for by the British Commissioners, and go to Oswego.—Promises made by those Commissioners.—Greatness of the King of England. Reward that was paid them for joining the British. They make a Treaty.—Bounty offered for Scalps. Return richly dressed and equipped.—In 1776 they kill a man at Cautega to provoke the Americans. Prisoners taken at Cherry Valley, brought to Beard's-

Town; redeemed, &c.—Battle at Fort Stanwix.—Indians suffer a great loss.—Mourning at Beard's Town.—Mrs. Jemison's care of and services rendered to Butler and Brandt.

After the conclusion of the French war,[92] our tribe had nothing to trouble it till the commencement of the Revolution.[93] For twelve or fifteen years the use of the implements of war was not known, nor the war-whoop heard, save on days of festivity, when the achievements of former times were commemorated in a kind of mimic warfare, in which the chiefs and warriors displayed their prowess, and illustrated their former adroitness, by laying the ambuscade, surprizing their enemies, and performing many accurate manœuvres with the tomahawk and scalping knife; thereby preserving and handing to their children, the theory of Indian warfare. During that period they also pertinaciously observed the religious rites of their progenitors, by attending with the most scrupulous exactness and a great degree of enthusiasm to the sacrifices, at particular times, to appease the anger of the evil deity, or to excite the commisseration and friendship of the Great Good Spirit, whom they adored with reverence, as the author, governor, supporter and disposer of every good thing of which they participated.

They also practised in various athletic games, such as running, wrestling, leaping, and playing ball, with a view that their bodies might be more supple, or rather that they might not become enervated, and that they might be enabled to make a proper selection of Chiefs for the councils of the nation and leaders for war.

While the Indians were thus engaged in their round of traditionary performances, with the addition of hunting, their women attended to agriculture, their families, and a few domestic concerns of small consequence, and attended with but little labor.

No people can live more happy than the Indians did in times of peace, before the introduction of spirituous liquors amongst them. Their lives were a continual round of pleasures. Their wants were few, and easily satisfied; and their cares were only for to-day; the bounds of their calculations for future comfort not extending to the incalculable uncertainties of to-morrow. If peace ever dwelt with men, it was in former times, in the recesses from war, amongst what are now termed barbarians. The moral character of the Indians was (if I may be allowed the expression) uncontaminated. Their fidelity was perfect, and became proverbial; they were strictly honest; they despised deception and falsehood; and chastity was held in high veneration, and a violation of it was considered sacrilege. They were temperate in their desires, moderate in their passions, and candid and honorable in the expression of their sentiments on every subject of importance.

Thus, at peace amongst themselves, and with the neighboring whites, though there were none at that time very near, our Indians lived quietly and peaceably at home, till a little before the breaking out of the revolutionary war, when they were sent for, together with the Chiefs and members of the Six Nations generally, by the people of the States, to go to the German Flats, and there hold a general

MARSH CREEK, PENNSYLVANIA, PASSING UNDER THE CHAMBERSBURG PIKE

Scene in the region of Mary Jemison's first home.

council, in order that the people of the states might ascertain, in good season, who they should esteem and treat as enemies, and who as friends, in the great war which was then upon the point of breaking out between them and the King of England.

Our Indians obeyed the call, and the council[94] was holden, at which the pipe of peace was smoked, and a treaty made, in which the Six Nations solemnly agreed that if a war should eventually break out, they would not take up arms on either side; but that they would observe a strict neutrality. With that the people of the states were satisfied, as they had not asked their assistance, nor did not wish it. The Indians returned to their homes well pleased that they could live on neutral ground, surrounded by the din of war, without being engaged in it.

About a year passed off, and we, as usual, were enjoying ourselves in the employments of peaceable times, when a messenger arrived from the British Commissioners, requesting all the Indians of our tribe to attend a general council which was soon to be held at Oswego.[95] The council convened, and being opened, the British Commissioners informed the Chiefs that the object of calling a council of the Six Nations, was, to engage their assistance in subduing the rebels, the people of the states, who had risen up against the good King, their master, and were about to rob him of a great part of his possessions and wealth, and added that they would amply reward them for all their services.

The Chiefs then arose, and informed the Commissioners of the nature and extent of the treaty

which they had entered into with the people of the states, the year before, and that they should not violate it by taking up the hatchet against them.

The Commissioners continued their entreaties without success, till they addressed their avarice, by telling our people that the people of the states were few in number, and easily subdued; and that on the account of their disobedience to the King, they justly merited all the punishment that it was possible for white men and Indians to inflict upon them; and added, that the King was rich and powerful, both in money and subjects: That his rum was as plenty as the water in lake Ontario: that his men were as numerous as the sands upon the lake shore:—and that the Indians, if they would assist in the war, and persevere in their friendship to the King, till it was closed, should never want for money or goods. Upon this the Chiefs concluded a treaty with the British Commissioners, in which they agreed to take up arms against the rebels, and continue in the service of his Majesty till they were subdued, in consideration of certain conditions which were stipulated in the treaty to be performed by the British government and its agents.[96]

As soon as the treaty was finished, the Commissioners made a present to each Indian of a suit of clothes, a brass kettle, a gun and tomahawk, a scalping knife, a quantity of powder and lead, a piece of gold, and promised a bounty on every scalp that should be brought in. Thus richly clad and equipped, they returned home, after an absence of about two weeks, full of the fire of war, and anxious to encounter their enemies. Many of

the kettles which the Indians received at that time are now in use on the Genesee Flats.

Hired to commit depredations upon the whites, who had given them no offence, they waited impatiently to commence their labor, till sometime in the spring of 1776, when a convenient opportunity offered for them to make an attack. At that time, a party of our Indians were at Cau-te-ga,[97] who shot a man that was looking after his horse, for the sole purpose, as I was informed by my Indian brother, who was present, of commencing hostilities.

In May following, our Indians were in their first battle with the Americans; but at what place I am unable to determine. While they were absent at that time, my daughter Nancy was born.

The same year, at Cherry Valley, our Indians took a woman and her three daughters prisoners,[98] and brought them on, leaving one at Canandaigua, one at Honeoy, one at Cattaraugus, and one (the woman) at Little Beard's Town, where I resided. The woman told me that she and her daughters might have escaped, but that they expected the British army only, and therefore made no effort. Her husband and sons got away. Sometime having elapsed, they were redeemed at Fort Niagara by Col. Butler, who clothed them well, and sent them home.

In the same expedition, Joseph Smith [99] was taken prisoner at or near Cherry Valley, brought to Genesee, and detained till after the revolutionary war. He was then liberated, and the Indians made him a present, in company with Horatio Jones, of 6000 acres of land lying in the present town of Leicester, in the county of Livingston.

One of the girls just mentioned, was married to a British officer at Fort Niagara, by the name of Johnson, who at the time she was taken, took a gold ring from her finger, without any compliments or ceremonies. When he saw her at Niagara he recognized her features, restored the ring that he had so impolitely borrowed, and courted and married her.

Previous to the battle at Fort Stanwix,[100] the British sent for the Indians to come and see them whip the rebels; and, at the same time stated that they did not wish to have them fight, but wanted to have them just sit down, smoke their pipes, and look on. Our Indians went, to a man; but contrary to their expectation, instead of smoking and looking on, they were obliged to fight for their lives, and in the end of the battle were completely beaten, with a great loss in killed and wounded. Our Indians alone had thirty-six killed, and a great number wounded. Our town exhibited a scene of real sorrow and distress, when our warriors returned and recounted their misfortunes, and stated the real loss they had sustained in the engagement. The mourning was excessive, and was expressed by the most doleful yells, shrieks, and howlings, and by inimitable gesticulations.

During the revolution, my house was the home of Col's Butler and Brandt, whenever they chanced to come into our neighborhood as they passed to and from Fort Niagara, which was the seat of their military operations. Many and many a night I have pounded samp for them from sun-set till sun-rise, and furnished them with necessary provision and clean clothing for their journey.

CHAPTER VII.

Gen. Sullivan with a large army arrives at Canandaigua.—Indians' troubles.—Determine to stop their march.—Skirmish at Connessius Lake.—Circumstances attending the Execution of an Oneida warrior. Escape of an Indian Prisoner.—Lieut. Boyd and another man taken Prisoners.—Cruelty of Boyd's Execution.—Indians retreat to the woods.—Sullivan comes on to Genesee Flats and destroys the property of the Indians.—Returns.—Indians return.—Mrs. Jemison goes to Gardow.—Her Employment there.—Attention of an old Negro to her safety, &c.—Severe Winter.—Sufferings of the Indians.—Destruction of Game.—Indians' Expedition to the Mohawk.—Capture old John O'Bail, &c.—Other Prisoners taken, &c.

For four or five years we sustained no loss in the war, except in the few who had been killed in distant battles; and our tribe, because of the remoteness of its situation from the enemy, felt secure from an attack. At length, in the fall of 1779, intelligence was received that a large and powerful army of the rebels, under the command of General Sullivan,[101] was making rapid progress towards our settlement, burning and destroying the huts and corn-fields; killing the cattle, hogs and horses, and cutting down the fruit trees belonging to the Indians throughout the country.

Our Indians immediately became alarmed, and suffered every thing but death from fear that they should be taken by surprize, and totally destroyed at a single blow. But in order to prevent so great a catastrophe, they sent out a few spies who were

to keep themselves at a short distance in front of the invading army, in order to watch its operations, and give information of its advances and success.

Sullivan arrived at Canandaigua Lake, and had finished his work of destruction there, and it was ascertained that he was about to march to our flats, when our Indians resolved to give him battle on the way, and prevent, if possible, the distresses to which they knew we should be subjected, if he should succeed in reaching our town. Accordingly they sent all their women and children into the woods a little west of Little Beard's Town, in order that we might make a good retreat if it should be necessary, and then, well armed, set out to face the conquering enemy. The place which they fixed upon for their battle ground lay between Honeoy Creek and the head of Connessius Lake.

At length a scouting party from Sullivan's army arrived at the spot selected, when the Indians arose from their ambush with all the fierceness and terror that it was possible for them to exercise, and directly put the party upon a retreat. Two Oneida Indians were all the prisoners that were taken in that skirmish. One of them was a pilot of Gen. Sullivan, and had been very active in the war, rendering to the people of the states essential services. At the commencement of the revolution he had a brother older than himself, who resolved to join the British service, and endeavored by all the art that he was capable of using to persuade his brother to accompany him; but his arguments proved abortive. This went to the British, and that joined the American army. At this critical juncture they met, one in the capacity of a conqueror, the other

in that of a prisoner; and as an Indian seldom forgets a countenance that he has seen, they recognized each other at sight. Envy and revenge glared in the features of the conquering savage, as he advanced to his brother (the prisoner) in all the haughtiness of Indian pride, heightened by a sense of power, and addressed him in the following manner:

"Brother, you have merited death! The hatchet or the war-club shall finish your career!—When I begged of you to follow me in the fortunes of war, you was deaf to my cries—you spurned my entreaties!

"Brother! you have merited death and shall have your deserts! When the rebels raised their hatchets to fight their good master, you sharpened your knife, you brightened your rifle and led on our foes to the fields of our fathers!—You have merited death and shall die by our hands! When those rebels had drove us from the fields of our fathers to seek out new homes, it was you who could dare to step forth as their pilot, and conduct them even to the doors of our wigwams, to butcher our children and put us to death! No crime can be greater!—But though you have merited death and shall die on this spot, my hands shall not be stained in the blood of a brother! *Who will strike?*"

Little Beard, who was standing by, as soon as the speech was ended, struck the prisoner on the head with his tomahawk, and despatched him at once!

Little Beard then informed the other Indian prisoner that as they were at war with the whites only, and not with the Indians, they would spare

his life, and after a while give him his liberty in an honorable manner. The Oneida warrior, however, was jealous of Little Beard's fidelity; and suspecting that he should soon fall by his hands, watched for a favorable opportunity to make his escape; which he soon effected. Two Indians were leading him, one on each side, when he made a violent effort, threw them upon the ground, and run for his life towards where the main body of the American army was encamped. The Indians pursued him without success; but in their absence they fell in with a small detachment of Sullivan's men, with whom they had a short but severe skirmish, in which they killed a number of the enemy, took Capt. or Lieut. William Boyd [102] and one private, prisoners, and brought them to Little Beard's Town, where they were soon after put to death in the most shocking and cruel manner. Little Beard, in this, as in all other scenes of cruelty that happened at his town, was master of ceremonies, and principal actor. Poor Boyd was stripped of his clothing, and then tied to a sapling, where the Indians menaced his life by throwing their tomahawks at the tree, directly over his head, brandishing their scalping knives around him in the most frightful manner, and accompanying their ceremonies with terrific shouts of joy. Having punished him sufficiently in this way, they made a small opening in his abdomen, took out an intestine, which they tied to the sapling, and then unbound him from the tree, and drove him round it till he had drawn out the whole of his intestines. He was then beheaded, his head was stuck upon a pole, and his body left on the ground unburied.

Thus ended the life of poor William Boyd, who, it was said, had every appearance of being an active and enterprizing officer, of the first talents. The other prisoner was (if I remember distinctly) only beheaded and left near Boyd.

This tragedy being finished, our Indians again held a short council on the expediency of giving Sullivan battle, if he should continue to advance, and finally came to the conclusion that they were not strong enough to drive him, nor to prevent his taking possession of their fields: but that if it was possible they would escape with their own lives, preserve their families, and leave their possessions to be overrun by the invading army.

The women and children were then sent on still further towards Buffalo, to a large creek that was called by the Indians Catawba,[103] accompanied by a part of the Indians, while the remainder secreted themselves in the woods back of Beard's Town, to watch the movements of the army.

At that time I had three children who went with me on foot, one who rode on horse back, and one whom I carried on my back.

Our corn was good that year; a part of which we had gathered and secured for winter.

In one or two days after the skirmish at Connissius lake, Sullivan and his army arrived at Genesee river, where they destroyed every article of the food kind that they could lay their hands on. A part of our corn they burnt, and threw the remainder into the river. They burnt our houses, killed what few cattle and horses they could find, destroyed our fruit trees, and left nothing but the

bare soil and timber. But the Indians had eloped and were not to be found.

Having crossed and recrossed the river, and finished the work of destruction, the army marched off to the east. Our Indians saw them move off, but suspecting that it was Sullivan's intention to watch our return, and then to take us by surprize, resolved that the main body of our tribe should hunt where we then were, till Sullivan had gone so far that there would be no danger of his returning to molest us.

This being agreed to, we hunted continually till the Indians concluded that there could be no risk in our once more taking possession of our lands. Accordingly we all returned; but what were our feelings when we found that there was not a mouthful of any kind of sustenance left, not even enough to keep a child one day from perishing with hunger.

The weather by this time had become cold and stormy; and as we were destitute of houses and food too, I immediately resolved to take my children and look out for myself, without delay. With this intention I took two of my little ones on my back, bade the other three follow, and the same night arrived on the Gardow flats, where I have ever since resided.

At that time, two negroes, who had run away from their masters sometime before, were the only inhabitants of those flats. They lived in a small cabin and had planted and raised a large field of corn, which they had not yet harvested. As they were in want of help to secure their crop, I hired to them to husk corn till the whole was harvested.

I have laughed a thousand times to myself when

I have thought of the good old negro, who hired me, who fearing that I should get taken or injured by the Indians, stood by me constantly when I was husking, with a loaded gun in his hand, in order to keep off the enemy, and thereby lost as much labor of his own as he received from me, by paying good wages. I, however, was not displeased with his attention; for I knew that I should need all the corn that I could earn, even if I should husk the whole. I husked enough for them, to gain for myself, at every tenth string, one hundred strings of ears, which were equal to twenty-five bushels of shelled corn. This seasonable supply made my family comfortable for samp and cakes through the succeeding winter,[104] which was the most severe that I have witnessed since my remembrance. The snow fell about five feet deep, and remained so for a long time, and the weather was extremely cold; so much so indeed, that almost all the game upon which the Indians depended for subsistence, perished, and reduced them almost to a state of starvation through that and three or four succeeding years. When the snow melted in the spring, deer were found dead upon the ground in vast numbers; and other animals, of every description, perished from the cold also, and were found dead, in multitudes. Many of our people barely escaped with their lives, and some actually died of hunger and freezing.

But to return from this digression: Having been completely routed at Little Beard's Town, deprived of a house, and without the means of building one in season, after I had finished my husking, and having found from the short acquaintance which I

had had with the negroes, that they were kind and friendly, I concluded, at their request, to take up my residence with them for a while in their cabin, till I should be able to provide a hut for myself. I lived more comfortable than I expected to through the winter, and the next season made a shelter for myself.

The negroes continued on my flats two or three years after this, and then left them for a place that they expected would suit them much better. But as that land became my own in a few years, by virtue of a deed from the Chiefs of the Six Nations, I have lived there from that to the present time.

My flats were cleared before I saw them; and it was the opinion of the oldest Indians that were at Genishau, at the time that I first went there, that all the flats on the Genesee river were improved before any of the Indian tribes ever saw them. I well remember that soon after I went to Little Beard's Town, the banks of Fall-Brook were washed off, which left a large number of human bones uncovered. The Indians then said that those were not the bones of Indians, because they had never heard of any of their dead being buried there; but that they were the bones of a race of men who a great many moons before, cleared that land and lived on the flats.

The next summer after Sullivan's campaign, our Indians, highly incensed at the whites for the treatment they had received, and the sufferings which they had consequently endured, determined to obtain some redress by destroying their frontier settlements. Corn Planter, otherwise called John O'Bail, led the Indians, and an officer by the name

of Johnston commanded the British in the expedition. The force was large, and so strongly bent upon revenge and vengeance, that seemingly nothing could avert its march, nor prevent its depredations. After leaving Genesee they marched directly to some of the head waters of the Susquehannah river, and Schoharie Creek, went down that creek to the Mohawk river, thence up that river to Fort Stanwix, and from thence came home. In their route they burnt a number of places; destroyed all the cattle and other property that fell in their way; killed a number of white people, and brought home a few prisoners.

In that expedition, when they came to Fort Plain, on the Mohawk river, Corn Planter and a party of his Indians took old John O'Bail,[105] a white man, and made him a prisoner. Old John O'Bail, in his younger days had frequently passed through the Indian settlements that lay between the Hudson and Fort Niagara, and in some of his excursions had become enamored with a squaw, by whom he had a son that was called Corn Planter.

Corn Planter,[106] was a chief of considerable eminence; and having been informed of his parentage and of the place of his father's residence, took the old man at this time, in order that he might make an introduction leisurely, and become acquainted with a man to whom, though a stranger, he was satisfied that he owed his existence.

After he had taken the old man, his father, he led him as a prisoner ten or twelve miles up the river, and then stepped before him, faced about, and addressed him in the following terms:—

"My name is John O'Bail, commonly called

Corn Planter. I am your son! you are my father! You are now my prisoner, and subject to the customs of Indian warfare: but you shall not be harmed; you need not fear. I am a warrior! Many are the scalps which I have taken! Many prisoners I have tortured to death! I am your son! I am a warrior! I was anxious to see you, and to greet you in friendship. I went to your cabin and took you by force! But your life shall be spared. Indians love their friends and their kindred, and treat them with kindness. If now you choose to follow the fortune of your yellow son, and to live with our people, I will cherish your old age with plenty of venison, and you shall live easy: But if it is your choice to return to your fields and live with your white children, I will send a party of my trusty young men to conduct you back in safety. I respect you, my father; you have been friendly to Indians, and they are your friends."

Old John chose to return. Corn Planter, as good as his word, ordered an escort to attend him home, which they did with the greatest care.

Amongst the prisoners that were brought to Genesee, was William Newkirk, a man by the name of Price, and two negroes.

Price lived a while with Little Beard, and afterwards with Jack Berry, an Indian. When he left Jack Berry he went to Niagara, where he now resides.

Newkirk was brought to Beard's Town, and lived with Little Beard and at Fort Niagara about one year, and then enlisted under Butler, and went with him on an expedition to the Monongahela.

CHAPTER VIII

Life of Ebenezer Allen, a Tory.—He comes to Gardow.—His intimacy with a Nanticoke Squaw.—She gives him a Cap.—Her Husband's jealousy.—Cruelty to his Wife.—Hiokatoo's Mandate.—Allen supports her.—Her Husband is received into favor.—Allen labors.—Purchases Goods.—Stops the Indian War.—His troubles with the Indians.—Marries a Squaw.—Is taken and carried to Quebec.—Acquitted.—Goes to Philadelphia.—Returns to Genesee with a Store of Goods, &c.—Goes to Farming.—Moves to Allen's Creek.—Builds Mills at Rochester.—Drowns a Dutchman.—Marries a white Wife.—Kills an old Man.—Gets a Concubine.—Moves to Mt. Morris.—Marries a third Wife and gets another Concubine.—Receives a tract of Land.—Sends his Children to other States, &c.—Disposes of his Land.—Moves to Grand River, where he dies.—His Cruelties.

Sometime near the close of the revolutionary war, a white man by the name of Ebenezer Allen, left his people in the state of Pennsylvania on the account of some disaffection towards his countrymen, and came to the Genesee river, to reside with the Indians. He tarried at Genishau a few days, and came up to Gardow, where I then resided.—He was, apparently, without any business that would support him; but he soon became acquainted with my son Thomas, with whom he hunted for a long time, and made his home with him at my house; winter came on, and he continued his stay.[107]

When Allen came to my house, I had a white man living on my land, who had a Nanticoke

squaw for his wife, with whom he had lived very peaceably; for he was a moderate man commonly, and she was a kind, gentle, cunning creature. It so happened that he had no hay for his cattle; so that in the winter he was obliged to drive them every day, perhaps half a mile from his house, to let them feed on rushes, which in those days were so numerous as to nearly cover the ground.

Allen having frequently seen the squaw in the fall, took the opportunity when her husband was absent with his cows, daily to make her a visit; and in return for his kindness she made and gave him a red cap finished and decorated in the highest Indian style.

The husband had for some considerable length of time felt a degree of jealousy that Allen was trespassing upon him with the consent of his squaw; but when he saw Allen dressed in so fine an Indian cap, and found that his dear Nanticoke had presented it to him, his doubts all left him, and he became so violently enraged that he caught her by the hair of her head, dragged her on the ground to my house, a distance of forty rods, and threw her in at the door. Hiokatoo, my husband, exasperated at the sight of so much inhumanity, hastily took down his old tomahawk, which for awhile had lain idle, shook it over the cuckold's head, and bade him jogo (i. e. go off.) The enraged husband, well knowing that he should feel a blow if he waited to hear the order repeated, instantly retreated, and went down the river to his cattle. We protected the poor Nanticoke woman, and gave her victuals; and Allen sympathized with her in her misfortunes till spring, when

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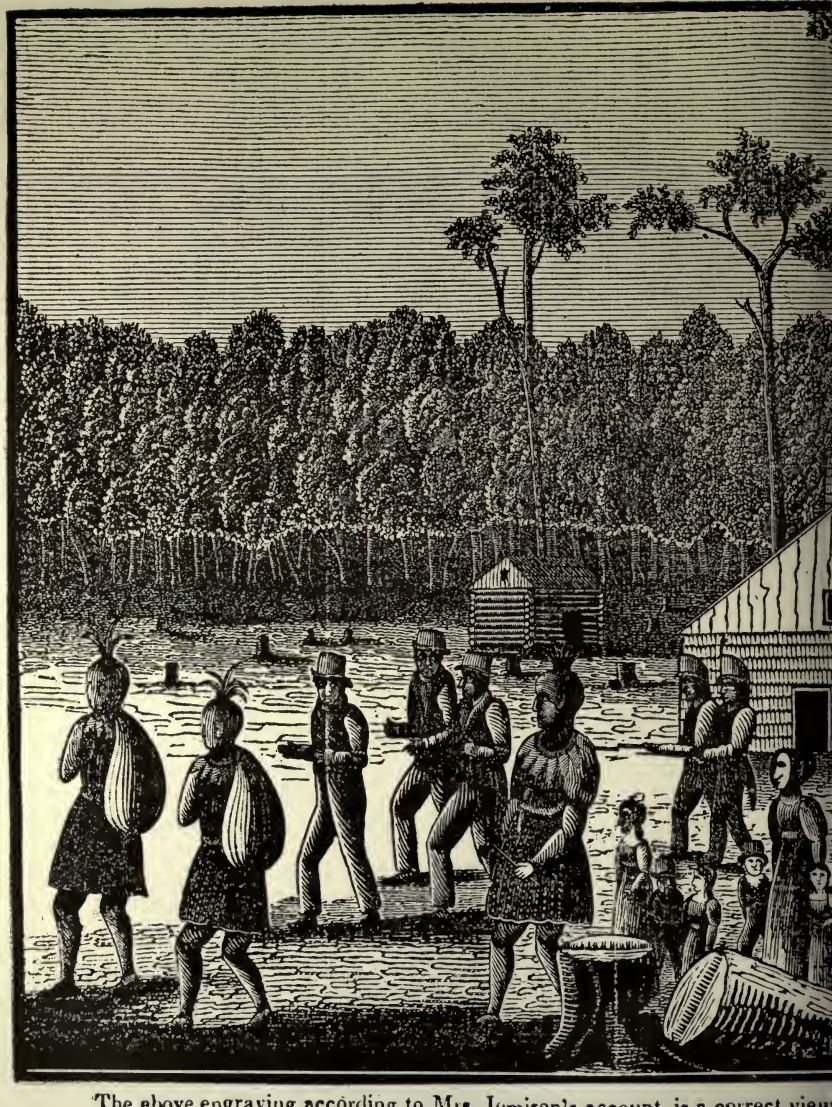

The above engraving according to Mrs. Jemison's account, is a correct view
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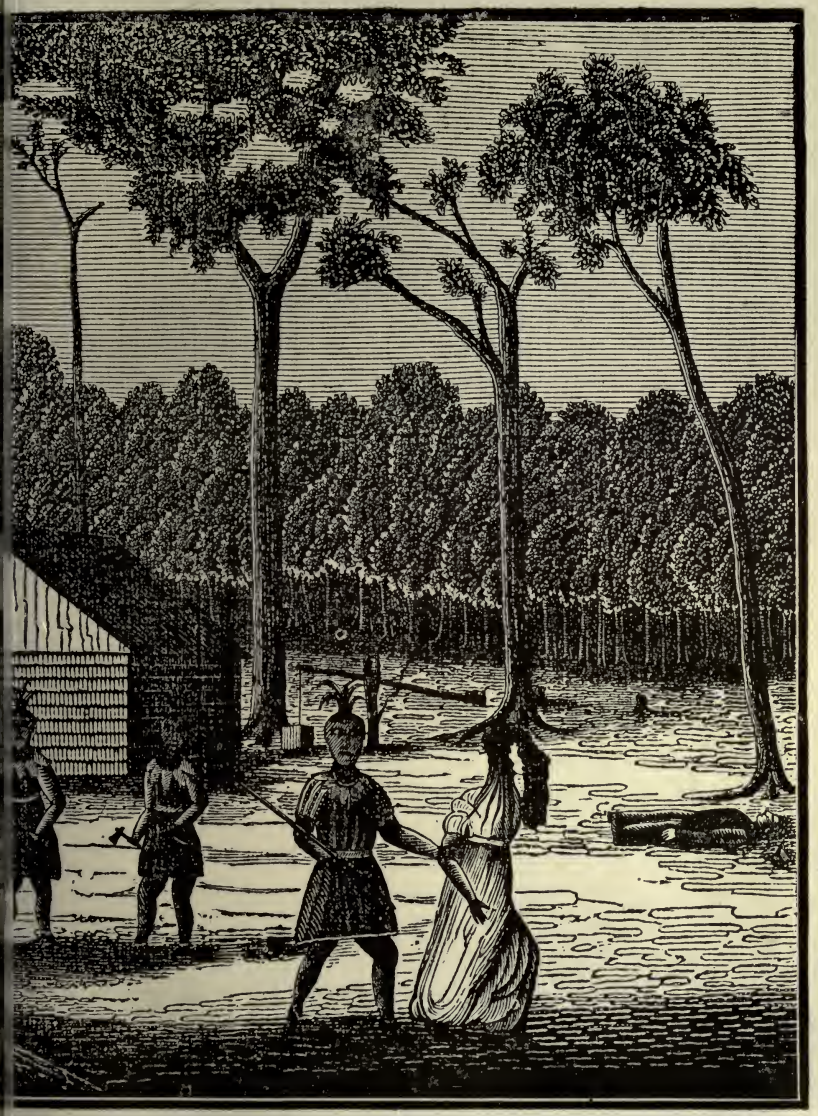


e capture of her Father's family, the particulars of which are given in the
ierself, previous to her death.

FTH (1840) EDITION OF "THE LIFE OF MARY JEMISON"

her husband came to her, acknowledged his former errors, and that he had abused her without a cause, promised a reformation, and she received him with every mark of a renewal of her affection. They went home lovingly, and soon after removed to Niagara.

The same spring, Allen commenced working my flats, and continued to labor there till after the peace in 1783. He then went to Philadelphia on some business that detained him but a few days, and returned with a horse and some dry goods, which he carried to a place that is now called Mount Morris, where he built or bought a small house.

The British and Indians on the Niagara frontier, dissatisfied with the treaty of peace, were determined, at all hazards, to continue their depredations upon the white settlements which lay between them and Albany. They actually made ready, and were about setting out on an expedition to that effect, when Allen (who by this time understood their customs of war) took a belt of wampum, which he had fraudulently procured, and carried it as a token of peace from the Indians to the commander of the nearest American military post.

The Indians were soon answered by the American officer that the wampum was cordially accepted; and, that a continuance of peace was ardently wished for. The Indians, at this, were chagrined and disappointed beyond measure; but as they held the wampum to be a sacred thing, they dared not to go against the import of its meaning, and immediately buried the hatchet as it respected the people of the United States; and smoked the

pipe of peace. They, however, resolved to punish Allen for his officiousness in meddling with their national affairs, by presenting the sacred wampum without their knowledge, and went about devising means for his detection. A party was accordingly despatched from Fort Niagara to apprehend him; with orders to conduct him to that post for trial, or for safe keeping, till such time as his fate should be determined upon in a legal manner.

The party came on; but before it arrived at Gardow, Allen got news of its approach, and fled for safety, leaving the horse and goods that he had brought from Philadelphia, an easy prey to his enemies. He had not been long absent when they arrived at Gardow, where they made diligent search for him till they were satisfied that they could not find him, and then seized the effects which he had left, and returned to Niagara. My son Thomas, went with them, with Allen's horse, and carried the goods.

Allen, on finding that his enemies had gone, came back to my house, where he lived as before; but of his return they were soon notified at Niagara, and Nettles (who married Priscilla Ramsay) with a small party of Indians came on to take him. He, however, by some means found that they were near, and gave me his box of money and trinkets to keep safely, till he called for it, and again took to the woods.

Nettles came on determined at all events to take him before he went back; and, in order to accomplish his design, he, with his Indians, hunted in the day time and lay by at night at my house, and in

that way they practised for a number of days. Allen watched the motion of his pursuers, and every night after they had gone to rest, came home and got some food, and then returned to his retreat. It was in the fall, and the weather was cold and rainy, so that he suffered extremely. Some nights he sat in my chamber till nearly day-break, while his enemies were below, and when the time arrived I assisted him to escape unnoticed.

Nettles at length abandoned the chase—went home, and Allen, all in tatters, came in. By running in the woods his clothing had become torn into rags, so that he was in a suffering condition, almost naked. Hiokatoo gave him a blanket, and a piece of broadcloth for a pair of trowsers. Allen made his trowsers himself, and then built a raft, on which he went down the river to his own place at Mount Morris.

About that time he married a squaw, whose name was Sally.

The Niagara people finding that he was at his own house, came and took him by surprize when he least expected them, and carried him to Niagara. Fortunately for him, it so happened that just as they arrived at the fort, a house took fire and his keepers all left him to save the building, if possible. Allen had supposed his doom to be nearly sealed; but finding himself at liberty he took to his heels, left his escort to put out the fire, and ran to Tonnawanta. There an Indian give him some refreshment, and a good gun, with which he hastened on to Little Beard's Town, where he found his squaw. Not daring to risk himself at that place

for fear of being given up, he made her but a short visit, and came immediately to Gardow.

Just as he got to the top of the hill above the Gardow flats, he discovered a party of British soldiers and Indians in pursuit of him; and in fact they were so near that he was satisfied that they saw him, and concluded that it would be impossible for him to escape. The love of liberty, however, added to his natural swiftness, gave him sufficient strength to make his escape to his former castle of safety. His pursuers came immediately to my house, where they expected to have found him secreted, and under my protection. They told me where they had seen him but a few moments before, and that they were confident that it was within my power to put him into their hands. As I was perfectly clear of having had any hand in his escape, I told them plainly that I had not seen him since he was taken to Niagara, and that I could give them no information at all respecting him. Still unsatisfied, and doubting my veracity, they advised my Indian brother to use his influence to draw from me the secret of his concealment, which they had an idea that I considered of great importance, not only to him but to myself. I persisted in my ignorance of his situation, and finally they left me.

Although I had not seen Allen, I knew his place of security, and was well aware that if I told them the place where he had formerly hid himself, they would have no difficulty in making him a prisoner.

He came to my house in the night, and awoke me with the greatest caution, fearing that some of his enemies might be watching to take him at a

time when, and in a place where it would be impossible for him to make his escape. I got up and assured him that he was then safe; but that his enemies would return early in the morning and search him out if it should be possible. Having given him some victuals, which he received thankfully, I told him to go, but to return the next night to a certain corner of the fence near my house where he would find a quantity of meal that I would have well prepared and deposited there for his use.

Early the next morning, Nettles and his company came in while I was pounding the meal for Allen, and insisted upon my giving him up. I again told them that I did not know where he was, and that I could not, neither would I, tell them any thing about him. I well knew that Allen considered his life in my hands; and although it was my intention not to lie, I was fully determined to keep his situation a profound secret. They continued their labor and examined (as they supposed) every crevice, gully, tree and hollow log in the neighboring woods, and at last concluded that he had left the country, and gave him up for lost, and went home.

At that time Allen lay in a secret place in the gulph a short distance above my flats, in a hole that he accidentally found in the rock near the river. At night he came and got the meal at the corner of the fence as I had directed him, and afterwards lived in the gulph two weeks. Each night he came to the pasture and milked one of my cows, without any other vessel in which to receive the milk than his hat, out of which he drank it. I supplied him with meal, but fearing to build

a fire he was obliged to eat it raw and wash it down with the milk. Nettles having left our neighborhood, and Allen considering himself safe, left his little cave and came home. I gave him his box of money and trinkets, and he went to his own house at Mount Morris. It was generally considered by the Indians of our tribe, that Allen was an innocent man, and that the Niagara people were persecuting him without a just cause. Little Beard, then about to go to the eastward on public business, charged his Indians not to meddle with Allen, but to let him live amongst them peaceably, and enjoy himself with his family and property if he could. Having the protection of the chief, he felt himself safe, and let his situation be known to the whites from whom he suspected no harm. They, however, were more inimical than our Indians and were easily bribed by Nettles to assist in bringing him to justice. Nettles came on, and the whites, as they had agreed, gave poor Allen up to him. He was bound and carried to Niagara, where he was confined in prison through the winter. In the spring he was taken to Montreal or Quebec for trial, and was honorably acquitted. The crime for which he was tried was, for his having carried the wampum to the Americans, and thereby putting too sudden a stop to their war.

From the place of his trial he went directly to Philadelphia, and purchased on credit, a boat load of goods which he brought by water to Conhocton, where he left them and came to Mount Morris for assistance to get them brought on. The Indians readily went with horses and brought them to his house, where he disposed of his dry goods; but not

daring to let the Indians begin to drink strong liquor, for fear of the quarrels which would naturally follow, he sent his spirits to my place and we sold them. For his goods he received ginseng roots, principally, and a few skins. Ginseng at that time was plenty, and commanded a high price. We prepared the whole that he received for the market, expecting that he would carry them to Philadelphia. In that I was disappointed; for when he had disposed of, and got pay for all his goods, he took the ginseng and skins to Niagara, and there sold them and came home.

Tired of dealing in goods, he planted a large field of corn on or near his own land, attended to it faithfully, and succeeded in raising a large crop, which he harvested, loaded into canoes and carried down the river to the mouth of Allen's Creek, then called by the Indian Gin-is-a-ga, where he unloaded it, built him a house, and lived with his family.

The next season he planted corn at that place and built a grist and saw mill [108] on Genesee Falls, now called Rochester.

At the time Allen built the mills, he had an old German living with him by the name of Andrews, whom he sent in a canoe down the river with his mill irons. Allen went down at the same time; but before they got to the mills Allen threw the old man overboard and drowned him, as it was then generally believed, for he was never seen or heard of afterwards.

In the course of the season in which Allen built his mills, he became acquainted with the daughter of a white man, who was moving to Niagara. She was handsome, and Allen soon got into her good

graces, so that he married and took her home, to be a joint partner with Sally, the squaw, whom she had never heard of till she got home and found her in full possession; but it was too late for her to retrace the hasty steps she had taken, for her father had left her in the care of a tender husband and gone on. She, however, found that she enjoyed at least an equal half of her husband's affections, and made herself contented. Her father's name I have forgotten, but her's was Lucy.

Allen was not contented with two wives, for in a short time after he had married Lucy he came up to my house, where he found a young woman who had an old husband with her. They had been on a long journey, and called at my place to recruit and rest themselves. She filled Allen's eye, and he accordingly fixed upon a plan to get her into his possession. He praised his situation, enumerated his advantages, and finally persuaded them to go home and tarry with him a few days at least, and partake of a part of his comforts. They accepted his generous invitation and went home with him. But they had been there but two or three days when Allen took the old gentleman out to view his flats; and as they were deliberately walking on the bank of the river, pushed him into the water. The old man, almost strangled, succeeded in getting out; but his fall and exertions had so powerful an effect upon his system that he died in two or three days, and left his young widow to the protection of his murderer. She lived with him about one year in a state of concubinage and then left him.

How long Allen lived at Allen's Creek I am

unable to state; but soon after the young widow left him, he removed to his old place at Mount Morris, and built a house, where he made Sally, his squaw, by whom he had two daughters, a slave to Lucy, by whom he had had one son; still, however, he considered Sally to be his wife.

After Allen came to Mt. Morris at that time, he married a girl by the name of Morilla Gregory,[109] whose father at the time lived on Genesee Flats. The ceremony being over, he took her home to live in common with his other wives; but his house was too small for his family; for Sally and Lucy, conceiving that their lawful privileges would be abridged if they received a partner, united their strength and whipped poor Morilla so cruelly that he was obliged to keep her in a small Indian house a short distance from his own, or lose her entirely. Morilla, before she left Mt. Morris, had four children.

One of Morilla's sisters lived with Allen about a year after Morilla was married, and then quit him.

A short time after they all got to living at Mt. Morris, Allen prevailed upon the Chiefs to give to his Indian children, a tract of land four miles square,[110] where he then resided. The Chiefs gave them the land, but he so artfully contrived the conveyance, that he could apply it to his own use, and by alienating his right, destroy the claim of his children.

Having secured the land, in that way, to himself, he sent his two Indian girls to Trenton, (N. J.) and his white son to Philadelphia, for the purpose of giving each of them a respectable English education.

While his children were at school, he went to Philadelphia, and sold his right to the land which he had begged of the Indians for his children to Robert Morris. After that, he sent for his daughters to come home, which they did.

Having disposed of the whole of his property on the Genesee river, he took his two white wives and their children, together with his effects, and removed to a Delaware town on the river De Trench, in Upper Canada. When he left Mt. Morris, Sally, his squaw, insisted upon going with him, and actually followed him, crying bitterly, and praying for his protection some two or three miles, till he absolutely bade her leave him, or he would punish her with severity.

At length, finding her case hopeless, she returned to the Indians.

At the great treaty at Big Tree, one of Allen's daughters claimed the land which he had sold to Morris. The claim was examined and decided against her in favor of Ogden, Trumbull, Rogers and others, who were the creditors of Robert Morris. Allen yet believed [111] that his daughter had an indisputable right to the land in question, and got me to go with mother Farly, a half Indian woman, to assist him by interceding with Morris for it, and to urge the propriety of her claim. We went to Thomas Morris, and having stated to him our business, he told us plainly that he had no land to give away, and that as the title was good, he never would allow Allen, nor his heirs, one foot, or words to that effect. We returned to Allen the answer we had received, and he, conceiving all further attempts to be useless, went home.

He died at the Delaware town, on the river De Trench, in the year 1814 or 15, and left two white widows and one squaw, with a number of children, to lament his loss.

By his last will he gave all his property to his last wife, (Morilla,) and her children, without providing in the least for the support of Lucy, or any of the other members of his family. Lucy, soon after his death, went with her children down the Ohio river, to receive assistance from her friends.

In the revolutionary war, Allen was a tory, and by that means became acquainted with our Indians, when they were in the neighborhood of his native place, desolating the settlements on the Susquehannah. In those predatory battles, he joined them, and (as I have often heard the Indians say,) for cruelty was not exceeded by any of his Indian comrades!

At one time, when he was scouting with the Indians in the Susquehannah country, he entered a house very early in the morning, where he found a man, his wife, and one child, in bed. The man, as he entered the door, instantly sprang on the floor, for the purpose of defending himself and little family; but Allen dispatched him at one blow. He then cut off his head and threw it bleeding into the bed with the terrified woman; took the little infant from its mother's breast, and holding it by its legs, dashed its head against the jamb, and left the unhappy widow and mother to mourn alone over her murdered family. It has been said by some, that after he had killed the child, he opened the fire and buried it under the coals and embers: But of that I am not certain. I have of-

ten heard him speak of that transaction with a great degree of sorrow, and as the foulest crime he had ever committed—one for which I have no doubt he repented.[112]

CHAPTER IX.

Mrs. Jemison has liberty to go to her Friends.—Chooses to stay.—Her Reasons, &c.—Her Indian Brother makes provisions for her Settlement.—He goes to Grand River and dies.—Her Love for him, &c.—She is presented with the Gardow Reservation.—Is troubled by Speculators.—Description of the Soil, &c. of her Flats.—Indian notions of the ancient Inhabitants of this Country.

Soon after the close of the revolutionary war, my Indian brother, Kau-jises-tau-ge-au (which being interpreted signifies Black Coals,) offered me my liberty, and told me that if it was my choice I might go to my friends.

My son, Thomas, was anxious that I should go; and offered to go with me and assist me on the journey, by taking care of the younger children, and providing food as we travelled through the wilderness. But the Chiefs of our tribe, suspecting from his appearance, actions, and a few warlike exploits, that Thomas would be a great warrior, or a good counsellor, refused to let him leave them on any account whatever.

To go myself, and leave him, was more than I felt able to do; for he had been kind to me, and was one on whom I placed great dependence. The

Chiefs refusing to let him go, was one reason for my resolving to stay; but another, more powerful, if possible, was, that I had got a large family of Indian children, that I must take with me; and that if I should be so fortunate as to find my relatives, they would despise them, if not myself; and treat us as enemies; or, at least with a degree of cold indifference, which I thought I could not endure.

Accordingly, after I had duly considered the matter, I told my brother that it was my choice to stay and spend the remainder of my days with my Indian friends, and live with my family as I had heretofore done. He appeared well pleased with my resolution, and informed me, that as that was my choice, I should have a piece of land that I could call my own, where I could live unmolested, and have something at my decease to leave for the benefit of my children.

In a short time he made himself ready to go to Upper Canada; but before he left us, he told me that he would speak to some of the Chiefs at Buffalo, to attend the great Council, which he expected would convene in a few years at farthest, and convey to me such a tract of land as I should select. My brother left us, as he had proposed, and soon after died at Grand River.

Kaujisestaugeau, was an excellent man, and ever treated me with kindness. Perhaps no one of his tribe at any time exceeded him in natural mildness of temper, and warmth and tenderness of affection. If he had taken my life at the time when the avarice of the old King inclined him to procure my emancipation, it would have been done with a

pure heart and from good motives. He loved his friends; and was generally beloved. During the time that I lived in the family with him, he never offered the most trifling abuse; on the contrary, his whole conduct towards me was strictly honorable. I mourned his loss as that of a tender brother, and shall recollect him through life with emotions of friendship and gratitude.

I lived undisturbed, without hearing a word on the subject of my land, till the great Council was held at Big Tree, in 1797, when Farmer's Brother, whose Indian name is Ho-na-ye-wus, sent for me to attend the council. When I got there, he told me that my brother had spoken to him to see that I had a piece of land reserved for my use; and that then was the time for me to receive it.— He requested that I would choose for myself and describe the bounds of a piece that would suit me. I accordingly told him the place of beginning, and then went round a tract that I judged would be sufficient for my purpose, (knowing that it would include the Gardow Flats,) by stating certain bounds with which I was acquainted.

When the Council was opened, and the business afforded a proper opportunity, Farmer's Brother presented my claim, and rehearsed the request of my brother. Red Jacket,[113] whose Indian name is Sagu-yu-what-hah,[114] which interpreted, is Keeper-awake, opposed me or my claim [115] with all his influence and eloquence. Farmer's Brother insisted upon the necessity, propriety and expediency of his proposition, and got the land granted. The deed was made and signed, securing to me the title to all the land I had described; under the

same restrictions and regulations that other Indian lands are subject to.

That land has ever since been known by the name of the Gardow Tract.[116]

Red Jacket not only opposed my claim at the Council, but he withheld my money two or three years, on the account of my lands having been granted without his consent. Parrish and Jones [117] at length convinced him that it was the white people, and not the Indians who had given me the land, and compelled him to pay over all the money which he had retained on my account.

My land derived its name, Gardow, from a hill that is within its limits, which is called in the Seneca language Kau-tam.[118] Kautam when interpreted signifies up and down, or down and up, and is applied to a hill that you will ascend and descend in passing it; or to a valley. It has been said that Gardow was the name of my husband Hiokatoo, and that my land derived its name from him; that however was a mistake, for the old man always considered Gardow a nickname, and was uniformly offended when called by it.

About three hundred acres of my land, when I first saw it, was open flats, lying on the Genesee River, which it is supposed was cleared by a race of inhabitants who preceded the first Indian settlements in this part of the country. The Indians are confident that many parts of this country were settled and for a number of years occupied by people of whom their fathers never had any tradition, as they never had seen them. Whence those people originated, and whither they went, I have never heard one of our oldest and wisest Indians pretend

to guess. When I first came to Genishau, the bank of Fall Brook had just slid off and exposed a large number of human bones, which the Indians said were buried there long before their fathers ever saw the place; and that they did not know what kind of people they were. It however was and is believed by our people, that they were not Indians.

My flats were extremely fertile; but needed more labor than my daughters and myself were able to perform, to produce a sufficient quantity of grain and other necessary productions of the earth, for the consumption of our family. The land had lain uncultivated so long that it was thickly covered with weeds of almost every description. In order that we might live more easy, Mr. Parrish, with the consent of the chiefs, gave me liberty to lease or let my land to white people to till on shares. I accordingly let it out, and have continued to do so, which makes my task less burthensome, while at the same time I am more comfortably supplied with the means of support.

CHAPTER X.

Happy situation of her Family.—Disagreement between her sons Thomas and John.—Her Advice to them, &c.—John kills Thomas.—Her Affliction.—Council. Decision of the Chiefs, &c.—Life of Thomas.—His Wives, Children, &c.—Cause of his Death, &c.

I HAVE frequently heard it asserted by white people, and can truly say from my own experience,

SITE OF MARY JEMISON'S CAPTURE IN FRANKLIN TOWNSHIP, ADAMS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

The Jemison house stood in the wheat-field, beyond the corn-field, at the right of the center of the picture.

that the time at which parents take the most satisfaction and comfort with their families is when their children are young, incapable of providing for their own wants, and are about the fireside, where they can be daily observed and instructed.

Few mothers, perhaps, have had less trouble with their children during their minority than myself. In general, my children were friendly to each other, and it was very seldom that I knew them to have the least difference or quarrel: so far, indeed, were they from rendering themselves or me uncomfortable, that I considered myself happy—more so than commonly falls to the lot of parents, especially to women.

My happiness in this respect, however, was not without alloy; for my son Thomas, from some cause unknown to me, from the time he was a small lad, always called his brother John, a witch, which was the cause, as they grew towards manhood, of frequent and severe quarrels between them, and gave me much trouble and anxiety for their safety. After Thomas and John arrived to manhood, in addition to the former charge, John got two wives, with whom he lived till the time of his death. Although polygamy was tolerated in our tribe, Thomas considered it a violation of good and wholesome rules in society, and tending directly to destroy that friendly social intercourse and love, that ought to be the happy result of matrimony and chastity. Consequently, he frequently reprimanded John, by telling him that his conduct was beneath the dignity, and inconsistent with the principles of good Indians; indecent and unbecoming a gentleman; and, as he never could

reconcile himself to it, he was frequently, almost constantly, when they were together, talking to him on the same subject. John always resented such reprimand, and reproof, with a great degree of passion, though they never quarrelled, unless Thomas was intoxicated.

In his fits of drunkenness, Thomas seemed to lose all his natural reason, and to conduct like a wild or crazy man, without regard to relatives, decency or propriety. At such times he often threatened to take my life for having raised a witch, (as he called John,) and has gone so far as to raise his tomahawk to split my head. He, however, never struck me; but on John's account he struck Hiokatoo, and thereby excited in John a high degree of indignation, which was extinguished only by blood.[119]

For a number of years their difficulties, and consequent unhappiness, continued and rather increased, continually exciting in my breast the most fearful apprehensions, and greatest anxiety for their safety. With tears in my eyes, I advised them to become reconciled to each other, and to be friendly; told them the consequences of their continuing to cherish so much malignity and malice, that it would end in their destruction, the disgrace of their families, and bring me down to the grave. No one can conceive of the constant trouble that I daily endured on their account—on the account of my two oldest sons, whom I loved equally, and with all the feelings and affection of a tender mother, stimulated by an anxious concern for their fate. Parents, mothers especially, will love their children, though ever so unkind and

disobedient. Their eyes of compassion, of real sentimental affection, will be involuntarily extended after them, in their greatest excesses of iniquity; and those fine filaments of consanguinity, which gently entwine themselves around the heart where filial love and parental care is equal, will be lengthened, and enlarged to cords seemingly of sufficient strength to reach and reclaim the wanderer. I know that such exercises are frequently unavailing; but, notwithstanding their ultimate failure, it still remains true, and ever will, that the love of a parent for a disobedient child, will increase, and grow more and more ardent, so long as a hope of its reformation is capable of stimulating a disappointed breast.

My advice and expostulations with my sons were abortive; and year after year their disaffection for each other increased. At length, Thomas came to my house on the 1st day of July, 1811, in my absence, somewhat intoxicated, where he found John, with whom he immediately commenced a quarrel on their old subjects of difference.—John's anger became desperate. He caught Thomas by the hair of his head, dragged him out at the door and there killed him, by a blow which he gave him on the head with his tomahawk!

I returned soon after, and found my son lifeless at the door, on the spot where he was killed! No one can judge of my feelings on seeing this mournful spectacle; and what greatly added to my distress, was the fact that he had fallen by the murderous hand of his brother! I felt my situation unsupportable. Having passed through various scenes of trouble of the most cruel and trying kind,

I had hoped to spend my few remaining days in quietude, and to die in peace, surrounded by my family. This fatal event, however, seemed to be a stream of woe poured into my cup of afflictions, filling it even to overflowing, and blasting all my prospects.

As soon as I had recovered a little from the shock which I felt at the sight of my departed son, and some of my neighbors had come in to assist in taking care of the corpse, I hired Shanks, an Indian, to go to Buffalo, and carry the sorrowful news of Thomas' death, to our friends at that place, and request the Chiefs to hold a Council, and dispose of John as they should think proper. Shanks set out on his errand immediately, and John, fearing that he should be apprehended and punished for the crime he had committed, at the same time went off towards Caneadea.

Thomas was decently interred in a style corresponding with his rank.

The Chiefs soon assembled in council on the trial of John, and after having seriously examined the matter according to their laws, justified his conduct, and acquitted him. They considered Thomas to have been the first transgressor, and that for the abuses which he had offered, he had merited from John the treatment that he had received.

John, on learning the decision of the council, returned to his family.

Thomas (except when intoxicated, which was not frequent,) was a kind and tender child, willing to assist me in my labor, and to remove every obstacle to my comfort. His natural abilities were

said to be of a superior cast, and he soared above the trifling subjects of revenge, which are common amongst Indians, as being far beneath his attention. In his childish and boyish days, his natural turn was to practise in the art of war, though he despised the cruelties that the warriors inflicted upon their subjugated enemies. He was manly in his deportment, courageous and active; and commanded respect. Though he appeared well pleased with peace, he was cunning in Indian warfare, and succeeded to admiration in the execution of his plans.

At the age of fourteen or fifteen years, he went into the war with manly fortitude, armed with a tomahawk and scalping knife; and when he returned, brought one white man a prisoner, whom he had taken with his own hands, on the west branch of the Susquehannah river. It so happened, that as he was looking out for his enemies, he discovered two men boiling sap in the woods. He watched them unperceived, till dark when he advanced with a noiseless step to where they were standing, caught one of them before they were apprized of danger, and conducted him to the camp. He was well treated while a prisoner, and redeemed at the close of the war.

At the time Kaujisestaugeau gave me my liberty to go to my friends, Thomas was anxious to go with me; but as I have before observed, the Chiefs would not suffer him to leave them on the account of his courage and skill in war: expecting that they should need his assistance. He was a great Counsellor and a Chief when quite young; and in the last capacity, went two or three times to Phila-

delphia to assist in making treaties with the people of the states.

Thomas had four wives, by whom he had eight children. Jacob Jemison, his second son by his last wife, who is at this time twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age, went to Dartmouth college, in the spring of 1816, for the purpose of receiving a good education, where it was said that he was an industrious scholar, and made great proficiency in the study of the different branches to which he attended. Having spent two years at that Institution, he returned in the winter of 1818, and is now at Buffalo; where I have understood that he contemplates commencing the study of medicine, as a profession.

Thomas, at the time he was killed, was a few moons over fifty-two years old, and John was forty-eight. As he was naturally good natured, and possessed a friendly disposition, he would not have come to so untimely an end, had it not been for his intemperance. He fell a victim to the use of ardent spirits—a poison that will soon exterminate the Indian tribes in this part of the country, and leave their names without a root or branch. The thought is melancholy; but no arguments, no examples, however persuasive or impressive, are sufficient to deter an Indian for an hour from taking the potent draught, which he knows at the time will derange his faculties, reduce him to a level with the beasts, or deprive him of life!

CHAPTER XI.

Death of Hiokatoo.—Biography.—His Birth.—Education. — Goes against the Cherokees, &c. — Bloody Battles, &c.—His success and cruelties in the French War.—Battle at Fort Freeland.—Capts. Dougherty and Boon killed.—His Cruelties in the neighborhood of Cherry Valley, &c.—Indians remove their general Encampment.—In 1782, Col. Crawford is sent to destroy them, &c.—Is met by a Traitor.—Battle.—Crawford's Men surprized.—Irregular Retreat.—Crawford and Doct. Night taken.—Council.—Crawford Condemned and Burnt.—Aggravating Circumstances.—Night is sentenced to be Burnt.—Is Painted by Hiokatoo.—Is conducted off, &c.—His fortunate Escape.—Hiokatoo in the French War takes Col. Canton.—His Sentence.—Is bound on a wild Colt that runs loose three days.—Returns Alive.—Is made to run the Gauntlet.—Gets knocked down, &c.—Is Redeemed and sent Home.—Hiokatoo's Enmity to the Cherokees, &c. — His Height — Strength—Speed, &c.

In the month of November 1811, my husband Hiokatoo, who had been sick four years of the consumption, died at the advanced age of one hundred and three years, as nearly as the time could be estimated. He was the last that remained to me of our family connection, or rather of my old friends with whom I was adopted, except a part of one family, which now lives at Tonewanta.[120]

Hiokatoo was buried decently, and had all the insignia of a veteran warrior buried with him; consisting of a war club, tomahawk and scalping knife,

a powder-flask, flint, a piece of spunk, a small cake and a cup; and in his best clothing.

Hiokatoo was an old man when I first saw him; but he was by no means enervated. During the term of nearly fifty years that I lived with him, I received, according to Indian customs, all the kindness and attention that was my due as his wife.—Although war was his trade from his youth till old age and decrepitude stopt his career, he uniformly treated me with tenderness, and never offered an insult.

I have frequently heard him repeat the history of his life from his childhood; and when he came to that part which related to his actions, his bravery and his valor in war; when he spoke of the ambush, the combat, the spoiling of his enemies and the sacrifice of the victims, his nerves seemed strung with youthful ardor, the warmth of the able warrior seemed to animate his frame, and to produce the heated gestures which he had practised in middle age. He was a man of tender feelings to his friends, ready and willing to assist them in distress, yet, as a warrior, his cruelties to his enemies perhaps were unparalleled, and will not admit a word of palliation.

Hiokatoo, was born in one of the tribes of the Six Nations that inhabited the banks of the Susquehannah; or, rather he belonged to a tribe of the Senecas that made, at the time of the great Indian treaty, a part of those nations. He was own cousin to Farmer's Brother, a Chief who has been justly celebrated for his worth. Their mothers were sisters, and it was through the influence of Farmer's Brother, that I became Hiokatoo's wife.

In early life, Hiokatoo showed signs of thirst for blood, by attending only to the art of war, in the use of the tomahawk and scalping knife; and in practising cruelties upon every thing that chanced to fall into his hands, which was susceptible of pain. In that way he learned to use his implements of war effectually, and at the same time blunted all those fine feelings and tender sympathies that are naturally excited, by hearing or seeing, a fellow being in distress. He could inflict the most excruciating tortures upon his enemies, and prided himself upon his fortitude, in having performed the most barbarous ceremonies and tortures, without the least degree of pity or remorse. Thus qualified, when very young he was initiated into scenes of carnage, by being engaged in the wars that prevailed amongst the Indian tribes.

In the year 1731, he was appointed a runner, to assist in collecting an army to go against the Cotawpes, Cherokees and other southern Indians. A large army was collected, and after a long and fatiguing march, met its enemies in what was then called the "low, dark and bloody lands," near the mouth of Red River, in what is now called the state of Kentucky.* The Cotawpes †[121] and their associ-

*Those powerful armies met near the place that is now called Clarksville, [122] which is situated at the fork where Red River joins the Cumberland, a few miles above the line between Kentucky and Tennessee.

†The Author acknowledges himself unacquainted, from Indian history, with a nation of this name; but as 90 years have elapsed since the date of this occurrence, it is highly probable that such a nation did exist, and that it was absolutely exterminated at that eventful period.

ates, had, by some means, been apprized of their approach, and lay in ambush to take them at once, when they should come within their reach, and destroy the whole army. The northern Indians, with their usual sagacity, discovered the situation of their enemies, rushed upon the ambuscade and massacred 1200 on the spot. The battle continued for two days and two nights, with the utmost severity, in which the northern Indians were victorious, and so far succeeded in destroying the Cotawpes that they at that time ceased to be a nation. The victors suffered an immense loss in killed; but gained the hunting ground, which was their grand object, though the Cherokees would not give it up in a treaty, or consent to make peace. Bows and arrows, at that time, were in general use, though a few guns were employed.

From that time he was engaged in a number of battles in which Indians only were engaged, and made fighting his business, till the commencement of the French war. In those battles he took a number of Indians prisoners, whom he killed by tying them to trees and then setting small Indian boys to shooting at them with arrows, till death finished the misery of the sufferers; a process that frequently took two days for its completion!

During the French war he was in every battle that was fought on the Susquehannah and Ohio rivers; and was so fortunate as never to have been taken prisoner.

At Braddock's defeat he took two white prisoners, and burnt them alive in a fire of his own kindling.

In 1777, he was in the battle at Fort Freeland,[123]

in Northumberland county, Penn. The fort contained a great number of women and children, and was defended only by a small garrison. The force that went against it consisted of 100 British regulars, commanded by a Col. McDonald, and 300 Indians under Hiokatoo. After a short but bloody engagement, the fort was surrendered; the women and children were sent under an escort to the next fort below, and the men and boys taken off by a party of British to the general Indian encampment. As soon as the fort had capitulated and the firing had ceased, Hiokatoo with the help of a few Indians tomahawked every wounded American while earnestly begging with uplifted hands for quarters.

The massacre was but just finished when Capts. Dougherty and Boon arrived with a reinforcement to assist the garrison. On their arriving in sight of the fort they saw that it had surrendered, and that an Indian was holding the flag. This so much inflamed Capt. Dougherty that he left his command, stept forward and shot the Indian at the first fire. Another took the flag, and had no sooner got it erected than Dougherty dropt him as he had the first. A third presumed to hold it, who was also shot down by Dougherty. Hiokatoo, exasperated at the sight of such bravery, sallied out with a party of his Indians, and killed Capts. Dougherty, Boon, and fourteen men, at the first fire. The remainder of the two companies escaped by taking to flight, and soon arrived at the fort which they had left but a few hours before.

In an expedition that went out against Cherry Valley and the neighboring settlements, Captain David, a Mohawk Indian, was first, and Hiokatoo

the second in command. The force consisted of several hundred Indians, who were determined on mischief, and the destruction of the whites. A continued series of wantonness and barbarity characterized their career, for they plundered and burnt every thing that came in their way, and killed a number of persons, among whom were several infants, whom Hiokatoo butchered or dashed upon the stones with his own hands. Besides the instances which have been mentioned, he was in a number of parties during the revolutionary war, where he ever acted a conspicuous part.

The Indians having removed the seat of their depredations and war to the frontiers of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Kentucky and the neighboring territories, assembled a large force at Upper Sandusky, their place of general rendezvous, from whence they went out to the various places which they designed to sacrifice.

Tired of the desolating scenes that were so often witnessed, and feeling a confidence that the savages might be subdued, and an end put to their crimes, the American government raised a regiment, consisting of 300 volunteers, for the purpose of dislodging them from their cantonment and preventing further barbarities. Col. William Crawford and Lieut. Col. David Williamson, men who had been thoroughly tried and approved, were commissioned by Gen. Washington to take the command of a service that seemed all-important to the welfare of the country. In the month of July, 1782, well armed and provided with a sufficient quantity of provision, this regiment made an expeditious march through the wilderness to Upper Sandusky, where,

as had been anticipated, they found the Indians assembled in full force at their encampment, prepared to receive an attack.

As Col. Crawford and his brave band advanced, and when they had got within a short distance from the town, they were met by a white man, with a flag of truce from the Indians, who proposed to Col. Crawford that if he would surrender himself and his men to the Indians, their lives should be spared; but, that if they persisted in their undertaking, and attacked the town, they should all be massacred to a man.

Crawford, while hearing the proposition, attentively surveyed its bearer, and recognized in his features one of his former schoolmates and companions, with whom he was perfectly acquainted, by the name of Simon Gurty. Gurty, but a short time before this, had been a soldier in the American army, in the same regiment with Crawford; but on the account of his not having received the promotion that he expected, he became disaffected—swore an eternal war with his countrymen, fled to the Indians, and joined them, as a leader well qualified to conduct them to where they could satiate their thirst for blood, upon the innocent, unoffending and defenceless settlers.

Crawford sternly inquired of the traitor if his name was not Simon Gurty; and being answered in the affirmative, he informed him that he despised the offer which he had made; and that he should not surrender his army unless he should be compelled to do so, by a superior force.

Gurty returned, and Crawford immediately commenced an engagement that lasted till night,

without the appearance of victory on either side, when the firing ceased, and the combatants on both sides retired to take refreshment, and to rest through the night. Crawford encamped in the woods near half a mile from the town, where, after the centinels were placed, and each had taken his ration, they slept on their arms, that they might be instantly ready in case they should be attacked. The stillness of death hovered over the little army, and sleep relieved the whole, except the wakeful centinels who vigilantly attended to their duty.— But what was their surprise, when they found late in the night, that they were surrounded by the Indians on every side, except a narrow space between them and the town? Every man was under arms, and the officers instantly consulted each other on the best method of escaping; for they saw that to fight, would be useless, and that to surrender, would be death.

Crawford proposed to retreat through the ranks of the enemy in an opposite direction from the town, as being the most sure course to take. Lt. Col. Williamson advised to march directly through the town, where there appeared to be no Indians, and the fires were yet burning.

There was no time or place for debates: Col. Crawford, with sixty followers retreated on the route that he had proposed by attempting to rush through the enemy; but they had no sooner got amongst the Indians than every man was killed or taken prisoner! Amongst the prisoners, were Col. Crawford, and Doct. Night, surgeon of the regiment.

Lt. Col. Williamson, with the remainder of the

regiment, together with the wounded, set out at the same time that Crawford did, went through the town without losing a man, and by the help of good guides arrived at their homes in safety.

The next day after the engagement the Indians disposed of all their prisoners to the different tribes, except Col. Crawford and Doct. Night; but those unfortunate men were reserved for a more cruel destiny. A council was immediately held on Sandusky plains, consisting of all the Chiefs and warriors, ranged in their customary order, in a circular form; and Crawford and Night were brought forward and seated in the centre of the circle.

The council being opened, the Chiefs began to examine Crawford on various subjects relative to the war. At length they enquired who conducted the military operations of the American army on the Ohio and Susquehannah rivers, during the year before; and who had led that army against them with so much skill, and so uniform success? Crawford very honestly and without suspecting any harm from his reply, promptly answered that he was the man who had led his countrymen to victory, who had driven the enemy from the settlements, and by that means had procured a great degree of happiness to many of his fellow-citizens. Upon hearing this, a Chief, who had lost a son in the year before, in a battle where Colonel Crawford commanded, left his station in the council, stepped to Crawford, blacked his face, and at the same time told him that the next day he should be burnt.

The council was immediately dissolved on its hearing the sentence from the Chief, and the pris-

oners were taken off the ground, and kept in custody through the night. Crawford now viewed his fate as sealed; and despairing of ever returning to his home or his country, only dreaded the tediousness of death, as commonly inflicted by the savages, and earnestly hoped that he might be despatched at a single blow.

Early the next morning, the Indians assembled at the place of execution,[124] and Crawford was led to the post—the goal of savage torture, to which he was fastened. The post was a stick of timber placed firmly in the ground, having an arm framed in at the top, and extending some six or eight feet from it, like the arm of a sign post. A pile of wood containing about two cords, lay a few feet from the place where he stood, which he was informed was to be kindled into a fire that would burn him alive, as many had been burnt on the same spot, who had been much less deserving than himself.

Gurty stood and composedly looked on the preparations that were making for the funeral of one of his former playmates; a hero by whose side he had fought; of a man whose valor had won laurels which, if he could have returned, would have been strewed upon his grave, by his grateful countrymen. Dreading the agony that he saw he was about to feel, Crawford used every argument which his perilous situation could suggest to prevail upon Gurty to ransom him at any price, and deliver him (as it was in his power,) from the savages, and their torments. Gurty heard his prayers, and expostulations, and saw his tears with indifference, and finally told the forsaken victim that he would

CONFLUENCE OF SHARP'S RUN AND CONEWAGO CREEK, PENNSYLVANIA

Near which Mary Jemison was captured.

not procure him a moment's respite, nor afford him the most trifling assistance.

The Col. was then bound, stripped naked and tied by his wrists to the arm, which extended horizontally from the post, in such a manner that his arms were extended over his head, with his feet just standing upon the ground. This being done, the savages placed the wood in a circle around him at the distance of a few feet, in order that his misery might be protracted to the greatest length, and then kindled it in a number of places at the same time. The flames arose and the scorching heat became almost insupportable. Again he prayed to Gurty in all the anguish of his torment, to rescue him from the fire, or shoot him dead upon the spot. A demoniac smile suffused the countenance of Gurty, while he calmly replied to the dying suppliant, that he had no pity for his sufferings; but that he was then satisfying that spirit of revenge, which for a long time he had hoped to have an opportunity to wreak upon him. Nature now almost exhausted from the intensity of the heat, he settled down a little, when a squaw threw coals of fire and embers upon him, which made him groan most piteously, while the whole camp rung with exultation. During the execution they manifested all the exstacy of a complete triumph. Poor Crawford soon died and was entirely consumed.[125]

Thus ended the life of a patriot and hero, who had been an intimate with Gen. Washington, and who shared in an eminent degree the confidence of that great, good man, to whom, in the time of revolutionary perils, the sons of legitimate freedom

looked with a degree of faith in his mental resources, unequalled in the history of the world.

That tragedy being ended, Doct. Night was informed that on the next day he should be burnt in the same manner that his comrade Crawford had been, at Lower Sandusky. Hiokatoo, who had been a leading chief in the battle with, and in the execution of Crawford, painted Doct. Night's face black, and then bound and gave him up to two able bodied Indians to conduct to the place of execution.

They set off with him immediately, and travelled till towards evening, when they halted to encamp till morning. The afternoon had been very rainy, and the storm still continued, which rendered it very difficult for the Indians to kindle a fire. Night observing the difficulty under which they labored, made them to understand by signs, that if they would unbind him, he would assist them.—They accordingly unloosed him, and he soon succeeded in making a fire by the application of small dry stuff which he was at considerable trouble to procure. While the Indians were warming themselves, the Doct. continued to gather wood to last through the night, and in doing this, he found a club which he placed in a situation from whence he could take it conveniently whenever an opportunity should present itself, in which he could use it effectually. The Indians continued warming, till at length the Doct. saw that they had placed themselves in a favorable position for the execution of his design, when, stimulated by the love of life, he cautiously took his club and at two blows knocked them both down. Determined to finish

the work of death which he had so well begun, he drew one of their scalping knives, with which he beheaded and scalped them both! He then took a rifle, tomahawk, and some ammunition, and directed his course for home, where he arrived without having experienced any difficulty on his journey.

The next morning, the Indians took the track of their victim and his attendants, to go to Lower Sandusky, and there execute the sentence which they had pronounced upon him. But what was their surprise and disappointment, when they arrived at the place of encampment, where they found their trusty friends scalped and decapitated, and that their prisoner had made his escape?—Chagrined beyond measure, they immediately separated, and went in every direction in pursuit of their prey; but after having spent a number of days unsuccessfully, they gave up the chase, and returned to their encampment.*

*I have understood, (from unauthenticated sources however,) that soon after the revolutionary war, Doct. Night published a pamphlet, containing an account of the battle at Sandusky, and of his own sufferings.[126] My information on this subject, was derived from a different quarter.

The subject of this narrative in giving the account of her last husband, Hiokatoo, referred us to Mr. George Jemison, who, (as it will be noticed) lived on her land a number of years, and who had frequently heard the old Chief relate the story of his life; particularly that part which related to his military career. Mr. Jemison, on being enquired of, gave the foregoing account, partly from his own personal knowledge, and the remainder, from the account given by Hiokatoo.

Mr. Jemison was in the battle, was personally acquainted with Col. Crawford, and one that escaped with Lt. Col.

In the time of the French war, in an engagement that took place on the Ohio river, Hiokatoo took a British Col. by the name of Simon Canton, whom he carried to the Indian encampment. A council was held, and the Col. was sentenced to suffer death, by being tied on a wild colt, with his face towards its tail, and then having the colt turned loose to run where it pleased. He was accordingly tied on, and the colt let loose, agreeable to the sentence. The colt run two days and then returned with its rider yet alive. The Indians, thinking that he would never die in that way, took him off, and made him run the gauntlet three times; but in the last race a squaw knocked him down, and he was supposed to have been dead. He, however, recovered, and was sold for fifty dollars to a Frenchman, who sent him as a prisoner to Detroit. On the return of the Frenchman to Detroit, the Col. besought him to ransom him, and give, or set him at liberty, with so much warmth, and promised with so much solemnity, to reward him as one of the best of benefactors, if he would let him go, that the Frenchman took his word, and sent him home to his family. The Col. remembered his promise, and in a short time sent his deliverer one hundred and fifty dollars, as a reward for his generosity.

Since the commencement of the revolutionary

Williamson. We have no doubt of the truth of the statement, and have therefore inserted the whole account, as an addition to the historical facts which are daily coming into a state of preservation, in relation to the American Revolution.

AUTHOR.

war, Hiokatoo has been in seventeen campaigns, four of which were in the Cherokee war. He was so great an enemy to the Cherokees, and so fully determined upon their subjugation, that on his march to their country, he raised his own army for those four campaigns, and commanded it; and also superintended its subsistence. In one of those campaigns, which continued two whole years without intermission, he attacked his enemies on the Mobile, drove them to the country of the Creek Nation, where he continued to harrass them, till being tired of war, he returned to his family. He brought home a great number of scalps, which he had taken from the enemy, and ever seemed to possess an unconquerable will that the Cherokees might be utterly destroyed. Towards the close of his last fighting in that country, he took two squaws, whom he sold on his way home for money to defray the expense of his journey.

Hiokatoo was about six feet four or five inches high, large boned, and rather inclined to leanness. He was very stout and active, for a man of his size, for it was said by himself and others, that he had never found an Indian who could keep up with him on a race, or throw him at wrestling. His eye was quick and penetrating; and his voice was of that harsh and powerful kind, which, amongst Indians, always commands attention. His health had been uniformly good. He never was confined by sickness, till he was attacked with the consumption, four years before his death. And, although he had, from his earliest days, been inured to almost constant fatigue, and exposure to the inclemency of the weather, in the open air, he

seemed to lose the vigor of the prime of life only by the natural decay occasioned by old age.

CHAPTER XII.

Her Troubles Renewed.—John's Jealousy towards his brother Jesse.—Circumstances attending the Murder of Jesse Jemison.—Her Grief.—His Funeral.—Age —Filial Kindness, &c.

BEING now left a widow in my old age, to mourn the loss of a husband, who had treated me well, and with whom I had raised five children, and having suffered the loss of an affectionate son, I fondly fostered the hope that my melancholy vicissitudes had ended, and that the remainder of my time would be characterized by nothing unpropitious. My children, dutiful and kind, lived near me, and apparently nothing obstructed our happiness.

But a short time, however, elapsed after my husband's death, before my troubles were renewed with redoubled severity.

John's hands having been once stained in the blood of a brother, it was not strange that after his acquital, every person of his acquaintance should shun him, from a fear of his repeating upon them the same ceremony that he had practised upon Thomas. My son Jesse, went to Mt. Morris, a few miles from home, on business, in the winter after the death of his father; and it so happened that his brother John was there, who requested

Jesse to come home with him. Jesse, fearing that John would commence a quarrel with him on the way, declined the invitation, and tarried over night.

From that time John conceived himself despised by Jesse, and was highly enraged at the treatment which he had received. Very little was said, however, and it all passed off, apparently, till sometime in the month of May, 1812, at which time Mr. Robert Whaley, who lived in the town of Castile, within four miles of me, came to my house early on Monday morning, to hire George Chongo, my son-in-law, and John and Jesse, to go that day and help him slide a quantity of boards from the top of the hill to the river, where he calculated to build a raft of them for market.

They all concluded to go with Mr. Whaley, and made ready as soon as possible. But before they set out I charged them not to drink any whiskey; for I was confident that if they did, they would surely have a quarrel in consequence of it. They went and worked till almost night, when a quarrel ensued between Chongo and Jesse, in consequence of the whiskey that they had drank through the day, which terminated in a battle, and Chongo got whipped.

When Jesse had got through with Chongo, he told Mr. Whaley that he would go home, and directly went off. He, however, went but a few rods before he stopped and lay down by the side of a log to wait, (as was supposed,) for company. John, as soon as Jesse was gone, went to Mr. Whaley, with his knife in his hand, and bade him jogo; (i. e. be gone,) at the same time telling him that

Jesse was a bad man. Mr. Whaley, seeing that his countenance was changed, and that he was determined upon something desperate, was alarmed for his own safety, and turned towards home, leaving Chongo on the ground drunk, near to where Jesse had lain, who by this time had got up, and was advancing towards John. Mr. Whaley was soon out of hearing of them; but some of his workmen staid till it was dark. Jesse came up to John, and said to him, you want more whiskey, and more fighting, and after a few words went at him, to try in the first place to get away his knife. In this he did not succeed, and they parted. By this time the night had come on, and it was dark. Again they clenched and at length in their struggle they both fell. John, having his knife in his hand, came under, and in that situation gave Jesse a fatal stab with his knife, and repeated the blows till Jesse cried out, brother, you have killed me, quit his hold and settled back upon the ground.—Upon hearing this, John left him and came to Thomas' widow's house, told them that he had been fighting with their uncle, whom he had killed, and showed them his knife.

Next morning as soon as it was light, Thomas' and John's children came and told me that Jesse was dead in the woods, and also informed me how he came by his death. John soon followed them and informed me himself of all that had taken place between him and his brother, and seemed to be somewhat sorrowful for his conduct. You can better imagine what my feelings were than I can describe them. My darling son, my youngest child,

him on whom I depended, was dead; and I in my old age left destitute of a helping hand!

As soon as it was consistent for me, I got Mr. George Jemison, (of whom I shall have occasion to speak,) to go with his sleigh to where Jesse was, and bring him home, a distance of 3 or 4 miles. My daughter Polly arrived at the fatal spot first: we got there soon after her; though I went the whole distance on foot. By this time, Chongo, (who was left on the ground drunk the night before,) had become sober and sensible of the great misfortune which had happened to our family.

I was overcome with grief at the sight of my murdered son, and so far lost the command of myself as to be almost frantic; and those who were present were obliged to hold me from going near him.

On examining the body it was found that it had received eighteen wounds so deep and large that it was believed that either of them would have proved mortal. The corpse was carried to my house, and kept till the Thursday following, when it was buried after the manner of burying white people.

Jesse was twenty-seven or eight years old when he was killed. His temper had been uniformly very mild and friendly; and he was inclined to copy after the white people; both in his manners and dress. Although he was naturally temperate, he occasionally became intoxicated; but never was quarrelsome or mischievous. With the white people he was intimate, and learned from them their habits of industry, which he was fond of practising, especially when my comfort demanded his labor. As I have observed, it is the custom amongst the

Indians, for the women to perform all the labor in, and out of doors, and I had the whole to do, with the help of my daughters, till Jesse arrived to a sufficient age to assist us. He was disposed to labor in the cornfield, to chop my wood, milk my cows, and attend to any kind of business that would make my task the lighter. On the account of his having been my youngest child, and so willing to help me, I am sensible that I loved him better than I did either of my other children. After he began to understand my situation, and the means of rendering it more easy, I never wanted for any thing that was in his power to bestow; but since his death, as I have had all my labor to perform alone, I have constantly seen hard times.

Jesse shunned the company of his brothers, and the Indians generally, and never attended their frolics; and it was supposed that this, together with my partiality for him, were the causes which excited in John so great a degree of envy, that nothing short of death would satisfy it.[127]

CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. Jemison is informed that she has a Cousin in the Neighborhood, by the name of George Jemison.—His Poverty.—Her Kindness.—His Ingratitude.—Her Trouble from Land Speculation.—Her Cousin moves off.

A year or two before the death of my husband, Capt. H. Jones sent me word, that a cousin of mine

was then living in Leicester,[128] (a few miles from Gardow,) by the name of George Jemison, and as he was very poor, thought it advisable for me to go and see him, and take him home to live with me on my land. My Indian friends were pleased to hear that one of my relatives was so near, and also advised me to send for him and his family immediately. I accordingly had him and his family moved into one of my houses, in the month of March, 1810.

He said that he was my father's brother's son—that his father did not leave Europe, till after the French war in America, and that when he did come over, he settled in Pennsylvania, where he died. George had no personal knowledge of my father; but from information, was confident that the relationship which he claimed between himself and me, actually existed. Although I had never before heard of my father having had but one brother, (him who was killed at Fort Necessity,) yet I knew that he might have had others, and, as the story of George carried with it a probability that it was true, I received him as a kinsman, and treated him with every degree of friendship which his situation demanded.*

I found that he was destitute of the means of subsistence, and in debt to the amount of seventy dollars, without the ability to pay one cent. He had no cow, and finally, was completely poor. I

*Mrs. Jemison is now confident that George Jemison is not her cousin, and thinks that he claimed the relationship, only to gain assistance: But the old gentleman, who is now living, is certain that his and her father were brothers, as before stated.

paid his debts to the amount of seventy-two dollars, and bought him a cow, for which I paid twenty dollars, and a sow and pigs, that I paid eight dollars for. I also paid sixteen dollars for pork that I gave him, and furnished him with other provisions and furniture; so that his family was comfortable. As he was destitute of a team, I furnished him with one, and also supplied him with tools for farming. In addition to all this, I let him have one of Thomas' cows, for two seasons.

My only object in mentioning his poverty, and the articles with which I supplied him, is to show how ungrateful a person can be for favors, and how soon a kind benefactor will, to all appearance, be forgotten.

Thus furnished with the necessary implements of husbandry, a good team, and as much land as he could till, he commenced farming on my flats, and for some time labored well. At length, however, he got an idea that if he could become the owner of a part of my reservation, he could live more easy, and certainly be more rich, and accordingly set himself about laying a plan to obtain it, in the easiest manner possible.

I supported Jemison and his family eight years, and probably should have continued to have done so to this day, had it not been for the occurrence of the following circumstance.

When he had lived with me some six or seven years, a friend of mine told me that as Jemison was my cousin, and very poor, I ought to give him a piece of land that he might have something whereon to live, that he would call his own. My friend and Jemison were then together at my

house, prepared to complete a bargain. I asked how much land he wanted? Jemison said that he should be glad to receive his old field (as he called it) containing about fourteen acres, and a new one that contained twenty-six.

I observed to them that as I was incapable of transacting business of that nature, I would wait till Mr. Thomas Clute, (a neighbor on whom I depended,) should return from Albany, before I should do any thing about it. To this Jemison replied that if I waited till Mr. Clute returned, he should not get the land at all, and appeared very anxious to have the business closed without delay. On my part, I felt disposed to give him some land, but knowing my ignorance of writing, feared to do it alone, lest they might include as much land as they pleased, without my knowledge.

They then read the deed which my friend had prepared before he came from home, describing a piece of land by certain bounds that were a specified number of chains and links from each other. Not understanding the length of a chain or link, I described the bounds of a piece of land that I intended Jemison should have, which they said was just the same that the deed contained and no more. I told them that the deed must not include a lot that was called the Steele place, and they assured me that it did not. Upon this, putting confidence in them both, I signed the deed to George Jemison, containing, and conveying to him as I supposed, forty acres of land. The deed being completed they charged me never to mention the bargain which I had then made to any person; because if I did, they said it would spoil

the contract. The whole matter was afterwards disclosed; when it was found that that deed instead of containing only forty acres, contained four hundred, and that one half of it actually belonged to my friend, as it had been given to him by Jemison as a reward for his trouble in procuring the deed, in the fraudulent manner above mentioned.

My friend, however, by the advice of some well disposed people, awhile afterwards gave up his claim; but Jemison held his till he sold it for a trifle to a gentleman in the south part of Genesee county.

Sometime after the death of my son Thomas, one of his sons went to Jemison to get the cow that I had let him have two years; but Jemison refused to let her go, and struck the boy so violent a blow as to almost kill him. Jemison then run to Jellis Clute, Esq. to procure a warrant to take the boy; but Young King, an Indian Chief, went down to Squawky hill to Esq. Clute's, and settled the affair by Jemison's agreeing never to use that club again. Having satisfactorily found out the friendly [129] disposition of my cousin towards me, I got him off my premises as soon as possible.

CHAPTER XIV.

Another Family Affliction. — Her son John's Occupation.—He goes to Buffalo—Returns.—Great Slide by him considered Ominous—Trouble, &c.—He goes to Squawky Hill—Quarrels—Is murdered by two Indians.—His Funeral—Mourners, &c.—His Disposi-

tion.—Ominous Dream.—Black Chief's Advice, &c. —His Widows and Family.—His Age.—His Murderers flee.—Her Advice to them.—They set out to leave their Country.—Their Uncle's Speech to them on parting.—They return.—Jack proposes to Doctor to kill each other.—Doctor's Speech in Reply.—Jack's Suicide.—Doctor's Death.

Trouble seldom comes single. While George Jemison was busily engaged in his pursuit of wealth at my expence, another event of a much more serious nature occurred, which added greatly to my afflictions, and consequently destroyed, at least a part of the happiness that I had anticipated was laid up in the archives of Providence, to be dispensed on my old age.

My son John, was a doctor, considerably celebrated amongst the Indians of various tribes, for his skill in curing their diseases, by the administration of roots and herbs, which he gathered in the forests, and other places where they had been planted by the hand of nature.

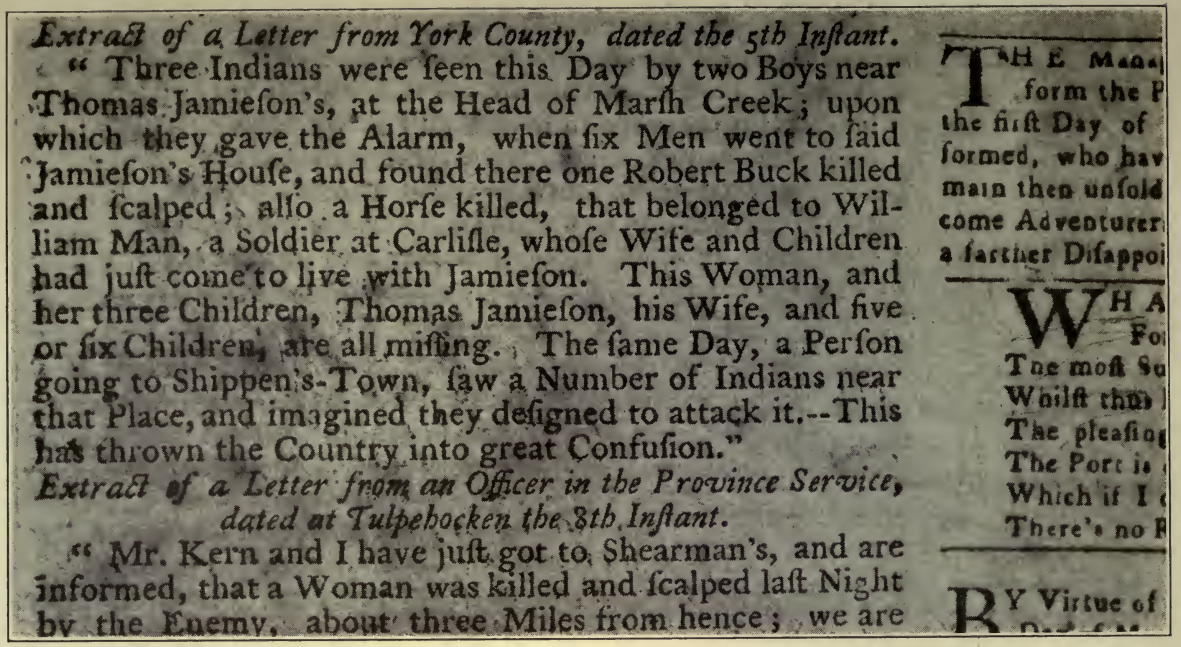
In the month of April, or first of May, 1817, he was called upon to go to Buffalo, Cattaraugus and Allegany, to cure some who were sick. He went, and was absent about two months. When he returned, he observed the Great Slide of the bank of Genesee river, a short distance above my house, which had taken place during his absence; and conceiving that circumstance to be ominous of his own death, called at his sister Nancy's, told her that he should live but a few days, and wept bitterly at the near approach of his dissolution. Nancy endeavored to persuade him that his trouble was imaginary, and that he ought not to be affected by

a fancy which was visionary. Her arguments were ineffectual, and afforded no alleviation to his mental sufferings. From his sister's, he went to his own house, where he stayed only two nights, and then went to Squawky Hill to procure money, with which to purchase flour for the use of his family.

While at Squawky Hill he got into the company of two Squawky Hill Indians, whose names were Doctor and Jack, with whom he drank freely, and in the afternoon had a desperate quarrel, in which his opponents, (as it was afterwards understood,) agreed to kill him. The quarrel ended, and each appeared to be friendly. John bought some spirits, of which they all drank, and then set out for home. John and an Allegany Indian were on horseback, and Doctor and Jack were on foot. It was dark when they set out. They had not proceeded far, when Doctor and Jack commenced another quarrel with John, clenched and dragged him off his horse, and then with a stone gave him so severe a blow on his head, that some of his brains were discharged from the wound. The Allegany Indian, fearing that his turn would come next, fled for safety as fast as possible.

John recovered a little from the shock he had received, and endeavored to get to an old hut that stood near; but they caught him, and with an axe cut his throat, and beat out his brains, so that when he was found the contents of his skull were lying on his arms.

Some squaws, who heard the uproar, ran to find out the cause of it; but before they had time to offer their assistance, the murderers drove them into a house, and threatened to take their lives if



Extract of a Letter from York County, dated the 5th Inſtant.

"Three Indians were ſeen this Day by two Boys near Thomas Jamieſon's, at the Head of Marſh Creek; upon which they gave the Alarm, when ſix Men went to ſaid Jamieſon's Houſe, and found there one Robert Buck killed and ſcalped; alſo a Horſe killed, that belonged to William Man, a Soldier at Carliſle, whoſe Wife and Children had juſt come to live with Jamieſon. This Woman, and her three Children, Thomas Jamieſon, his Wife, and five or ſix Children, are all miſſing. The ſame Day, a Perſon going to Shippen's-Town, ſaw a Number of Indians near that Place, and imagined they deſigned to attack it.--This has thrown the Country into great Confuſion."

Extract of a Letter from an Officer in the Province Service, dated at Tulpehocken the 8th Inſtant.

"Mr. Kern and I have juſt got to Shearman's, and are informed, that a Woman was killed and ſcalped laſt Night by the Enemy, about three Miles from hence; we are

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FAC-SIMILE OF THE FIRST ACCOUNT OF THE JEMISON TRAGEDY

From *The Pennsylvania Gazette* of April 13, 1758.

they did not stay there, or if they made any noise.

Next morning, Esq. Clute sent me word that John was dead, and also informed me of the means by which his life was taken. A number of people went from Gardow to where the body lay, and Doct. Levi Brundridge brought it up home, where the funeral was attended after the manner of the white people. Mr. Benjamin Luther, and Mr. William Wiles, preached a sermon, and performed the funeral services; and myself and family followed the corpse to the grave as mourners. I had now buried my three sons, who had been snatched from me by the hands of violence, when I least expected it.

Although John had taken the life of his two brothers, and caused me unspeakable trouble and grief, his death made a solemn impression upon my mind, and seemed, in addition to my former misfortunes, enough to bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Yet, on a second thought, I could not mourn for him as I had for my other sons, because I knew that his death was just, and what he had deserved for a long time, from the hand of justice.

John's vices were so great and so aggravated, that I have nothing to say in his favor: yet, as a mother, I pitied him while he lived, and have ever felt a great degree of sorrow for him, because of his bad conduct.

From his childhood, he carried something in his features indicative of an evil disposition, that would result in the perpetration of enormities of some kind; and it was the opinion and saying of Ebenezer Allen, that he would be a bad man, and be

guilty of some crime deserving of death. There is no doubt but what the thoughts of murder rankled in his breast, and disturbed his mind even in his sleep; for he dreamed that he had killed Thomas for a trifling offence, and thereby forfeited his own life. Alarmed at the revelation, and fearing that he might in some unguarded moment destroy his brother, he went to the Black Chief, to whom he told the dream, and expressed his fears that the vision would be verified. Having related the dream, together with his feelings on the subject, he asked for the best advice that his old friend was capable of giving, to prevent so sad an event. The Black Chief, with his usual promptitude, told him, that from the nature of the dream, he was fearful that something serious would take place between him and Thomas; and advised him by all means to govern his temper, and avoid any quarrel which in future he might see arising, especially if Thomas was a party. John, however, did not keep the good counsel of the Chief; for soon after he killed Thomas, as I have related.

John left two wives with whom he had lived at the same time, and raised nine children. His widows are now living at Caneadea with their father, and keep their children with, and near them. His children are tolerably white, and have got light colored hair. John died about the last day of June, 1817, aged 54 years.

Doctor and Jack having finished their murderous design, fled before they could be apprehended, and lay six weeks in the woods back of Canisteo. They then returned and sent me some wampum by Chongo, (my son-in-law,) and Sun-ge-waw [130]

(that is Big Kettle) expecting that I would pardon them, and suffer them to live as they had done with their tribe. I however, would not accept their wampum, but returned it with a request, that, rather than have them killed, they would run away and keep out of danger.

On their receiving back the wampum, they took my advice, and prepared to leave their country and people immediately. Their relatives accompanied them a short distance on their journey, and when about to part, their old uncle, the Tall Chief, addressed them in the following pathetic and sentimental speech:

"Friends, hear my voice!—When the Great Spirit made Indians, he made them all good, and gave them good corn-fields; good rivers, well stored with fish; good forests, filled with game and good bows and arrows. But very soon each wanted more than his share, and Indians quarrelled with Indians, and some were killed, and others were wounded. Then the Great Spirit made a very good word, and put it in every Indians breast, to tell us when we have done good, or when we have done bad; and that word has never told a lie.

"Friends! whenever you have stole, or got drunk, or lied, that good word has told you that you were bad Indians, and made you afraid of good Indians; and made you ashamed and look down.

"Friends! your crime is greater than all those: —you have killed an Indian in a time of peace; and made the wind hear his groans, and the earth drink his blood. You are bad Indians! Yes, you

are very bad Indians; and what can you do? If you go into the woods to live alone, the ghost of John Jemison will follow you, crying, blood! blood! and will give you no peace! If you go to the land of your nation, there that ghost will attend you, and say to your relatives, see my murderers! If you plant, it will blast your corn; if you hunt, it will scare your game; and when you are asleep, its groans, and the sight of an avenging tomahawk, will awake you! What can you do? Deserving of death, you cannot live here; and to fly from your country, to leave all your relatives, and to abandon all that you have known to be pleasant and dear, must be keener than an arrow, more bitter than gall, more terrible than death! And how must we feel?—Your path will be muddy; the woods will be dark; the lightnings will glance down the trees by your side, and you will start at every sound! peace has left you, and you must be wretched.

"Friends, hear me, and take my advice. Return with us to your homes. Offer to the Great Spirit your best wampum, and try to be good Indians! And, if those whom you have bereaved shall claim your lives as their only satisfaction, surrender them cheerfully, and die like good Indians. And—" Here Jack, highly incensed, interrupted the old man, and bade him stop speaking or he would take his life. Affrighted at the appearance of so much desperation, the company hastened towards home, and left Doctor and Jack to consult their own feelings.

As soon as they were alone, Jack said to Doctor, "I had rather die here, than leave my country

and friends! Put the muzzle of your rifle into my mouth, and I will put the muzzle of mine into yours, and at a given signal we will discharge them, and rid ourselves at once of all the troubles under which we now labor, and satisfy the claims which justice holds against us."

Doctor heard the proposition, and after a moment's pause, made the following reply:—"I am as sensible as you can be of the unhappy situation in which we have placed ourselves. We are bad Indians. We have forfeited our lives, and must expect in some way to atone for our crime: but, because we are bad and miserable, shall we make ourselves worse? If we were now innocent, and in a calm reflecting moment should kill ourselves, that act would make us bad, and deprive us of our share of the good hunting in the land where our fathers have gone! What would Little Beard * say to us on our arrival at his cabin? He would say, 'Bad Indians! Cowards! You were afraid to wait till we wanted your help! Go (Jogo) to where snakes will lie in your path; where the panthers will starve you, by devouring the venison; and where you will be naked and suffer with the cold! Jogo, (go,) none but the brave and good Indians live here!' I cannot think of performing an act that will add to my wretchedness. It is hard enough for me to suffer here, and have good hunting hereafter—worse to lose the whole."

Upon this, Jack withdrew his proposal. They went on about two miles, and then turned about and came home. Guilty and uneasy, they lurked

* Little Beard was a Chief who died in 1806.

about Squawky Hill near a fortnight, and then went to Cattaraugus, and were gone six weeks. When they came back, Jack's wife earnestly requested him to remove his family to Tonnewonta; but he remonstrated against her project, and utterly declined going. His wife and family, however, tired of the tumult by which they were surrounded, packed up their effects in spite of what he could say, and went off.

Jack deliberated a short time upon the proper course for himself to pursue, and finally, rather than leave his old home, he ate a large quantity of muskrat root, and died in 10 or 12 hours. His family being immediately notified of his death, returned to attend the burial, and is yet living at Squawky Hill.

Nothing was ever done with Doctor, who continued to live quietly at Squawky Hill till sometime in the year 1819, when he died of Consum tion.

CHAPTER XV.

Micah Brooks, Esq. volunteers to get the Title to her Land confirmed to herself.—She is Naturalized.—Great Council of Chiefs, &c. in Sept. 1823.—She Disposes of her Reservation.—Reserves a Tract 2 miles long, and 1 mile wide, &c.—The Consideration how Paid, &c.

In 1816, Micah Brooks, Esq. of Bloomfield, Ontario county, was recommended to me (as it was

said) by a Mr. Ingles, to be a man of candor, honesty and integrity, who would by no means cheat me out of a cent. Mr. Brooks soon after, came to my house and informed me that he was disposed to assist me in regard to my land, by procuring a legislative act that would invest me with full power to dispose of it for my own benefit, and give as ample a title as could be given by any citizen of the state. He observed that as it was then situated, it was of but little value, because it was not in my power to dispose of it, let my necessities be ever so great. He then proposed to take the agency of the business upon himself, and to get the title of one half of my reservation vested in me personally, upon the condition that, as a reward for his services, I would give him the other half.

I sent for my son John, who on being consulted, objected to my going into any bargain with Mr. Brooks, without the advice and consent of Mr. Thomas Clute, who then lived on my land and near me. Mr. Clute was accordingly called on, to whom Mr. Brooks repeated his former statement, and added, that he would get an act passed in the Congress of the United States, that would invest me with all the rights and immunities of a citizen, so far as it respected my property. Mr. Clute, suspecting that some plan was in operation that would deprive me of my possessions, advised me to have nothing to say on the subject to Mr. Brooks, till I had seen Esquire Clute, of Squawky Hill. Soon after this Thomas Clute saw Esq. Clute, who informed him that the petition for my naturalization would be presented to the Legislature of this State, instead of being sent to Congress; and that the

object would succeed to his and my satisfaction. Mr. Clute then observed to his brother, Esq. Clute, that as the sale of Indian lands, which had been reserved, belonged exclusively to the United States, an act of the Legislature of New-York could have no effect in securing to me a title to my reservation, or in depriving me of my property. They finally agreed that I should sign a petition to Congress, praying for my naturalization, and for the confirmation of the title of my land to me, my heirs, &c.

Mr. Brooks came with the petition: I signed it, and it was witnessed by Thomas Clute, and two others, and then returned to Mr. Brooks, who presented it to the Legislature of this state at its session in the winter of 1816—17. On the 19th of April, 1817, an act was passed for my naturalization, and ratifying and confirming the title of my land, agreeable to the tenor of the petition, which act Mr. Brooks presented to me on the first day of May following.

Thomas Clute having examined the law, told me that it would probably answer, though it was not according to the agreement made by Mr. Brooks, and Esq. Clute and himself, for me. I then executed to Micah Brooks and Jellis Clute, a deed of all my land lying east of the picket line on the Gardow reservation, containing about 7000 acres.

It is proper in this place to observe, in relation to Mr. Thomas Clute, that my son John, a few months before his death, advised me to take him for my guardian, (as I had become old and incapable of managing my property,) and to compensate him for his trouble by giving him a lot of land on

the west side of my reservation where he should choose it. I accordingly took my son's advice, and Mr. Clute has ever since been faithful and honest in all his advice and dealings with, and for, myself and family.

In the month of August, 1817, Mr. Brooks and Esq. Clute again came to me with a request that I would give them a lease of the land which I had already deeded to them, together with the other part of my reservation, excepting and reserving to myself only about 4000 acres.

At this time I informed Thomas Clute of what John had advised, and recommended me to do, and that I had consulted my daughters on the subject, who had approved of the measure. He readily agreed to assist me; whereupon I told him he was entitled to a lot of land, and might select as John had mentioned. He accordingly at that time took such a piece as he chose, and the same has ever since been reserved for him in all the land contracts which I have made.

On the 24th of August, 1817, I leased to Micah Brooks and Jellis Clute, the whole of my original reservation, except 4000 acres, and Thomas Clute's lot. Finding their title still incomplete, on account of the United States government and Seneca Chiefs not having sanctioned my acts, they solicited me to renew the contract, and have the conveyance made to them in such a manner as that they should thereby be constituted sole proprietors of the soil.

In the winter of 1822—3, I agreed with them, that if they would get the chiefs of our nation, and a United States Commissioner of Indian

Lands, to meet in council at Moscow, Livingston county, N. Y. and there concur in my agreement, that I would sell to them all my right and title to the Gardow reservation, with the exception of a tract for my own benefit, two miles long, and one mile wide, lying on the river where I should choose it; and also reserving Thomas Clute's lot. This arrangement was agreed upon, and the council assembled at the place appointed, on the 3d or 4th day of September, 1823.

That council consisted of Major Carrol, who had been appointed by the President to dispose of my lands, Judge Howell and N. Gorham, of Canandaigua, (who acted in concert with Maj. Carrol,) Jasper Parrish, Indian Agent, Horatio Jones, Interpreter, and a great number of Chiefs.

The bargain was assented to unanimously, and a deed given to H. B. Gibson, Micah Brooks and Jellis Clute, of the whole Gardow tract, excepting the last mentioned reservations, which was signed by myself and upwards of twenty Chiefs.

The land which I now own, is bounded as follows:—Beginning at the center of the Great Slide * and running west one mile, thence north two miles,

* The Great Slide of the bank of Genesee river is a curiosity worthy of the attention of the traveller. In the month of May, 1817, a portion of land thickly covered with timber, situated at the upper end of the Gardow flats, on the west side of the river, all of a sudden gave way, and with a tremendous crash, slid into the bed of the river, which it so completely filled, that the stream formed a new passage on the east side of it, where it continues to run, without overflowing the slide. This slide, as it now lies, contains 22 acres, and has a considerable share of the timber that formerly covered it, still standing erect upon it, and growing.

thence east about one mile to Genesee river, thence south on the west bank of Genesee river to the place of beginning.

In consideration of the above sale, the purchasers have bound themselves, their heirs, assigns, &c. to pay to me, my heirs or successors, three hundred dollars a year forever.

Whenever the land which I have reserved, shall be sold, the income of it is to be equally divided amongst the members of the Seneca nation, without any reference to tribes or families.

CHAPTER XVI.

Conclusion.—Review of her Life.—Reflections on the loss of Liberty.—Care she took to preserve her Health.—Indians' abstemiousness in Drinking, after the French War.—Care of their Lives, &c.—General use of Spirits.—Her natural Strength.—Purchase of her first Cow.—Means by which she has been supplied with Food.—Suspicions of her having been a Witch.—Her Constancy.—Number of Children.—Number Living.—Their Residence.—Closing Reflection.

When I review my life, the privations that I have suffered, the hardships I have endured, the vicissitudes I have passed, and the complete revolution that I have experienced in my manner of living; when I consider my reduction from a civilized to a savage state, and the various steps by which that process has been effected, and that my life has been prolonged, and my health and reason

spared, it seems a miracle that I am unable to account for, and is a tragical medley that I hope will never be repeated.

The bare loss of liberty is but a mere trifle when compared with the circumstances that necessarily attend, and are inseparably connected with it. It is the recollection of what we once were, of the friends, the home, and the pleasures that we have left or lost; the anticipation of misery, the appearance of wretchedness, the anxiety for freedom, the hope of release, the devising of means of escaping, and the vigilance with which we watch our keepers, that constitute the nauseous dregs of the bitter cup of slavery. I am sensible, however, that no one can pass from a state of freedom to that of slavery, and in the last situation rest perfectly contented; but as every one knows that great exertions of the mind tend directly to debilitate the body, it will appear obvious that we ought, when confined, to exert all our faculties to promote our present comfort, and let future days provide their own sacrifices. In regard to ourselves, just as we feel, we are.

For the preservation of my life to the present time I am indebted to an excellent constitution, with which I have been blessed in as great a degree as any other person. After I arrived to years of understanding, the care of my own health was one of my principal studies; and by avoiding exposures to wet and cold, by temperance in eating, abstaining from the use of spirits, and shunning the excesses to which I was frequently exposed, I effected my object beyond what I expected. I have never once been sick till within a year or two, only as I have related.

Spirits and tobacco I have never used, and I have never once attended an Indian frolic. When I was taken prisoner, and for sometime after that, spirits [131] was not known; and when it was first introduced, it was in small quantities, and used only by the Indians; so that it was a long time before the Indian women begun to even taste it.

After the French war, for a number of years, it was the practice of the Indians of our tribe to send to Niagara and get two or three kegs of rum, (in all six or eight gallons,) and hold a frolic as long as it lasted. When the rum was brought to the town, all the Indians collected, and before a drop was drank, gave all their knives, tomahawks, guns, and other instruments of war, to one Indian, whose business it was to bury them in a private place, keep them concealed, and remain perfectly sober till the frolic was ended. Having thus divested themselves, they commenced drinking, and continued their frolic till every drop was consumed. If any of them became quarrelsome, or got to fighting, those who were sober enough bound them upon the ground, where they were obliged to lie till they got sober, and then were unbound. When the fumes of the spirits had left the company, the sober Indian returned to each the instruments with which they had entrusted him, and all went home satisfied. A frolic of that kind was held but once a year, and that at the time the Indians quit their hunting, and come in with their deer-skins.

In those frolics the women never participated. Soon after the revolutionary war, however, spirits became common in our tribe, and has been used indiscriminately by both sexes; though there are

not so frequent instances of intoxication amongst the squaws as amongst the Indians.

To the introduction and use of that baneful article, which has made such devastation in our tribes, and threatens the extinction of our people, (the Indians,) I can with the greatest propriety impute the whole of my misfortune in losing my three sons. But as I have before observed, not even the love of life will restrain an Indian from sipping the poison that he knows will destroy him. The voice of nature, the rebukes of reason, the advice of parents, the expostulations of friends, and the numerous instances of sudden death, are all insufficient to reclaim an Indian, who has once experienced the exhilarating and inebriating effects of spirits, from seeking his grave in the bottom of his bottle!

My strength has been great for a woman of my size, otherwise I must long ago have died under the burdens which I was obliged to carry. I learned to carry loads on my back, in a strap placed across my forehead, soon after my captivity; and continue to carry in the same way. Upwards of thirty years ago, with the help of my young children, I backed all the boards that were used about my house from Allen's mill at the outlet of Silver Lake, a distance of five miles. I have planted, hoed, and harvested corn every season but one since I was taken prisoner. Even this present fall (1823) I have husked my corn and backed it into the house.

The first cow that I ever owned, I bought of a squaw sometime after the revolution. It had been stolen from the enemy. I had owned it but a few days when it fell into a hole, and almost died before

we could get it out. After this, the squaw wanted to be recanted, but as I would not give up the cow, I gave her money enough to make, when added to the sum which I paid her at first, thirty-five dollars. Cows were plenty on the Ohio, when I lived there, and of good quality.

For provisions I have never suffered since I came upon the flats; nor have I ever been in debt to any other hands than my own for the plenty that I have shared.

My vices, that have been suspected, have been but few. It was believed for a long time, by some of our people, that I was a great witch; but they were unable to prove my guilt, and consequently I escaped the certain doom of those who are convicted of that crime, which, by Indians, is considered as heinous as murder. Some of my children had light brown hair, and tolerable fair skin, which used to make some say that I stole them; yet as I was ever conscious of my own constancy, I never thought that any one really believed that I was guilty of adultery.

I have been the mother of eight children; three of whom are now living, and I have at this time thirty-nine grand children, and fourteen great-grand children, all living in the neighborhood of Genesee River, and at Buffalo.

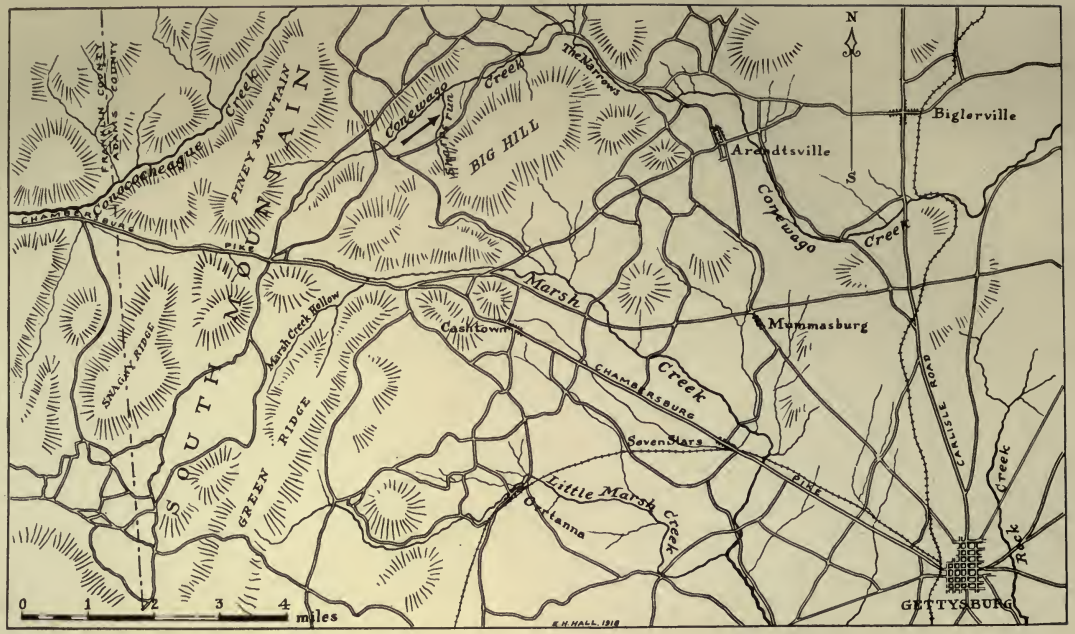
I live in my own house, and on my own land, with my youngest daughter, Polly, who is married to George Chongo, and has three children.

My daughter Nancy, who is married to Billy Green, lives about 80 rods south of my house, and has seven children.

My other daughter, Betsey, is married to John

Green, has seven children, and resides 80 rods north of my house.

Thus situated in the midst of my children, I expect I shall soon leave the world, and make room for the rising generation. I feel the weight of years with which I am loaded, and am sensible of my daily failure in seeing, hearing and strength; but my only anxiety is for my family. If my family will live happily, and I can be exempted from trouble while I have to stay, I feel as though I could lay down in peace a life that has been checked in almost every hour, with troubles of a deeper dye, than are commonly experienced by mortals.



MAP OF PART OF ADAMS COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

The point of the arrow near the confluence of Sharp's Run and Conewago Creek indicates the place where Mary Jemison was captured.

APPENDIX.

An account of the destruction of a part of the British Army, by the Indians, at a place called the Devil's Hole, on the Niagara River, in the year 1763.

IT is to be regretted that an event of so tragical a nature as the following, should have escaped the pens of American Historians, and have been suffered to slide down the current of time, to the verge of oblivion, without having been snatched almost from the vortex of forgetfulness, and placed on the faithful page, as a memorial of premeditated cruelties, which, in former times, were practised upon the white people, by the North American Savages.

Modern History, perhaps, cannot furnish a parallel so atrocious in design and execution, as the one before us, and it may be questioned, even if the history of ancient times, when men fought hand to hand, and disgraced their nature by inventing engines of torture, can more than produce its equal.

It will be observed in the preceding narrative, that the affair at the Devil's Hole is said to have happened in November, 1759. That Mrs. Jemison arrived at Genesee about that time, is rendered certain from a number of circumstances; and that a battle was fought on the Niagara in Nov. 1759, in which two prisoners and some oxen were taken,

and brought to Genesee, as she has stated, is altogether probable. But it is equally certain that the event which is the subject of this article, did not take place till the year 1763.[132]

In the time of the French war, the neighborhood of Forts Niagara and Sclusser, (or Schlosser, as it was formerly written,) on the Niagara river, was a general battle-ground, and for this reason, Mrs. Jemison's memory ought not to be charged with treachery, for not having been able to distinguish accurately, after the lapse of sixty years, between the circumstances of one engagement and those of another. She resided on the Genesee at the time when the warriors of that tribe marched off to assist in laying the ambush at the Devil's Hole; and no one will doubt her having heard them rehearse the story of the event of that nefarious campaign, after they returned.

Chronology and history concur in stating that Fort Niagara was taken from the French, by the British, and that Gen. Prideaux was killed on the 25th of July, 1759.

Having obtained from Mrs. Jemison a kind of introduction to the story, I concluded that if it yet remained possible to procure a correct account of the circumstances which led to and attended that transaction, it would be highly gratifying to the American public. I accordingly directed a letter to Mr. Linus S. Everett, of Buffalo, whose ministerial labor, I well knew, frequently called him to Lewiston, requesting him to furnish me with a particular account of the destruction of the British, at the time and place before mentioned. He obligingly complied with my request, and gave me the result

of his inquiries on that subject, in the following letter:—

Copy of a letter from Mr. Linus S. Everett, dated Fort Sclusser, 29th December, 1823.

Respected and dear friend,

I hasten, with much pleasure, to comply with your request, in regard to the affair at the Devil's Hole. I have often wondered that no authentic account has ever been given of that bloody and tragical scene.

I have made all the inquiries that appear to be of any use, and proceed to give you the result.

At this place, (Fort Sclusser,) an old gentleman now resides, to whom I am indebted for the best account of the affair that can be easily obtained. His name is Jesse Ware—his age about 74. Although he was not a resident of this part of the country at the time of the event, yet from his intimate acquaintance with one of the survivors, he is able to give much information, which otherwise could not be obtained.

The account that he gives is as follows:—In July, 1759, the British, under Sir William Johnston, took possession of Forts Niagara and Sclusser, which had before been in the hands of the French. At this time, the Seneca Indians, (which were a numerous and powerful nation,) were hostile to the British, and warmly allied to the French. These two posts, (viz.) Niagara and Sclusser, were of great importance to the British, on the account of affording the means of communication with the posts above, or on the upper lakes. In 1760, a contract was made between Sir William Johnston

and a Mr. Stedman, to construct a portage road from Queenston landing to Fort Sclusser, a distance of eight miles, in order to facilitate the transportation of provision, ammunition, &c. from one place to the other. In conformity to this agreement, on the 20th of June, 1763, Stedman had completed his road, and appeared at Queenston Landing, (now Lewiston,) with twenty-five portage wagons, and one hundred horses and oxen, to transport to Fort Sclusser the king's stores.

At this time Sir William Johnston was suspicious of the intentions of the Senecas; for after the surrender of the forts by the French, they had appeared uneasy and hostile. In order to prevent the teams, drivers and goods, receiving injury, he detached 300 troops to guard them across the portage. The teams, under this escort, started from Queenston landing—Stedman, who had the charge of the whole, was on horseback, and rode between the troops and teams; all the troops being in front. On a small hill near the Devil's Hole, at that time, was a redoubt of twelve men, which served as a kind of guard on ordinary occasions, against the depredations of the savages. "On the arrival of the troops and teams at the Devil's Hole," says a manuscript in the hands of my informant, "the sachems, chiefs and warriors of the Seneca Indians, sallied from the adjoining woods, by thousands, (where they had been concealed for some time before, for that nefarious purpose,) and falling upon the troops, teams and drivers, and the guard of twelve men before mentioned, they killed all the men but three on the spot, or by driving them, together with the teams,

down the precipice, which was about seventy or eighty feet! The Indians seized Stedman's horse by the bridle, while he was on him, designing, no doubt, to make his sufferings more lasting than that of his companions: but while the bloody scene was acting, the attention of the Indian who held the horse of Stedman being arrested, he cut the reins of his bridle—clapped spurs to his horse, and rode over the dead and dying, into the adjacent woods, without receiving injury from the enemy's firing. Thus he escaped; and besides him two others—one a drummer, who fell among the trees, was caught by his drum strap, and escaped unhurt; the other, one who fell down the precipice and broke his thigh, but crawled to the landing or garrison down the river." The following September, the Indians gave Stedman a piece of land, as a reward for his bravery.

With sentiments of respect, I remain, sir, your sincere friend, L. S. EVERETT.

Mr. J. E. Seaver.

A particular account of General Sullivan's Expedition against the Indians, in the western part of the State of New-York, in 1779.

It has been thought expedient to publish in this volume, the following account of Gen. Sullivan's expedition, in addition to the facts related by Mrs. Jemison, of the barbarities which were perpetrated upon Lieut. Boyd, and two others, who were taken, and who formed a part of his army, &c. A de-

tailed account of this expedition has never been in the hands of the public; and as it is now produced from a source deserving implicit credit, it is presumed that it will be received with satisfaction.

John Salmon, Esq. to whom we are happy to acknowledge our indebtedness for the subjoined account, is an old gentleman of respectability and good standing in society; and is at this time a resident in the town of Groveland, Livingston county, New-York. He was a hero in the American war for independence; fought in the battles of his country under the celebrated Morgan; survived the blast of British oppression; and now, in the decline of life, sits under his own well earned vine and fig-tree, near the grave of his unfortunate countrymen, who fell gloriously, while fighting the the ruthless savages, under the command of the gallant Boyd.

In the autumn after the battle of Monmouth, (1778,) Morgan's riflemen, to which corps I belonged, marched to Schoharie, in the state of New-York, and there went into winter quarters. The company to which I was attached, was commanded by Capt. Michael Simpson; and Thomas Boyd, of Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, was our Lieutenant.

In the following spring, our corps, together with the whole body of troops under the command of Gen. Clinton, to the amount of about 1500, embarked in boats at Schenectady, and ascended the Mohawk as far as German Flats. Thence we took a direction to Otsego lake, descended the Susquehanna, and without any remarkable occurrence, arrived at Tioga Point, where our troops

united with an army of 1500 men under the command of Gen. Sullivan, who had marched through a part of New-Jersey, and had reached that place by the way of Wyoming, some days before us.

That part of the army under Gen. Sullivan, had, on their arrival at Tioga Point, found the Indians in some force there, with whom they had had some unimportant skirmishes before our arrival. Upon the junction of these two bodies of troops, Gen. Sullivan assumed the command of the whole, and proceeded up the Tioga. When within a few miles of the place now called Newtown, we were met by a body of Indians, and a number of troops well known in those times by the name of Butler's Rangers, who had thrown up, hastily, a breastwork of logs, trees, &c. They were, however, easily driven from their works, with considerable loss on their part, and without any injury to our troops. The enemy fled with so much precipitation, that they left behind them some stores and camp equippage. They retreated but a short distance before they made a stand, and built another breastwork of considerable length, in the woods, near a small opening. Sullivan was soon apprized of their situation, divided his army, and attemped to surround, by sending one half to the right and the other to the left, with directions to meet on the opposite side of the enemies. In order to prevent their retreating, he directed bomb-shells to be thrown over them, which was done: but on the shells bursting, the Indians suspected that a powerful army had opened a heavy fire upon them on that side, and fled with the utmost precipitation through one wing of the surrounding army. A

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great number of the enemy were killed, and our army suffered considerably.

The Indians having, in this manner, escaped, they went up the river to a place called the Narrows, where they were attacked by our men, who killed them in great numbers, so that the sides of the rocks next the river appeared as though blood had been poured on them by pailfuls. The Indians threw their dead into the river, and escaped the best way they could.

From Newtown our army went directly to the head of the Seneca lake; thence down that lake to its mouth, where we found the Indian village at that place evacuated, except by a single inhabitant—a male child about seven or eight years of age, who was found asleep in one of the Indian huts.[133] Its fate I have never ascertained. It was taken into the care of an officer of the army, who, on account of ill health, was not on duty, and who took the child with him, as I have since understood, to his residence on or near the North river.

From the mouth of Seneca lake we proceeded, without the occurrence of any thing of importance, by the outlets of the Canandaigua, Honeoye, and Hemlock lakes, to the head of Connissius lake, where the army encamped on the ground that is now called Henderson's Flats.

Soon after the army had encamped, at the dusk of the evening, a party of twenty-one men, under the command of Lieut. Boyd, was detached from the rifle corps, and sent out for the purpose of reconnoitering the ground near the Genesee river, at a place now called Williamsburg, at a distance

from the camp of about seven miles, under the guidance of a faithful Indian pilot. That place was then the site of an Indian village, and it was apprehended that the Indians and Rangers might be there or in that vicinity in considerable force.

On the arrival of the party at Williamsburg, they found that the Indian village had been recently deserted, as the fires in the huts were still burning. The night was so far spent when they got to their place of destination, that Lieutenant Boyd, considering the fatigue of his men, concluded to remain during the night near the village, and to send two men messengers with a report to the camp in the morning. Accordingly, a little before day-break, he despatched two men to the main body of the army, with information that the enemy had not been discovered.

After day-light, Lieut. Boyd cautiously crept from the place of his concealment, and upon getting a view of the village, discovered two Indians hovering about the settlement: one of whom was immediately shot and scalped by one of the riflemen, whose name was Murphy. Supposing that if there were Indians in that vicinity, or near the village, they would be instantly alarmed by this occurrence, Lieut. Boyd thought it most prudent to retire, and make the best of his way to the general encampment of our army. They accordingly set out and retraced the steps which they had taken the day before, till they were intercepted by the enemy.

On their arriving within about one mile and a half of the main army, they were surprized by the sudden appearance of a body of Indians, to the

amount of five hundred, under the command of the celebrated Brandt, and the same number of Rangers, commanded by the infamous Butler, who had secreted themselves in a ravine of considerable extent, which lay across the track that Lieut. Boyd had pursued.

Upon discovering the enemy, and knowing that the only chance for escape was by breaking through their line, (one of the most desperate enterprizes ever undertaken,) Lieut. Boyd, after a few words of encouragement, led his men to the attempt. As extraordinary as it may seem, the first onset, though unsuccessful, was made without the loss of a man on the part of the heroic band, though several of the enemy were killed. Two attempts more were made, which were equally unsuccessful, and in which the whole party fell, except Lieut. Boyd, and eight others. Lieut. Boyd and a soldier by the name of Parker, were taken prisoners on the spot, a part of the remainder fled, and a part fell on the ground, apparently dead, and were overlooked by the Indians, who were too much engaged in pursuing the fugitives to notice those who fell.

When Lieut. Boyd found himself a prisoner, he solicited an interview with Brandt, whom he well knew commanded the Indians. This Chief, who was at that moment near, immediately presented himself, when Lieut. Boyd, by one of those appeals which are known only by those who have been initiated and instructed in certain mysteries, and which never fail to bring succor to a "distressed brother," addressed him as the only source from which he could expect a respite from cruel punish-

ment or death. The appeal was recognized, and Brandt immediately, and in the strongest language, assured him that his life should be spared.

Lieut. Boyd, and his fellow-prisoner, Parker, were immediately conducted by a party of the Indians to the Indian village called Beard's Town, on the west side of Genesee river, in what is now called Leicester. After their arrival at Beard's Town, Brandt, their generous preserver, being called on service which required a few hours absence, left them in the care of the British Col. Butler, of the Rangers; who, as soon as Brandt had left them, commenced an interrogation, to obtain from the prisoners a statement of the number, situation and intentions of the army under Gen. Sullivan; and threatened them, in case they hesitated or prevaricated in their answers, to deliver them up immediately to be massacred by the Indians, who, in Brandt's absence, and with the encouragement of their more savage commander, Butler, were ready to commit the greatest cruelties. Relying, probably, on the promises which Brandt had made them, and which he undoubtedly meant to fulfil, they refused to give Butler the desired information. Butler, upon this, hastened to put his threat into execution. They were delivered to some of their most ferocious enemies, who, after having put them to very severe torture, killed them by severing their heads from their bodies.

The main army, immediately after hearing of the situation of Lieut. Boyd's detachment, moved on towards Genesee river, and finding the bodies of those who were slain in Boyd's heroic attempt to penetrate through the enemy's line, buried them

in what is now the town of Groveland, where the grave is to be seen at this day.

Upon their arrival at the Genesee river, they crossed over, scoured the country for some distance on the river, burnt the Indian villages on the Genesee flats, and destroyed all their corn and other means of subsistence.

The bodies of Lieut. Boyd and Parker were found and buried near the bank of Beard's creek, under a bunch of wild plum-trees, on the road, as it now runs, from Moscow to Geneseo. I was one of those who committed to the earth the remains of my friend and companion in arms, the gallant Boyd.

Immediately after these events the army commenced its march back, by the same route that it came, to Tioga Point; thence down the Susquehanna to Wyoming; and thence across the country to Morristown, New-Jersey, where we went into winter quarters.

Gen. Sullivan's bravery is unimpeachable. He was unacquainted, however, with fighting the Indians, and made use of the best means to keep them at such a distance that they could not be brought into an engagement. It was his practice, morning and evening, to have cannon fired in or near the camp, by which the Indians were notified of their speed in marching, and of his situation, and were enabled to make a seasonable retreat.

The foregoing account, according to the best of my recollection is strictly correct.

JOHN SALMON.

Groveland, January 24, 1824.

Esq. Salmon was formerly from Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, and was first Serjeant in Capt. Simpson's and Lieut. Boyd's company.

Tradition of the Origin of the Seneca Nation.—Their Preservation from utter extinction.—The Means by which the People who preceded the Senecas were destroyed—and the Cause of the different Indian Languages.

THE tradition of the Seneca Indians, in regard to their origin, as we are assured by Capt. Horatio Jones, who was a prisoner five years amongst them, and for many years since has been an interpreter, and agent for the payment of their annuities, is that they broke out of the earth from a large mountain at the head of Canandaigua Lake, and that mountain they still venerate as the place of their birth; thence they derive their name, "Ge-nun-de-wah," *[134] or Great Hill, and are called "The Great Hill People," which is the true definition of the word Seneca.

The great hill at the head of Canandaigua lake, from whence they sprung, is called Genundewah, and has for a long time past been the place where the Indians of that nation have met in council, to hold great talks, and to offer up prayers to the Great Spirit, on account of its having been their birth place; and also in consequence of the destruction of a serpent at that place, in ancient time, in a most miraculous manner, which threatened the destruction of the whole of the Senecas, and barely spared enough to commence replenishing the earth.

The Indians say, says Capt. Jones, that the fort on the big hill, or Genundewah, near the head of Canandaigua lake, was surrounded by a monstrous

* This by some is spoken Ge-nun-de-wah-gauh.

serpent, whose head and tail came together at the gate. A long time it lay there, confounding the people with its breath. At length they attempted to make their escape, some with their hommany-blocks, and others with different implements of household furniture; and in marching out of the fort walked down the throat of the serpent. Two orphan children, who had escaped this general destruction by being left some time before on the outside of the fort, were informed by an oracle of the means by which they could get rid of their formidable enemy—which was, to take a small bow and a poisoned arrow, made of a kind of willow, and with that shoot the serpent under its scales. This they did, and the arrow proved effectual; for on its penetrating the skin, the serpent became sick, and extending itself rolled down the hill, destroying all the timber that was in its way, disgorging itself and breaking wind greatly as it went. At every motion, a human head was discharged, and rolled down the hill into the lake, where they lie at this day, in a petrified state, having the hardness and appearance of stones.

To this day the Indians visit that sacred place, to mourn the loss of their friends, and to celebrate some rites that are peculiar to themselves. To the knowledge of white people there has been no timber on the great hill since it was first discovered by them, though it lay apparently in a state of nature for a great number of years, without cultivation. Stones in the shape of Indians' heads may be seen lying in the lake in great plenty, which are said to be the same that were deposited there at the death of the serpent.

The Senecas have a tradition, that previous to, and for some time after, their origin at Genundewah, this country, especially about the lakes, was thickly inhabited by a race of civil, enterprizing and industrious people, who were totally destroyed by the great serpent, that afterwards surrounded the great hill fort, with the assistance of others of the same species; and that they (the Senecas) went into possession of the improvements that were left.

In those days the Indians throughout the whole country, as the Senecas say, spoke one language; but having become considerably numerous, the before mentioned great serpent, by an unknown influence, confounded their language, so that they could not understand each other; which was the cause of their division into nations, as the Mohawks, Oneidas, &c. At that time, however, the Senecas retained their original language, and continued to occupy their mother hill, on which they fortified themselves against their enemies, and lived peaceably, till having offended the serpent,* they were cut off as before stated.

OF THEIR RELIGION—FEASTS—AND GREAT SACRIFICE.

Perhaps no people are more exact observers of religious duties than those Indians among the Senecas, who are denominated pagans, in contradis-

*The pagans of the Senecas believe that all the little snakes were made of the blood of the great serpent, after it rolled into the lake.

tinction from those, who, having renounced some of their former superstitious notions, have obtained the name of Christians. The traditionary faith of their fathers, having been orally transmitted to them from time immemorial, is implicitly believed, scrupulously adhered to, and rigidly practised. They are agreed in their sentiments—are all of one order, and have individual and public good, especially among themselves, for the great motive which excites them to attend to those moral virtues that are directed and explained by all their rules, and in all their ceremonies.

Many years have elapsed since the introduction tion of Christian Missionaries among them, whom they have heard, and very generally understand the purport of the message they were sent to deliver. They say that it is highly probable that Jesus Christ came into the world in old times, to establish a religion that would promote the happiness of the white people, on the other side of the great water, (meaning the sea,) and that he died for the sins of his people, as the missionaries have informed them: But, they say that Jesus Christ had nothing to do with them, and that the Christian religion was not designed for their benefit; but rather, should they embrace it, they are confident it would make them worse, and consequently do them an injury. They say, also, that the Great Good Spirit gave them their religion; and that it is better adapted to their circumstances, situation and habits, and to the promotion of their present comfort and ultimate happiness, than any system that ever has or can be devised. They, however, believe, that the Christian religion is better calculated for the good

of white people than theirs is; and wonder that those who have embraced it, do not attend more strictly to its precepts, and feel more engaged for its support and diffusion among themselves. At the present time, they are opposed to preachers or schoolmasters being sent or coming among them; and appear determined by all means to adhere to their ancient customs.

They believe in a Great Good Spirit, (whom they call in the Seneca language Nau-wan-e-u,) [135] as the Creator of the world, and of every good thing—that he made men, and all inoffensive animals; that he supplies men with all the comforts of life; and that he is particularly partial to the Indians, whom they say are his peculiar people. They also believe that he is pleased in giving them (the Indians) good gifts; and that he is highly gratified with their good conduct—that he abhors their vices, and that he is willing to punish them for their bad conduct, not only in this world, but in a future state of existence. His residence, they suppose, lies at a great distance from them, in a country that is perfectly pleasant, where plenty abounds, even to profusion. That there the soil is completely fertile, and the seasons so mild that the corn never fails to be good—that the deer, elk, buffalo, turkies, and other useful animals, are numerous, and that the forests are well calculated to facilitate their hunting them with success—that the streams are pure, and abound with fish: and that nothing is wanting, to render fruition complete. Over this territory they say Nauwaneu presides as an all-powerful king; and that without counsel he admits to his pleasures all whom he

considers to be worthy of enjoying so great a state of blessedness.

To this being they address prayers, offer sacrifices, give thanks for favors, and perform many acts of devotion and reverence.

They likewise believe that Nauwaneu has a brother that is less powerful than himself, and who is opposed to him, and to every one that is or wishes to be good: that this bad Spirit [136] made all evil things, snakes, wolves, catamounts, and all other poisonous or noxious animals and beasts of prey, except the bear, which, on the account of the excellence of its meat for food, and skin for clothing, they say was made by Nauwaneu. Besides all this they say he makes and sends them their diseases, bad weather and bad crops, and that he makes and supports witches. He owns a large country adjoining that of his brother, with whom he is continually at variance. His fields are unproductive; thick clouds intercept the rays of the sun, and consequently destructive frosts are frequent; game is very scarce, and not easily taken; ravenous beasts are numerous; reptiles of every poisoned tooth lie in the path of the traveller; the streams are muddy, and hunger, nakedness and general misery, are severely felt by those who unfortunately become his tenants. He takes pleasure in afflicting the Indians here, and after their death receives all those into his dreary dominions, who in their life time have been so vile as to be rejected by Nauwaneu, under whose eye they are continued in an uncomfortable state forever. To this source of evil they offer some oblations to abate his vengeance, and render him propitious. They, how-

ever, believe him to be, in a degree, under subjection to his brother, and incapable of executing his plans only by his high permission.

Public religious duties are attended to in the celebration of particular festivals and sacrifices, which are observed with circumspection and attended with decorum.

In each year they have five feasts,[137] or stated times for assembling in their tribes, and giving thanks to Nauwaneu, for the blessings which they have received from his kind and liberal and provident hand; and also to converse upon the best means of meriting a continuance of his favors. The first of these feasts is immediately after they have finished sugaring, at which time they give thanks for the favorable weather and great quantity of sap they have had, and for the sugar that they have been allowed to make for the benefit of their families. At this, as at all the succeeding feasts, the Chiefs arise singly, and address the audience in a kind of exhortation, in which they express their own thankfulness, urge the necessity and propriety of general gratitude, and point out the course which ought to be pursued by each individual, in order that Nauwaneu may continue to bless them, and that the evil spirit may be defeated.

On these occasions the Chiefs describe a perfectly straight line, half an inch wide, and perhaps ten miles long, which they direct their people to travel upon by placing one foot before the other, with the heel of one foot to the toe of the other, and so on till they arrive at the end. The meaning of which is, that they must not turn aside to the right hand or to the left into the paths of vice,

but keep straight ahead in the way of well doing, that will lead them to the paradise of Nauwaneu.

The second feast is after planting; when they render thanks for the pleasantness of the season—for the good time they have had for preparing their ground and planting their corn; and are instructed by their Chiefs, by what means to merit a good harvest.

When the green corn becomes fit for use, they hold their third, or green corn feast. Their fourth is celebrated after corn harvest; and the fifth at the close of their year, and is always celebrated at the time of the old moon in the last of January or first of February. This last deserves a particular description.

The Indians having returned from hunting, and having brought in all the venison and skins that they have taken, a committee is appointed, says Mrs. Jemison, consisting of from ten to twenty active men, to superintend the festivities of the great sacrifice and thanksgiving that is to be immediately celebrated. This being done, preparations are made at the council-house, or place of meeting, for the reception and accommodation of the whole tribe; and then the ceremonies are commenced, and the whole is conducted with a great degree of order and harmony, under the direction of the committee.

Two white dogs,* without spot or blemish, are selected (if such can be found, and if not, two that have the fewest spots) from those belonging to the tribe, and killed near the door of the council-house, by being strangled. A wound on the

*This was the practice in former times; but at present I am informed that only one dog is sacrificed.[138].

animal or an effusion of blood, would spoil the victim, and render the sacrifice useless. The dogs are then painted red on their faces, edges of their ears, and on various parts of their bodies, and are curiously decorated with ribbons of different colors, and fine feathers, which are tied and fastened on in such a manner as to make the most elegant appearance. They are then hung on a post near the door of the council-house, at the height of twenty feet from the ground.

This being done, the frolic is commenced by those who are present, while the committee run through the tribe or town, and hurry the people to assemble, by knocking on their houses. At this time the committee are naked, (wearing only a breech-clout,) and each carries a paddle, with which he takes up ashes and scatters them about the house in every direction. In the course of the ceremonies, all the fire is extinguished in every hut throughout the tribe, and new fire, struck from the flint on each hearth, is kindled, after having removed the whole of the ashes, old coals, &c. Having done this, and discharged one or two guns, they go on, and in this manner they proceed till they have visited every house in the tribe. This finishes the business of the first day.

On the second day the committee dance, go through the town with bear-skin on their legs, and at every time they start they fire a gun. They also beg through the tribe, each carrying a basket in which to receive whatever may be bestowed. The alms consist of Indian tobacco, and other articles that are used for incense at the sacrifice. Each manager at this time carries a dried tortoise

or turtle shell, containing a few beans, which he frequently rubs on the walls of the houses, both inside and out. This kind of manœuvering by the committee continues two or three days, during which time the people at the council-house recreate themselves by dancing.

On the fourth or fifth day the committee make false faces of husks, in which they run about, making a frightful but ludicrous appearance. In this dress, (still wearing the bear-skin,) they run to the council-house, smearing themselves with dirt and bedaub every one who refuses to contribute something towards filling the baskets of incense, which they continue to carry, soliciting alms. During all this time they collect the evil spirit, or drive it off entirely, for the present, and also concentrate within themselves all the sins of their tribe, however numerous or heinous.

On the eighth or ninth day, the committee having received all the sin, as before observed, into their own bodies, they take down the dogs, and after having transfused the whole of it into one of their own number, he, by a peculiar slight of hand, or kind of magic, works it all out of himself into the dogs. The dogs, thus loaded with all the sins of the people, are placed upon a pile of wood that is directly set on fire. Here they are burnt, together with the sins with which they were loaded, surrounded by the multitude, who throw incense of tobacco or the like into the fire, the scent of which they say, goes up to Nauwaneu, to whom it is pleasant and acceptable.[139]

This feast continues nine days,* and during that

*At present, as I have been informed, this feast is not

time the Chiefs review the national affairs of the year past; agree upon the best plan to be pursued through the next year, and attend to all internal regulations.

On the last day, the whole company partake of an elegant dinner, consisting of meat, corn and beans, boiled together in large kettles, and stirred till the whole is completely mixed and soft. This mess is devoured without much ceremony—some eat with a spoon, by dipping out of the kettles; others serve themselves in small dippers; some in one way, and some in another, till the whole is consumed. After this they perform the war dance, the peace dance, and smoke the pipe of peace; and then, free from iniquity, each repairs to his place of abode, prepared to commence the business of a new year. In this feast, temperance is observed, and commonly, order prevails in a greater degree than would naturally be expected.

They are fond of the company of spectators who are disposed to be decent, and treat them politely in their way; but having been frequently imposed upon by the whites, they treat them generally with indifference.

OF THEIR DANCES.

Of these, two only will be noticed. The war dance is said to have originated about the time that the Six Nations, or Northern Indians, com-

commonly held more than from five to seven days. In former times, and till within a few years, nine days were particularly observed.

menced the old war with the Cherokees and other Southern Indian Nations, about one hundred years ago.[140]

When a tribe, or number of tribes of the Six Nations, had assembled for the purpose of going to battle with their enemies, the Chiefs sung this song, and accompanied the music with dancing, and gestures that corresponded with the sentiments expressed, as a kind of stimulant to increase their courage, and anxiety to march forward to the place of carnage.

Those days having passed away, the Indians at this day sing the 'war song,' to commemorate the achievements of their fathers, and as a kind of amusement. When they perform it, they arm themselves with a war-club, tomahawk and knife, and commence singing with firm voice, and a stern, resolute countenance: but before they get through they exhibit in their features and actions the most shocking appearance of anger, fury and vengeance, that can be imagined: No exhibition of the kind can be more terrifying to a stranger.

The song requires a number of repetitions in the tune, and has a chorus that is sung at the end of each verse. I have not presumed to arrange it in metre; but the following is the substance: "We are assembled in the habiliments of war, and will go in quest of our enemies. We will march to their land and spoil their possessions. We will take their women and children, and lead them into captivity. The warriors shall fall by our war-clubs—we will give them no quarter. Our tomahawks we will dip in their brains! with our scalping knives we will scalp them." At each period

comes on the chorus, which consists of one monosyllable only, that is sounded a number of times, and articulated like a faint, stifled groan. This word is "eh," and signifies "we will," or "we will go," or "we will do." While singing, they perform the ceremony of killing and scalping, with a great degree of dexterity.

The peace dance is performed to a tune without words, by both sexes. The Indians stand erect in one place, and strike the floor with the heel and toes of one foot, and then of the other, (the heels and toes all the while nearly level,) without changing their position in the least. The squaws at the same time perform it by keeping the feet close together, and without raising them from the ground, move a short distance to the right, and then to the left, by first moving their toes and then their heels. This dance is beautiful, and is generally attended with decency.

OF THEIR GOVERNMENT.

THEIR government is an oligarchy of a mixed nature; and is administered by Chiefs, a part of whose offices are hereditary, and a part elective. The nation is divided into tribes, and each tribe commonly has two Chiefs. One of these inherits his office from his father. He superintends all civil affairs in the tribe; attends the national council, of which he is a member; assents to all conveyances of land, and is consulted on every subject of importance. The other is elected by the tribe, and can be removed at the pleasure of his constit-

uents for malconduct. He also is a member of the national council: but his principal business is to superintend the military concerns of his tribe, and in war to lead his warriors to battle. He acts in concert with the other Chief, and their word is implicitly relied on, as the law by which they must be governed. That which they prohibit, is not meddled with. The Indian laws are few, and easily expounded. Their business of a public nature is transacted in council, where every decision is final. They meet in general council once a year, and sometimes oftener. The administration of their government is not attended with expense. They have no national revenue, and consequently have no taxes.[141]

THE EXTENT AND NUMBER OF THE SIX NATIONS.

The Six Nations in the state of New-York are located upon several reservations, from the Oneida Lake to the Cattaraugus and Allegany rivers.

A part of those nations live on the Sandusky, in the state of Ohio, viz—380 Cayugas, 100 Senecas, 64 Mohawks, 64 Oneidas, and 80 Onondagas. The bulk of the Mohawks are on Grand River, Upper Canada, together with some Senecas, Tuscaroras, Cayugas, Oneidas, and Onondagas.

In the state of New-York there are 5000, and in the state of Ohio 688, as we are assured by Capt. Horatio Jones, agent for paying their annuities, making in the whole, in both states, 5688.[142]

OF THEIR COURTSHIPS, &c.

When an Indian sees a squaw whom he fancies, he sends a present to her mother or parents, who on receiving it consult with his parents, his friends, and each other, on the propriety and expediency of the proposed connexion. If it is not agreeable, the present is returned; but if it is, the lover is informed of his good fortune, and immediately goes to live with her, or takes her to a hut of his own preparing.[143]

Polygamy [144] is practised in a few instances, and is not prohibited.

Divorces are frequent. If a difficulty of importance arises between a married couple, they agree to separate. They divide their property and children; the squaw takes the girls, the Indian the boys, and both are at liberty to marry again.

They have no marriage ceremony, nor form of divorcement, other than what has been mentioned.[145-6]

OF FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

In their families, parents are very mild, and the mother superintends the children. The word of the Indian father, however, is law, and must be obeyed by the whole that are under his authority.

One thing respecting the Indian women is worthy of attention, and perhaps of imitation, although it is now a days considered beneath the dignity of the ladies, especially those who are the most refined; and that is, they are under a becoming subjection to their husbands. It is a rule, inculcated in

all the Indian tribes, and practised throughout their generations, that a squaw shall not walk before her Indian, nor pretend to take the lead in his business. And for this reason we never can see a party on the march to or from hunting and the like, in which the squaws are not directly in the rear of their partners.

OF THEIR FUNERALS.

The deceased having been laid out in his best clothing, is put into a coffin of boards or bark, and with him is deposited, in every instance, a small cup and a cake. Generally two or three candles are also put into the coffin, and in a few instances, at the burial of a great man, all his implements of war are buried by the side of the body. The coffin is then closed and carried to the grave. On its being let down, the person who takes the lead of the solemn transaction, or a Chief, addresses the dead in a short speech, in which he charges him not to be troubled about himself in his new situation, nor on his journey, and not to trouble his friends, wife or children, whom he has left. Tells him that if he meets with strangers on his way, he must inform them what tribe he belongs to, who his relatives are, the situation in which he left them, and that having done this, he must keep on till he arrives at the good fields in the country of Nauwaneu. That when he arrives there he will see all his ancestors and personal friends that have gone before him; who, together with all the Chiefs of celebrity, will receive him joyfully, and

furnish him with every article of perpetual happiness.

The grave is now filled and left till evening, when some of the nearest relatives of the dead build a fire at the head of it, near which they set till morning. In this way they continue to practise nine successive nights, when, believing that their departed friend has arrived at the end of his journey, they discontinue their attention. During this time the relatives of the dead are not allowed to dance.

Formerly, frolics were held, after the expiration of nine days, for the dead, at which all the squaws got drunk, and those were the only occasions on which they were intoxicated: but lately those are discontinued, and squaws feel no delicacy in getting inebriated.[147]

OF THEIR CREDULITY.

As ignorance is the parent of credulity, it is not a thing to be wondered at that the Indians should possess it in a great degree, and even suffer themselves to be dictated and governed by it in many of the most important transactions of their lives.

They place great confidence in dreams, attach some sign to every uncommon circumstance, and believe in charms, spirits, and many supernatural things that never existed, only in minds enslaved to ignorance and tradition: but in no instance is their credulity so conspicuous, as in their unalterable belief in witches.

They believe there are many of these, and that next to the author of evil, they are the greatest scourge to their people. The term witch, by them, is used both in the masculine and feminine gender, and denotes a person to whom the evil deity has delegated power to inflict diseases, cause death, blast corn, bring bad weather, and in short to cause almost any calamity to which they are liable. With this impression, and believing that it is their actual duty to destroy, as far as lies in their power, every source of unhappiness, it has been a custom among them from time immemorial, to destroy every one that they could convict of so heinous a crime; and in fact there is no reprieve from the sentence.

Mrs. Jemison informed us that more or less who had been charged with being witches, had been executed in almost every year since she has lived on the Genesee. Many, on being suspected, made their escape: while others, before they were aware of being implicated, have been apprehended and brought to trial. She says that a number of years ago, an Indian chased a squaw, near Beard's Town, and caught her; but on the account of her great strength she got away. The Indian, vexed and disappointed, went home, and the next day reported that he saw her have fire in her mouth, and that she was a witch. Upon this she was apprehended and killed immediately. She was Big-tree's cousin. Mrs. Jemison says she was present at the execution. She also saw one other killed and thrown into the river.

Col. Jeremiah Smith, of Leicester, near Beard's Town, saw an Indian killed by his five brothers,

who struck him on the head with their tomahawks at one time. He was charged with being a witch, because of his having been fortunate enough, when on a hunting party, to kill a number of deer, while his comrades failed of taking any.

Col. Smith also saw a squaw, who had been convicted of being a witch, killed by having small green whips burnt till they were red hot, but not quite coaled, and thrust down her throat. From such trifling causes thousands have lost their lives, and notwithstanding the means that are used for their reformation, the pagans will not suffer "a witch to live."

OF THE MANNER OF FARMING, AS PRACTISED BY THE INDIAN WOMEN.

It is well known that the squaws have all the labor of the field to perform, and almost every other kind of hard service, which, in civil society, is performed by the men. In order to expedite their business, and at the same time enjoy each other's company, they all work together in one field, or at whatever job they may have on hand. In the spring they choose an old active squaw to be their driver and overseer when at labor, for the ensuing year. She accepts the honor, and they consider themselves bound to obey her.

When the time for planting arrives, and the soil is prepared, the squaws are assembled in the morning, and conducted into a field, where each plants one row. They then go into the next field, and plant once across, and so on till they have gone

through the tribe. If any remains to be planted, they again commence where they did at first, (in the same field,) and so keep on till the whole is finished. By this rule they perform their labor of every kind, and every jealousy of one having done more or less than another, is effectually avoided.

Each squaw cuts her own wood; but it is all brought to the house under the direction of the overseer—each bringing one back load.

OF THEIR METHOD OF COMPUTING TIME, AND KEEPING THEIR RECORDS.

This is done by moons and winters: a moon is a month, and the time from the end of one winter to that of another, a year.

From sunset till sunrise, they say that the sun is asleep. In the old of the moon, when it does not shine in the night, they say it is dead. They rejoice greatly at the sight of the new moon.

In order to commemorate great events, and preserve thec hronology of them, the war Chief in each tribe keeps a war post. This post is a peeled stick of timber, 10 or 12 feet high, that is erected in the town. For a campaign they make, or rather the Chief makes, a perpendicular red mark, about three inches long and half an inch wide; on the opposite side from this, for a scalp, they make a red cross, thus, +; on another side, for a prisoner taken alive, they make a red cross in this manner, ẋ, with a head or dot, and by placing such significant hireoglyphics in so conspicuous a situation, they

MARY JEMISON BEING ARRAYED IN THE COSTUME OF A SENECA INDIAN MAIDEN

are enabled to ascertain with great certainty the time and circumstances of past events.

Hiokatoo had a war-post, on which was recorded his military exploits, and other things that he tho't worth preserving.

ANECDOTES.

Hiokatoo used to say that when he was a young man, there lived in the same tribe with him an old Indian warrior, who was a great counsellor, by the name of Buck-in-je-hil-lish. Buckinjehillish having, with great fatigue, attended the council when it was deliberating upon war, declared that none but the ignorant made war, but that the wise men and the warriors had to do the fighting. This speech exasperated his countrymen to such a degree that he was apprehended and tried for being a witch, on the account of his having lived to so advanced an age; and because he could not show some reason why he had not died before, he was sentenced to be tomahawked by a boy on the spot, which was accordingly done.

In the last war, (1814,) an Indian who had been on fatigue, called at a commissary's and begged some bread. He was sent for a pail of water before he received it, and while he was absent an officer told the commissary to put a piece of money into the bread, and observe the event. He did so. The Indian took the bread and went off: but on the next day having ate his bread and found the

money, he came to the commissary and gave him the same, as the officer had anticipated.

Little Beard, a celebrated Indian Chief, having arrived to a very advanced age, died at his town on the Genesee river about the first of June, 1806, and was buried after the manner of burying chiefs. In his life time he had been quite arbitrary, and had made some enemies whom he hated, probably, and was not loved by them. The grave, however, deprives envy of its malignity, and revenge of its keenness.

Little Beard had been dead but a few days when the great eclipse of the sun took place, on the sixteenth of June, which excited in the Indians a great degree of astonishment; for as they were ignorant of astronomy, they were totally unqualified to account for so extraordinary a phenomenon. The crisis was alarming, and something effectual must be done, without delay, to remove, if possible, the cause of such coldness and darkness, which it was expected would increase. They accordingly ran together in the three towns near the Genesee river, and after a short consultation agreed that Little Beard, on the account of some old grudge which he yet cherished towards them, had placed himself between them and the sun, in order that their corn might not grow, and so reduce them to a state of starvation. Having thus found the cause, the next thing was to remove it, which could only be done by the use of powder and ball. Upon this, every gun and rifle was loaded, and a firing commenced, that continued without cessation till the old fellow left his seat, and the obscurity was entirely remov-

ed, to the great joy of the ingenious and fortunate Indians.

In the month of February, 1824, Corn Planter, a learned pagan Chief at Tonnewonta, died of common sickness. He had received a liberal education, and was held in high estimation in his town and tribe, by both parties; but the pagans more particularly mourned his loss deeply, and seemed entirely unreconciled. They imputed his death to witchcraft, and charged an Indian by the name of Prompit, with the crime.

Mr. Prompit is a christian Indian, of the Tuscarora nation, who has lived at Tonnewonta a number of years, where he has built a saw-mill himself, which he owns, and is considered a decent, respectable man.

About two weeks after the death of Corn Planter, Mr. Prompit happened in company where the author was present, and immediately begun to converse upon that subject. He said that the old fashioned Indians called him a witch—believed that he had killed Corn Planter, and had said that they would kill him. But, said he, all good people know that I am not a witch, and that I am clear of the charge. Likely enough they will kill me; but if they do, my hands are clean, my conscience is clear, and I shall go up to God. I will not run nor hide from them, and they may kill me if they choose to—I am innocent. When Jesus Christ's enemies, said he, wanted to kill him, he did not run away from them, but let them kill him; and why should I run away from my enemies?

How the affair will terminate, we are unable to decide.

DESCRIPTION OF GENESEE RIVER AND ITS BANKS, FROM MOUNT MORRIS TO THE UPPER FALLS.

From Mount Morris the banks of the Genesee are from two to four hundred feet in height, with narrow flats on one side of the river or the other, till you arrive at the tract called Gardow, or Cross Hills. Here you come to Mrs. Jemison's flats, which are two miles and a quarter long, and from eighty to one hundred and twenty rods wide, lying mostly on the west side of the river.

Near the upper end of these flats is the Great Slide. Directly above this, the banks (still retaining their before mentioned height) approach so near each other as to admit of but thirty acres of flat on one side of the river only, and above this the perpendicular rock comes down to the water.

From Gardow you ascend the river five miles to the lower falls, which are ninety-three feet perpendicular. These falls are twenty rods wide, and have the greatest channel on the east side. From Wolf creek to these falls the banks are covered with elegant white and Norway pine.

Above the lower falls the banks for about two miles are of perpendicular rock, and retain their height of between two and four hundred feet. Having travelled this distance you reach the middle falls, which are an uninterrupted sheet of water fifteen rods wide, and one hundred and ten feet in perpendicular height. This natural curiosity is not exceeded by any thing of the kind in the western country, except the cataract at Niagara.

From the middle falls the banks gradually rise, till you ascend the river half a mile, when you

come to the upper falls, which are somewhat rolling, 66 feet, in the shape of a harrow. Above this the banks are of moderate height. The timber from the lower to the upper falls is principally pine. Just above the middle falls a saw-mill was erected this season (1823) by Messrs. Ziba Hurd and Alva Palmer.[148]

HUNTING ANECDOTE.

In November, 1822, Capt. Stephen Rolph and Mr. Alva Palmer drove a deer into Genesee river, a short distance above the middle falls, where the banks were so steep and the current so impetuous, that it could not regain the shore, and consequently was precipitated over the falls, one hundred and ten feet, into the gulph below. The hunters ran along the bank below the falls, to watch the fate of the animal, expecting it would be dashed in pieces. But to their great astonishment it came up alive, and by swimming across a small eddy, reached the bank almost under the falls; and as it stood in that situation, Capt. Rolph, who was on the top of the bank, shot it. This being done, the next thing to be considered was, how to get their prize. The rock being perpendicular, upwards of one hundred feet, would not admit of their climbing down to it, and there was no way, apparently, for them to get at it, short of going down the river two miles, to the lower falls, and then by creeping between the water and the precipice, they might possibly reach their game. This process would be too tedious. At length Mr. Palmer proposed to Capt. Rolph

and Mr. Heman Merwin, who had joined them, that if they would make a windlas and fasten it to a couple of saplings that stood near, and then procure some ropes, he would be let down and get the deer. The apparatus was prepared; the rope was tied round Palmer's body, and he was let down. On arriving at the bottom he unloosed himself, fastened the rope round the deer, which they drew up, and then threw down the rope, in which he fastened himself, and was drawn up, without having sustained any injury. From the top to the bottom of the rock, where he was let down, was exactly one hundred and twenty feet.

FINIS.

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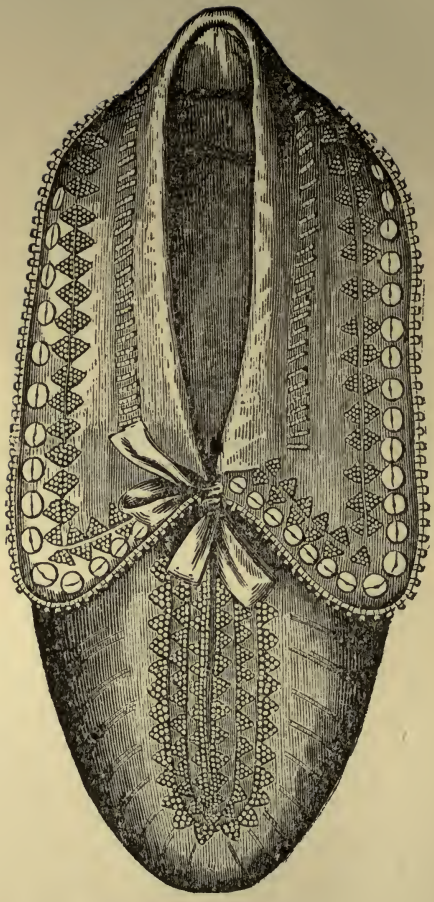


AH-TÄ-QUÄ-O-WEH, MOCCASIN FOR FEMALE

CHAPTER I.[149]

By Ebenezer Mix.

Life of Mary continued.—Seneca Reservations sold in 1825.—Is left among the whites.—Discontented.—Sold her remaining reservation, and removed to Buffalo creek.—Professes Christianity.—Her death.—Is buried near the Mission church.—Description of her tombstone.—Her descendants.

More than eighteen years have elapsed since Mary Jemison related the preceding narrative of her life, and most of its appendages, to our deceased friend, the author of the first edition; during which period many important incidents have transpired, and material changes taken place involving the destiny of the principal subject of this memoir, her family and friends, although none very remarkable or unexpected.

Mary Jemison continued to reside on her flats, plant, hoe, and harvest her corn, beans, squashes, etc., annually, in the same routine of laborious activity and undisturbed tranquility, which she had always pursued and enjoyed, in times of peace in the nation, and concord in her family. But the evening of her eventful life was not suffered thus smoothly to pass away. The Senecas having sold all their reservations on the Genesee River in 1825, and given possession to the whites soon after, they removed with their families to

Tonawanda, Buffalo Creek, and Cattaraugus reservations, leaving Mrs. Jemison, her daughters, and their husbands, on her two square miles, surrounded by the whites in every direction. Thus situated, she and her children grew as discontented and uneasy as Alexander Selkirk was on the Island of Juan Fernandez.

They determined to leave their solitary and isolated abode among the whites, and again join their tribe, mix in the society, and partake of the joys and the sorrows of their kindred and friends. With this in view, Mrs. Jemison sold her annuity of three hundred dollars per annum, or rather, received of the obligors a commutation therefor, in ready money. She likewise sold her remaining two square miles of land, including her "flats," to Messrs. Henry B. Gibson and Jellis Clute. In the summer of 1831 she removed to Buffalo Creek reservation, where she purchased the Indian possessory right to a good farm on the Buffalo Flats, on which she resided in a state of peace and quietude, until the time of her decease.

Mrs. Jemison's good traits of character were not wholly of the negative kind; she exhibited a rare example of unostentatious charity and true benevolence.[150] She appeared to take pleasure and self-satisfaction in relieving the distress, and supplying the wants of her fellow-creatures, whether white or red; anything she possessed, however much labor it might have cost her, was freely given, when she thought the necessities of others required it. It would redound much to the honor of the Christian religion, if some of its members would pattern, in some measures, after the pagan woman, in practicing

this most exalted of Christian virtues, charity, in feelings as well as in actions.

The bodily infirmities of old age gradually increased in Mrs. Jemison, and enervated her frame; yet she retained her reason and mental faculties to an uncommon extent, for a person of her age; and her society was not only endurable, but rendered highly interesting and desirable, by her natural exuberant flow of animal spirits and good nature. In the summer of 1833, she, in a peaceable and friendly manner, seceded from the pagan party of her nation, and joined the Christian party, having in her own view, and to the satisfaction of her spiritual instructor, the Rev. Asher Wright, missionary at that station, repudiated paganism, and embraced the Christian religion. In the autumn succeeding she was attacked by disease for almost the first time in her protracted pilgrimage, and dropped away suddenly from the scenes of this life, on the 19th day of September, 1833, at her own dwelling on the Buffalo Creek reservation, aged about ninety-one years. Her funeral was conducted after the manner, and with the usual ceremonies practised at Christian burials; and was attended by a large concourse of people. A marble slab now marks the spot where her earthly remains rest, in the graveyard near the Seneca Mission church, with the following inscription:[151]

In
Memory of
THE WHITE WOMAN,
MARY JEMISON,
Daughter of
THOMAS JEMISON & JANE IRWIN,

Born on the ocean, between Ireland and Phila., in 1742 or 3. Taken captive at Marsh Creek, Pa. in 1755 carried down the Ohio, Adopted into an Indian family. In 1759 removed to Genesee River. Was naturalized in 1817.

Removed to this place in 1831.

And having survived two husbands and five children, leaving three still alive;

She Died Sept 19th 1833 aged about ninety-one years,
Having a few weeks before expressed a hope of pardon through
JESUS CHRIST,
"The counsel of the Lord that shall stand."

Mrs. Jemison's three children, Betsey, Nancy, and Polly, who survived her, all lived respected, and died regretted, at their several places of residence on the Seneca reservations, in the short space of three months, in the autumn of 1839, aged, respectively, sixty-nine, sixty-three, and fifty-eight years, leaving a large number of children and grandchildren to lament their loss.

Jacob Jemison, the grandson of Mrs. Jemison, mentioned by her in Chapter X, as having received a liberal education, and having commenced the study of medicine, passed through a regular course of medical studies, with great success, and was appointed an assistant surgeon in the United States Navy; in which capacity he sustained an excellent moral, social, and professional character, which requires no stronger confirmation than the laconic

eulogium pronounced by Capt. E., the commander of the vessel on board of which he performed duty. Capt. E., being asked by a gentleman who had known Jemison when a boy, how he sustained the character of his situation, promptly replied: "There is no person on board the ship so generally esteemed as Mr. Jemison, nor a better surgeon in the navy." Dr. Jemison died five or six years ago on board his ship in the Mediterranean squadron, when about forty years of age.

Several of the grandchildren of Mrs. Jemison, now living, are highly respected in their nation; while their talents and moral standing are duly appreciated, and their civilities reciprocated among the whites. They have acquired the use of the English language sufficiently to speak it fluently, and have adopted the dress, habits, and manners of civilized society. Her grandchildren and great-grandchildren are numerous: they reside on the remaining Seneca reservations in this state at present, but will, undoubtedly, ere long, take their departure from the land of their fathers, and assume important positions in legislative and judicial stations in the new Indian territory west of the Mississippi.[152]

BARK CANOE

CHAPTER II.[153]

By William Clement Bryant.[154]

Mary Jemison's Indian name.—Loss of all her property.—James and David Shongo.—Buffalo Tom, the present head of the Jemison family.—His household and how they live.

Narratives of the experiences of men and women whom shipwreck, or the hazards of war, have thrown upon the mercy of savage tribes, are invested with a peculiar and painful charm for every class of readers. In all the range of this department of literature there is no story more full of pathos and tragic interest than that of Mary Jemison, as related in her own artless words.

In the hope of adding some few particulars to the somewhat meagre sketch contributed by the late Mr. Mix (pages 193–197) concerning the later history of the captive, the writer, in the month of November, 1873, visited the Cattaraugus Reservation and consulted some of her descendants, as well as the venerable and esteemed missionaries, Rev. Asher Wright and his wife. The results of the inquiries made at that time are embodied in the present chapter.

The orthography of the name conferred upon the captive by two gentle Indian women who adopted her as their sister is incorrectly given in the body of this work, and the signification is erroneously rendered.

The name should be written Deh-ge-wa-nus, and means literally The-Two-Falling-Voices. The Indians, in pronouncing the name make a circular or undulating sweep of the hand downwards to emphasize the idea of a prolonged or dying cadence. The simple-minded and affectionate beings, who bestowed this name, evidently meant to keep alive the fact that the little pale-faced stranger, whom they had taken to their hearts in place of a brother fallen on the war-path, had brushed away their tears with her tiny hands, and lulled the voice of their sorrow. A reference to the ceremony observed on her being adopted as a Seneca child will show the peculiar appositeness of the name.

Immediately after migrating to Buffalo, Mrs. Jemison purchased the cabin and a small piece of ground which were the possession or property of an Indian known as Little Johnson, situated a short distance south of the old Seneca burial-ground. Her household consisted of herself, her daughter Polly, and son-in-law, George Shongo, and five little grandchildren, three of whom were boys and two were girls.

She brought with her the proceeds of the sale of her Genesee River lands—a sum not more than sufficient, with prudent management, to render her last days comfortable, and to make a reasonable provision for her grandchildren, of whom she was very fond. It must be added with regret—although the circumstance harmonizes with the mournful tenor of her whole life—that this little fortune was soon after her removal to Buffalo lost through an unfortunate speculation on the part of a white man to whose custody she had confided it.

Mary Jemison was a rich landed proprietress on the

Genesee, and it must have been a hard blow, the discovery that her few remaining days were to be spent in poverty and dependence. It is known, however, that her simple wants were supplied by her daughter and son-in-law, who were not wanting in filial love and attention to this aged and sorrow-stricken woman.

Mrs. Wright kindly consented to put on paper an account of the last hours of the captive. It will be found in the next chapter, and forms an important sequel to Mr. Seaver's work. It is believed that there are few hearts so hardened as to be unmoved by the matchless pathos of Mrs. Wright's narrative.

George and Polly Shongo died many years ago, and but two of their children now survive. The older of these, David Shongo, is an inmate or a frequent visitor at the Mission House, where the writer saw him at the period of his visit. From infancy he was characterized by feebleness of intellect, and is, in truth, a simple-minded, affectionate creature, and a great favorite at the Mission.

With his long, romantic locks of coal-black hair, his clear olive complexion, his large, melancholy eyes gazing at you from under the shadow of a slouched and plumed hat; his apparel clean yet thriftily patched, and betraying the wearer's love of finery by skillfully disposed brooches and ribbons, he looked more like the mild type of a gipsy poacher, or a Spanish contrabandero, of gentle and humane instincts, than a descendant of the ruthless and red-handed Hiokatoo.

He speaks English brokenly, but in soft and musical tones: "Genesee Valley,—beautiful country,—far, far off," indicating with a sweep of the arm its direction, "When we broke up and came away, grandmother sent me to gather the herds. I found most of

them, but some had wandered away into the woods, and they no hear my call. They—there—now in the woods. Often, often I listen in the night, when it is still, and I hear them calling after me, 'Moo! moo! moo!'"

James Shongo, the youngest of the five children, resides with his family on the Allegany Reservation. He practises the healing art according to the primitive formulas of the Indians, and enjoys a considerable white as well as Indian patronage. James was his grandmother's favorite among Polly's children, and his memory preserves a vivid impression of his childhood days. Though without the simplest rudiments of an English education, he is an intelligent and thoughtful man, and enjoys the confidence and respect of his neighbors, white and red, to an enviable degree.

Thomas Jemison,[155] or "Buffalo Tom" as he is familiarly called, is another grandson of the White Woman, though of different parentage, residing on the Cattaraugus Reservation. His father was the captive's ill-starred son Thomas, his mother is believed to have been one of the numerous progeny of that desperate outlaw, "Indian Allen." She inherited, however, none of her father's evil traits, but was a remarkably industrious and exemplary woman. Deserted with her infant children, by a profligate and faithless husband, she reared her little family by her unaided exertions, and inculcated in their young minds the principles of virtue, morality, and thrift. More than this she could not do, for in those primitive days the missionaries had rarely penetrated to the banks of the Genesee, and save a dim and wondering memory of some of the strange words which the saintly Kirkland had spoken to them on his brief

visit to the Senecas, the light of the Gospel had not dawned upon this hapless people.

Thomas was born sometime between Christmas and New Year—1794, 1795,—at or near the Indian village of Squakie Hill, opposite the site of the present village of Mount Morris. He remembers the old people saying that he was two years old when the great council was held at Geneseo, or Big Tree, in 1797. He distinctly recalls the announcement, borne by fleet-footed runners to the scattered Indian villages, that Little Beard, the barbarous and bloody war-chief, was dead, and recollects seeing the excited Indians firing off volleys in the direction of the great eclipse of the sun which followed that event, and which was attributed by the superstitious natives to the malign agency of Little Beard, who, it was hoped, would take alarm at the firing and desist from his fell purpose.

Thomas proved an affectionate and dutiful son, and, in strange contrast with the sloth and haughty contempt of labor which early characterize the young warrior, he delighted to aid his mother in her unremitting toil and rude husbandry.

Though physically powerful and constitutionally brave, he had no ambition to achieve distinction as a warrior, and he early lost all relish for the games and pagan dances in which ordinarily the soul of the young Seneca revelled.

In 1828 the last of the Senecas turned their backs upon their beautiful valley and sought the more western reserves of their people. Thomas in the mean time had married, and was the owner of a comfortable dwelling house, teams of horses and herds of kine, and broad acres, which he had rendered exceedingly fruitful by his toil and skill.[156] These he was

forced to abandon, for the chiefs sitting in solemn conclave with the hungry palefaces had ceded all away. He came to the Buffalo Creek Reservation in the year 1828, and built a large and commodious house, which is still standing on the Buffalo and Aurora Plant Road, about three miles from the present City Hall in Buffalo. The tide of emigration, which had then commenced to flow westward, rolled by the house of Thomas, it being situated on the most frequented highway leading from the postal town of Buffalo in the direction of Ohio. Thomas' large, capacious house, with its comfortable surroundings, was a vision of beauty to the wayworn pilgrims passing by and on whom it beamed a smile of welcome. In short, the rites of hospitality were practised by Mr. Jemison to such an extent as to threaten him with financial ruin. He was at length prevailed upon to take a moderate compensation for the food and shelter which his heart had so long prompted him to bestow as a gratuity. Thenceforth, in addition to being a successful farmer, he became a publican as well, and thrived apace in this double capacity.

When the Indians, by means of arts which history has already stamped as infamous, were betrayed into ceding away the Buffalo Creek Reservation, Thomas migrated with his people to the banks of the Cattaraugus, where he has ever since resided, and where that rare good fortune, born of integrity and industry, has ever since attended him.

It is not known how many descendants of the White Woman are now living, but they are sufficiently numerous to form a distinct clan of themselves. The name Jemison is at once the most common and the most honorable patronymic among the modern Sene-

cas, and of this numerous family the oldest, and by tacit consent the chief, is Thomas Jemison, or Buffalo Tom. When it is remembered that he was born in a bark wigwam and reared amid pagan darkness, at a time when his nation, wasted and broken by a desolating war, was fast falling into decay, that it was his fate to live in that transition period in the history of the Iroquois which witnessed the exchange of the old barbaric virtues for the deadily vices which afflict civilized communities, his career must assuredly be regarded as an exceedingly creditable if not remarkable one. Jemison was wise enough to seize upon the prizes which civilization proffered, and to firmly resist the allurements of its vices. He never drank, never gambled, and was never under the dominion of any degrading habit. His reputation for truth and integrity was never assailed, and his example of patient but enlightened industry, and fore-handed thrift, has been of incalculable benefit to his people. In fact, it would seem that the virtues which adorned the character of the grandmother, after lying dormant for one generation, had blossomed into rarer beauty in the next.

Mr. Jemison resides about half a mile distant from the Cattaraugus Mission House, in a two-story frame dwelling, which differs little from the ordinary abode of well-to-do farmers in the New England or Middle States. The house stands a few rods back from the highway, and the intervening space is filled with shrubbery, and protected from the street by a neat picket fence. The house is flanked on one side by a building constructed of hewn logs, with a roof which, in the fashion of the old class of Indian dwellings, projects four or five feet from the main front wall,

so as to perform the office of a porch. The former proprietor of this ancient building was a white captive known as Hank Johnson, who with his Delaware wife, inhabited it many years, and is renowned in local traditions for his valor as a warrior and his many chivalrous virtues. To the right of this venerable edifice, which is now used as a granary, is a neat carriage house with open wings for the shelter of teams and wagons. In the rear of the house is an enormous shed, where, sawed and split and neatly piled, is a twelve-months' supply of fuel; and beyond, surrounded by well-fenced fields, and an extensive orchard, are barns which overflow with plenty.[157]

It is the home of thrift and competence, and wears a marvellously snug and contented look—no weather-worn clapboards; no doors or windows or gates bereft of hinges and creaking out a dismal protest against neglect; no plows, or other implements, unhoused and rusting; no gaping fences to tempt four-footed marauders; no gaunt, unruly kine, or lean, unkempt horses—everything speaks of a vigilant, provident, and prosperous farmer.

The interior of Mr. Jemison's house does not belie the promise of its exterior. A stranger invoking its hospitality, and ignorant of the race to which its occupants belong, will naturally stare with wonder, as, in obedience to his call, a modest and neatly dressed Indian maiden opens the door and invites him to enter. He will be shown into a handsomely furnished parlor with carpets, and chairs, sofa and centre table. and whose walls are adorned with prints framed in gilt and walnut. When invited to partake of their fare he will be ushered into a spacious dining-room, in the centre of which is a table spread with snowy

damask and groaning under a profusion of well-cooked and substantial viands. Everything is scrupulously clean and an air of Quaker-like tidiness pervades the apartment. A large family of handsome Indian men and youths and maidens—for Buffalo Tom is a true patriarch—sit down with him at this hospitable board, presided over by the master himself, a tall, vigorous old man, with shrewd yet kindly eyes peering at you beneath shaggy eyebrows whose raven hue contrasts strangely with the silvery whiteness of his ample locks.

An Indian girl stands behind her mistress, and serves the table with a quiet facility and unconscious grace that are beyond praise.

Should our imaginary guest sleep under this friendly roof he will find a well-furnished chamber and a luxurious couch inviting to repose.

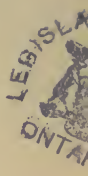
Should he engage the different members of this interesting family in conversation, he will discover true feminine refinement and delicacy of thought and feeling shining through the maidenly reserve of the females; he will mentally note that the young men can converse in English as intelligently as the majority of white youths who have had the advantage of training in the grammar schools, and he will be quick to discover, lurking through the imperfect English of Buffalo Tom, an honest candor, a quickness of apprehension, a robust good sense, and, moreover, a keenness of wit which ever and anon flashes through and lightens the conversation.

Mrs. Jemison is a full-blooded Seneca, and is a granddaughter of a once famous chieftain, known to the whites by the unromantic name of Sharp Shins, who flourished at the period of the Revolutionary War. She rarely attempts to speak in the English

tongue, and out of regard to this good mother the Seneca is the language of her household.

It is gratifying to see so much happiness, and such a degree of material prosperity attained by one who, many years ago, was born a wild man in a rude hut on the banks of the Genesee.

Considering the appalling difficulties which hampered the young barbarian in competing with white men, heirs of a thousand years of progress, we cannot but marvel at his triumph, nor refuse to pay our homage to a character so innately pure and sweet, and yet so strong.



Mr. Jemison, although a reverent man, does not believe that the Christian religion, or its handmaid, education, is the sole panacea for the ills which afflict his people. With so many glaring examples around him of educated and Christianized Indians relapsing into profligacy and barbarism, he can see no safety for the young, no sure guarantee of a life of comparative innocency and happiness, save in habits of dogged industry. To such a degree is his mind dominated by this idea, that he loses no opportunity of enforcing his favorite apothegm that industry is the mother of morality and happiness. No man could be less tolerant of idleness and improvidence than he.

"Handsome Lake," the great modern prophet of the Iroquois, to whose preaching Jemison listened in his youth, was the Indian Mahomet who sought to reconcile the precepts of holy living which Christ taught with the old Indian superstition of a separate creation and a distinct ultimate destiny. Jemison's religion is the gospel of LABOR, of which, at the sacrifice of much of his popularity among the slothful red men, he has been the great apostle for more than half a century.

CHAPTER III.[158]

By Mrs. Asher Wright.

The last hours of the captive.—Mary Jemison desires to see the missionaries.—Interview with Mrs. Wright.—A mother's dying injunction asserts its influence.—The captive's anguish at forgetting her mother's prayer.—Dawn upon a troubled soul.—Personal appearance of Mary Jemison.—Her character.

Soon after I came to the Seneca Mission on the Buffalo Creek Reservation, in 1833, I was informed that Mary Jemison had removed from her home on the Genesee Reservation and was living near the Mission station. As I had often heard of her history, I felt a desire to see her, and was planning to pay her a visit, when our interpreter called one day and told us he had recently seen her and that she was anxious to see some of the missionaries. I had been told that she had never been interested in any efforts made to give her religious instruction, and that in fact she was as strong a pagan as any of the Indians, and was strongly prejudiced against the Christian religion. I went to see her the next day, in company with a young girl who could interpret for me if necessary. I found her in a poor hut, where she lived with her daughter. There was a low bunk in one corner of the room, on which she lay. It was made by laying a few boards on some logs. A little straw was on the boards, over

HIOKATOO,

Mrs. Jemison's second husband, as he appeared when attired in his war dress. He died at Gardow Flats in 1811, at the advanced age of 103 years.

FAC-SIMILE FROM FIFTH EDITION, 1840

which a blanket was spread. She was curled up on the bed, her head drawn forward, sound asleep, and as she lay, did not look much larger than a child ten years old. My interpreter told her daughter what had brought us to her house. She said her mother did want to see us very much, and she was glad we had come. She then went to the bunk and tried to awaken her mother, but she slept so soundly I feared she would not succeed. After calling her repeatedly she shook her with considerable force and partly raised her up in her bed, and told her some strangers wished to see her. After she was roused so as to recognize us I went forward and shook hands with her and told her who I was and why I had come. As soon as she understood the object of my visit she said, with much emotion: "I am glad to see you. A few nights ago I was lying on my bed here, and I could not sleep. I was thinking over my past life and all that had befallen me: how I had been taken away from my home, and how all my relations had been killed, and of my poor mother and her last words to me." As she went on her emotion increased, and sobs and tears almost made her voice inaudible. "It was the second night after we were taken by the Indians. We were in the woods. We were very tired and faint with hunger. My little brothers and sisters were asleep on the ground. My mother drew me to her side, and, putting her arm around me, she said: 'My child, you are old enough to understand what a dreadful calamity has come upon us. We may be separated to-night, and God only knows whether we shall ever see each other again. Perhaps we may be killed and you may be spared. I want you to remember what we have taught you, and, above all, never forget the prayer

which you have always repeated with your little brothers and sisters. I want you to say it every day as long as you live. I want you to promise me you will not forget.' I promised my mother that I would do what she said, and then an Indian came to us and led me away into the woods. My mother called after me and said: 'Be a good girl, Mary, and God will take care of you.' I lay down on the ground and cried myself to sleep. Those were the last words my mother ever spoke to me, and I never saw her face again. I never forgot what she said, and the promise I made. For a good many years I remembered the prayer, and no matter where I was or how tired I was I always repeated it every night. But as my cares increased and I had to spend so much time working hard to take care of my children and family, at last I forgot some of the words, and was not sure that I said any of it right, and gradually I left it off, and at last I forgot it all, and the other night I began to think about it, and I thought I had done very wrong to break my promise to my mother, and now I do not know how to pray." I think her idea was that there was only that one prayer which would be acceptable to God, and as she had forgotten that, there was no hope that she could pray aright. "The more I thought about it, the worse I felt, and I began to cry aloud, and I said a great many times, 'O God, have mercy on me.' My daughter told me to stop crying and go to sleep, but I could not, because I felt so badly. I think my daughter thought I was crazy. She did not know what I felt bad about. The next day I sent word to the missionaries that I wanted to see them, for I thought they could tell me what I ought to say when I pray, for I don't know what I ought to say,

since I have forgotten the prayer my mother taught me." While she talked, the tears streamed down her wrinkled cheeks, as she sat on the side of her low bed, almost bent double. I told her she could not have said anything more appropriate than "God, be merciful to me." I told her of the infinite love of God to us, and that He always hears the cry of those who look to Him in trouble—that He knew all her past life, and that He pitied her and would surely hear her prayer. I then repeated the Lord's prayer in English. She listened, with an expression both solemn and tender, till near the close, when suddenly it was evident a chord had been touched which vibrated into the far distant past, and awakened memories both sweet and painful. She immediately became almost convulsed with weeping, and it was some time before she could speak. At length she said: "That is the prayer my mother taught me and which I have forgotten so many years." When she had regained her composure, I read some passages of Scripture to her and tried to explain the gospel plan of salvation, and commending her to the care of Him who never breaks the bruised reed, I bade her good-bye, little thinking it would be my last interview with this interesting woman.

I thought it a remarkable instance—the permanent influence of a mother's teaching. Full three-quarters of a century had passed since she made the promise to her mother, which it was not strange she had not kept, the memory of which was the means of rousing her to enquire as to how she could approach God and find peace. For, doubtless, this was what her poor, long benighted mind craved: as does that of every other human being, in this fallen world. From what

we learned of her subsequent state of mind, from her daughter and others, there is good reason to believe that she died in the cheering faith of the gospel, and not in the darkness of paganism, by which she had been for so many years surrounded.

Mary Jemison must have been small in stature; she had a very white skin, yellow or golden hair and blue eyes. Her face was somewhat bronzed by long exposure; but I noticed that at the back of her neck her hair was a bright color and curly, and her skin very white. Her hands and feet were small, her features were regular and pleasing in expression.

From all that I have learned of her from those who were for years contemporary with her, she possessed great fortitude and self-control; was cautious and prudent in all her conduct; had a kind, tender heart; was hospitable and generous and faithful in all her duties as a wife and mother. She must have possessed an excellent constitution, as she endured unexampled hardships and yet lived to the advanced age of ninety-three.

My visit evidently excited and wearied her, and she seemed quite exhausted and toward the last quite sleepy; which warned me that I ought to bring it to a close.[159]

O-NO-NEÃ GOS-HÁ-DÃ, OR CORN-HUSK SALT BOTTLE.

CHAPTER IV.[160]

By William Pryor Letchworth, LL.D.

Additional particulars relating to Mary Jemison's parentage. —Site of old homestead in Adams County, Pa.—Robert Buck's grave.—Description of "White Woman's" personal appearance.—Dr. Munson's and Henry O'Reilly's interviews with her.—Place where she was captured.

In 1875 the editor of the *Gettysburg Compiler* published an article in his paper descriptive of the troubles the early settlers of Adams County, Pa., experienced with the Indians. The following extract from this newspaper article is of interest in connection with the life of Mary Jemison.

"About a year ago we paid a visit to Buchanan Valley, in the South Mountain, this county, and called upon, among others, Robert Bleakney and wife, an aged and intelligent couple, whose knowledge of local history is extensive and reliable. From them we learned—as they have the facts from tradition through generations of the family residing on the same farm, corroborated by records in an old family Bible—that about 1755, the Indians, still quite numerous on the other side of the mountain, became troublesome and threatened incursions among the whites. The few settlers in what is now Buchanan Valley became alarmed at the unfriendly attitude assumed by the redskins, and several families removed from the mountain, among them the Bleakneys, who went to 'Little Conowago,' and remained there a year or two. A

family by the name of Kilkennon, living where Samuel McKenrick now does, had a goodly number of stout boys, all well armed, and they thought they would risk staying if the Indians should come. But, soon after, the aspect of affairs became so alarming that they left, and intended to take the Jemisons, who occupied the tract recently sold by Joseph I. Livers to Francis Cole, with them, and went in that direction. But, hearing much firing about Jemison's, they started down the creek to a blockhouse erected by the whites for protection, somewhere near where Samuel Hartman now resides, back of Arendtsville. Of the Jemisons, the father and mother, with a daughter, were carried off by the Indians; William Mann, who worked there, was shot and killed; and two boys, both small, crept into a hollow log and escaped. The daughter was seen a number of years after by missionaries. She had married an Indian chief, but could give no account of her parents, as they fell behind in the march from the settlement and were probably killed by their captors."

The foregoing is quoted in a longer article in the *Gettysburg Compiler* of December 4, 1879, with the following comment:

"Since the above was published, Mrs. Bleakney, refreshing her memory, states that the man killed on the day the Jemison family was abducted was named Buck, not Mann."

This correction harmonizes with the account of the tragedy published in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of April 13, 1758, which says that Robert Buck was the victim.[14]

The article above quoted was one of a series of four by the Rev. William K. Zieber which appeared in the *Compiler* on December 4, 11, 18 and 25, 1879, under the heading:

Local Indian History.
Buchanan Valley, Adams Co., Pa.
Abduction and Massacre of the Jemison Family by the Indians in 1755.

From these articles, based largely on a copy of the first edition of "The Life of Mary Jemison" which had come into Mr. Zieber's possession, but also containing original matter concerning local landmarks, the following paragraphs are quoted:

"The first settlements in the southwestern portion of the territory now embraced in Adams County were made by Scotch-Irish. About the year 1735, a number of families established themselves near the sources of Marsh Creek. Others soon followed, among whom, in the year 1742 or 1743, were Thomas Jemison and his wife, Jane Erwin, the parents of the 'White Woman.'

"Thomas Jemison and wife were of honorable and wealthy Scotch-Irish parentage. Leaving some port of Ireland in the ship *William and Mary*, they reached in due time the city of Philadelphia. When they left the evergreen isle they had but three children, two sons and a daughter. During the voyage another daughter was born to them, whom they named Mary, whose birth upon the stormy sea foreshadowed the rough and sorrowful experiences she was subsequently called to endure.

"Fond of rural life, having been bred to agricultural pursuits, Thomas Jemison soon left Philadelphia for what were then the frontiers of Pennsylvania, and settled upon an excellent tract of land lying on Marsh Creek. Being of industrious habits, he soon cleared a large farm and reaped the fruit of his labors. For a period of ten or eleven years, during which time two or more sons were added to his family, this hardy pioneer led a busy and contented life in his home along the foot of South Mountain.

"In the autumn of the year 1754 Thomas Jemison moved either to another part of his farm or to another neighborhood, a short distance from his former abode, into what is now known as Buchanan Valley. A good house and a log barn were among the improvements he found on the new farm. Among his neighbors were James Bleakney, who survived until the spring of 1821, dying in the 98th year of his age. James Bleakney was the grandfather of Mrs. Robert Bleakney, visited by the editor of the *Compiler*, and subsequently by the writer. It was from this venerable ancestor that Mrs. Bleakney heard of the misfortunes of the Jemison family, and learned where their farm was located.

"For about twenty years from the first settlements made on and along Marsh Creek, and in the secluded valley enclosed in the heart of the South Mountain, the sturdy settlers were allowed to sow and reap in peace. But a storm was brewing, destined to burst upon them, and for awhile to drive them from their happy homes."

After giving an account of the capture of the Jemison family by the Indians, Mr. Zieber writes thus respecting the burial-place of Mr. Buck whose name he erroneously gives as William instead of Robert:

"William Buck, the murdered man, was buried by the neighbors not far from the spot where they found his body. The burial was a hurried one, for they had other pressing work on hand. Last autumn, whilst on a visit to Buchanan Valley in company with the editor of the *Compiler*, the grave of this victim of Indian atrocity was pointed out to us. Two maple trees standing at the edge of a shallow ravine mark his resting-place. A large pile of stones, gathered in the adjoining field, and bordering the grave, serve as a rude and unpolished monument. The house and barn occupied and owned by the unfortunate Jemison family have both succumbed to the ravages of time, and

no vestige remains to tell where they once stood. A few gnarled and decaying apple trees, so old that no one now living there can tell when they were planted, testify that once near by there stood a habitation. But that solitary grave beside the maple trees, with its cairn-like monument and its tragic history, is not forgotten.

"With some hesitation we venture to relate what was told us, viz., that those who plow among the old apple trees are wont to uncover a spot where the soil has the color of blood, indicating the place where the kindly earth received the crimson drops trickling from the wounds of the murdered Buck."

It is a matter of regret that no pencil sketch or other picture from life was ever taken of Mary Jemison. The fact that nothing of the kind exists gives greater interest to every description of her personal appearance or characteristics by those who have seen her or visited her in her home. William B. Munson, M.D., of Independence, Ohio, in reply to an inquiry made by Mr. Letchworth for such information as would be useful in preparing a statue of Mary Jemison, wrote, October 12, 1876, as follows:

"According to the picture which I have in my mind of her, she had the shape, form, and figure of an active, lively little old woman, seventy-five or eighty years of age, about four and a half feet in height, exhibiting the remains of a fair complexion and regular features that had been in youth extremely beautiful. The cheek bones were not prominent, nor was the chin, and the nose was not large; but, considering her age, all these features were quite symmetrical. The head was of medium size, covered with gray hair smoothed backward; the neck was not long, but in due proportion to the size of her head and body; the shoulders were rounded and stooping forward or bent, a position which might have been acquired, or

have been brought about by the manner of bearing burdens customary with Indian women, and from age and the effects of hardships encountered throughout her eventful life. The eyesight had become dim, but the features had not become wrinkled as much as might have been expected from the many troubles and sorrows endured by her.

"The 'White Woman' was quite intelligent, sociable, and communicative, but grave and serious after the manner of the Indians with whom her life from early childhood had been spent. With familiar acquaintances she would join in lively conversation and brisk repartee. Mentioning to her upon one occasion that I had read the history of her life, and that it had interested me very much, 'Ah, yes!' she replied, 'but I did not tell them who wrote it down half of what it was.' It was thought at that time that she withheld information which the Indians feared might stir up against them the prejudices of the white people.

"In making visits to the 'White Woman' we were in the habit of taking along some trifling presents for her. At one time we carried along a bottle of best Madeira wine. She manifested her grateful acknowledgment of the gift, and, taking the bottle of wine, went and hid it carefully away from the Indians.

"She was residing in her own blockhouse, superintending preparations of provisions for a journey to Buffalo, about the last time I saw her, shortly before the final departure of the Indians from the Genesee country. She was assisted in the work by her daughter Polly and a number of young papooses. They had a large brass kettle swung over an open fire of wood upon the hearth. The kettle was filled with boiling fluid. Sitting, standing, and squatting around a large wooden trough filled with hominy made into dough, the mother, daughter, and grandchildren were busily engaged in making up balls of dough from the kneeding-trough and incorporating therein plenty of dried apples and pumpkin which lay beside the trough. As the balls were made up they were tossed

into the boiling kettle, and when deemed thoroughly cooked, were taken out and laid upon boards or pieces of bark. I remember the food had a savory odor and appeared to be very good; but we could not vouch for the palatableness of the delectable dumplings, as they offered none of them to us. In viewing the preparation of this food, however, we saw most beautifully and satisfactorily solved the problem which so long muddled and belabored the brains of King George the Third, namely, the mystery of how the apple got into the dumpling.

"The last time I remember seeing her was late in the fall season. She was habited in woollen petticoat and short gown that came mid-leg below the knees, buckskin leggings and moccasins, and, over all, a white, common woollen Indian blanket. It was just at night, and she was going in search of a stray Indian pony, and was led by a young Indian, one of her grandchildren. She went spatting through the rivulet of ice-cold water just north of the house, and although her sight was so dim she could scarcely see, to all appearance, to discern in twilight twice the length of a horse, on she went, in spite of every obstacle, with the same energy and determined purpose that had characterized her whole life."

Mr. Henry O'Reilly, the historian, in writing to Mr. Letchworth in 1883, referred to De-he-wä-mis in the following sympathetic strain:

"My acquaintance with Mary Jemison and my visits to her cabin while I was her neighbor in the upper Genesee Valley are among the pleasantest recollections of my life. The fact that I came in boyhood from that part of Ireland where her parents dwelt made her conversations with me particularly animated and enthusiastic. My last visit to her was made when she was about ninety years old, and her remarks to me then furnished to my mind a striking illustration of the proneness of aged persons to recur

to the phraseology of their youth. Heaven rest her gentle spirit!"

By Edward Hagaman Hall, L.H.D.

At the request of the Reviser of the 1918 edition of "The Life of Mary Jemison," the writer of the following pages visited Adams County, Penn., in June, 1918, with a view to getting such information as might enable him to indicate the place of Mary Jemison's capture more definitely than it is indicated in the foregoing pages.

According to the captive's narrative (page 19), the Jemison family first settled on a large farm "lying on Marsh creek" (see note No. 9 on "Marsh Creek"); but in the autumn preceding her abduction, they moved to either another part of the farm or another neighborhood a short distance from their former abode (page 21). In his article in the *Gettysburg Compiler* in 1875, before quoted, the Rev. William K. Zieber identified the site of the Jemisons' second home as the "tract recently sold by Joseph I. Livers to Francis Cole" in what is now Buchanan Valley. It was the task of the present writer to locate this tract, the position of which was so well known to Mr. Zieber from personal visits but so imperfectly described by him.

The following statements are based, first, upon a careful reading of Mr. Zieber's article in the original files of the *Gettysburg Compiler;* second, upon research in the office of the Recorder of Deeds for Adams County in the courthouse at Gettysburg; third, upon interviews with persons familiar with local history and traditions; and fourth, upon a personal visit to the

place which, for convenience, may be called the Jemison farm. Thanks to the advice and geographical directions given by William Arch McClean, Esq., counsellor-at-law and proprietor of the *Gettysburg Compiler*, at the beginning of the investigation, the inquiry was greatly facilitated. In looking over the files of this weekly paper, which celebrated its centennial anniversary in 1918, it was interesting to note the high literary quality of its contents—an indication of the character not only of its editors but also of the inhabitants of Adams County, some of them contemporaries of the Jemisons, who in successive generations have been its readers for a century past.

Among the articles entitled to share in this encomium are those by Mr. Zieber concerning Mary Jemison. His statement in regard to the identity of the place where she was captured has peculiar value, for his authority on that point was Mrs. Robert Bleakney whose information was obtained in person from her grandfather, James Bleakney; and as James Bleakney was a contemporary and neighbor of the Jemisons, this source of information is so direct that in the absence of anything to the contrary, it must be accepted as reliable. As both Mr. Zieber and Mrs. Bleakney are now dead, the reader who is interested in the details of the story of Mary Jemison will have a deep appreciation of the historical zeal which led the former to record in the *Gettysburg Compiler* the results of his interview with the latter, and thus preserve the identity of a spot having such a dramatic history.

The farm on which Mr. Zieber thus authoritatively locates the scene of Mary Jemison's capture lies in the angle formed by the confluence of Sharp's run and Conewago Creek, in the township of Franklin, in

Adams County, Penn., about ten miles in an air line northwest of Gettysburg. While this site is nearer to Conewago Creek than Marsh Creek, the nearest headwaters of the two streams are not a mile apart, and the place is near enough to the latter to warrant the expression used in the contemporary account of the tragedy in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of April 13, 1758, which speaks of "Thomas Jamieson's at the head of Marsh creek."

The history of this tract may be traced back as far as 1794 in the archives in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of Adams County in the courthouse at Gettysburg, but as Adams County was set off from York County in 1800, records prior to that date must be sought in York County.

On October 24, 1794, William Sharp—probably he after whom Sharp's run is named—by an instrument of writing recorded in the office for recording of deeds in York County, in Book DD, page 32, conveyed to George Campbell a tract "containing 303 acres and the usual allowance of six acres per cent."

On April 19, 1798, Campbell sold the property to Peter Bregner.

On December 30, 1799, Bregner conveyed it to Peter Greckler (or Greckeler).

On January 20, 1800, Greckler conveyed it to Philip Stambaugh, who willed it to his sons Jacob, Henry, and John.

On March 15, 1816, Jacob and Henry Stambaugh conveyed it to John Lowstetter (or Lohstetter) for the sum of $3,030. This conveyance, recorded at page 199 in Book H of Deeds at Gettysburg, recites the previous titles.

By virtue of a warrant of the Court of Common

Pleas of August 15, 1818, the Sheriff of Adams County seized the estate of Lowstetter to satisfy a debt of $639.28 plus interest which Lowstetter owed to Henry Harbaugh and Peter Stem, administrators of Yost Harbaugh, deceased; and it was sold at public auction to Jacob Harbaugh, the highest bidder, for $700. It was conveyed by the deed poll of the Sheriff, Barnhart Gilbert, bearing date April 20, 1822, and recorded in Book L, at folio 377, in the Recorder's office at Gettysburg. The property is described as adjoining John Weaver, Daniel Noel, and others, and on it were two dwellings, a barn and a new sawmill with appurtenances.

On January 27, 1831, Harbaugh conveyed the property to Samuel Brady, Sr.

On July 20, 1842, Samuel Brady, Sr., conveyed it to Samuel Brady, Jr.

On March 30, 1867, Samuel Brady, Jr., conveyed it to Joseph I. Livers.

On May 2, 1874—which was "recently" with respect to the Rev. Mr. Zieber's article in the *Gettysburg Compiler* in 1875—Livers conveyed to Francis Cole, for the consideration of $3,500, a portion of the above described tract containing 105 acres and 14 perches, less 7 acres and 30 perches sold to Abner D. Kuhn, or a tract of 97 acres and 15 perches "neat measure."

On August 24, 1901, Cole sold the farm to John Francis Dillon who occupied it and adjacent property in 1918.

The farm can be reached by two or three routes from Gettysburg, but it may be doubted if any could be more convenient and interesting than that followed by the writer when he visited the place in June, 1918. Leaving Gettysburg by the Chambers-

burg Pike and crossing the historic Seminary Ridge with its many monuments and cannon marking the scene of the battle of July 1, 1863, one gets his first glimpse of Marsh Creek as he crosses it about three and a half miles from the city. A half a mile farther, at the little hamlet of Seven Stars, the route turns northward and leads through Mummasburg to Arendtsville (see page 214) and thence northwestward through Bridgeport to the Narrows. The latter is a deep passage between Big Hill and Bear Mountain through which Conewago Creek escapes from Buchanan Valley. At the Narrows the writer paused to interview the family of James C. Cole, and received helpful information from the former owners of the Jemison farm as to its present ownership and location. From the Narrows, the road emerges into Buchanan Valley, named after the fifteenth President of the United States who was born at Mercersburg in the adjacent county of Franklin. Here the road turns to the southwestward, and in the next two and a half miles crosses the Conewago three times. Just before reaching Sharp's Run one comes to an old farm road which leads off from the main thoroughfare northwestward toward Conewago Creek and which the name on the rural free delivery letter-box indicates to be the way to Mr. Dillon's home. Mr. Dillon's house stands on the east side of Sharp's Run, about midway between the public road and the Conewago. In June, beautiful red roses bloom in profusion in the door-yard, and the pilgrim may pick delicious cherries and mulberries from the trees in the surrounding orchard.

Upon learning the mission of the writer, Mr. and Mrs. Dillon and their married daughter extended to him the most generous hospitality. Mr. Dillon, who

A SENECA WARRIOR

In the costume of the Iroquois.

is familiar with the traditions of the place, took evident pleasure in pointing out its landmarks and was unremitting in his attentions as a cicerone.

The traditional site of Mary Jemison's home at the time of her capture, as pointed out by Mr. Dillon, lies on the gently sloping west side of the little valley of Sharp's Run, only a few rods from that small stream, and about a quarter of a mile from Conewago Creek. At the time of the writer's visit the place of the terrible tragedy of April 5, 1758, was covered with golden billows of wheat ready for the harvest. The "shallow ravine" mentioned by Mr. Zieber is that of Sharp's Run. The "two maple trees" which marked the last resting-place of Robert Buck, who was murdered at the time of Mary's abduction, were cut down by Mr. Dillon about fifteen years ago, as were also the "few gnarled and decaying apple trees," remnants of the Jemison orchard, mentioned by Mr. Zieber. The "large pile of stones" marking the site of Buck's grave is still there and serves as a lasting if rude monument to preserve the identity of the site. It is to be hoped that, as a worthy monument marks the place in Letchworth Park, in New York State, where Mary Jemison is buried, so some more suitable memorial may sometime be erected to mark the spot where her dramatic history, recorded in these pages, began. Mr. Dillon referred to the red spot in the wheat-field which, according to the tradition recorded by Mr. Zieber, is due to the blood of the murdered Buck; but he explained it on the more rational theory that the earth was discolored by the burning of a stump. More tangible and credible evidence of the presence of Indians is afforded by the stone arrow-points which people used to find in this vicinity.

Mr. Dillon says that one neighbor found a beautifully fashioned stone tomahawk head not far from the scene of the Jemison tragedy several years ago.

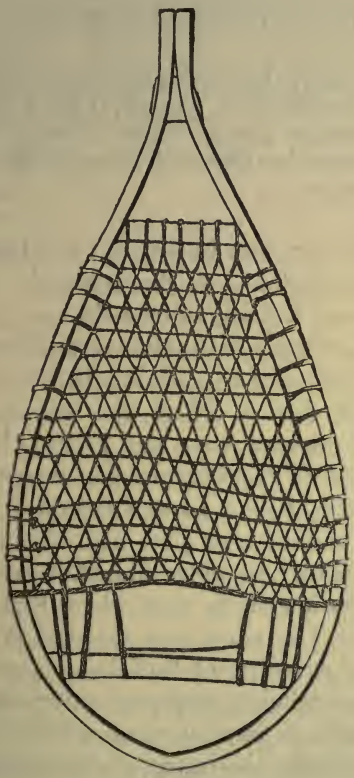
Ascending to the top of the hill on which the wheat-field and adjacent corn-field are planted, one has a fine prospect of the broad and beautiful valley which the flowing waters of the Conewago have eroded during ages of geological time. The floor of the valley at this point is about 1,250 feet above the level of the sea. To the eastward lies Big Hill with an elevation of 1,600 feet, while to the westward Piney Mountain rises to a height of nearly 1,900 feet.

Although this region is called "mountainous," it is not to be inferred that it is a wilderness. It abounds in broad valleys and smiling fields planted with wheat, oats, corn, and potatoes in their season and is apparently excellent farming land. After visiting the Conewago and Marsh Creek valleys, one can readily understand why the Jemisons and other pioneers came to this region and braved the perils of frontier life to establish their homes in such a paradise.

Upon leaving the Jemison farm, the return route led southwestward for a mile, northwestward about three-quarters of a mile, and thence southwestward about three miles to the Chambersburg pike which was reached about a mile and a half west of Marsh Creek Hollow. From this point the pike leads one through a very picturesque region for a dozen miles to Gettysburg, much of the distance being in sight of Marsh Creek valley.

For the benefit of other pilgrims who may be tempted to visit the shrine of Mary Jemison's girlhood it may be stated that the total distance traveled by the writer in this roundabout trip from Gettysburg

to the Jemison farm and return was thirty-three miles. The Chambersburg pike is a first-class State highway, and the other highways just described are good dirt roads. The scenery throughout the whole distance is varied and picturesque, and well repays the traveler.



GA-WEH'-GÄ, OR SNOW SHOE.

CHAPTER V.[161]

By William Pryor Letchworth, LL.D.

Interment of Mary Jemison's body in the Mission burial-ground at Buffalo, N. Y.—Removal of her remains to the Genesee river at Portage Falls.—Erection of a marble monument over her grave.—A bronze statue placed upon the monument.

Mary Jemison was buried in the Mission burial-ground near Buffalo, on the southerly side of the yard, the grave looking toward the east. The burying-ground is much smaller than formerly, the old and decayed boundary fence having been contracted to within a few feet of where she was buried. Red Jacket was interred near her grave. His remains were removed to the Cattaraugus Reservation, and subsequently to Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo. A large black walnut tree grew over the grave of the "White Woman," its great branches extending protectingly over it and the spot where Red Jacket was first buried. The grave was situated in the line of one of the new streets of Buffalo, as appears by one of the maps outlining projected enterprises, and the onward march of improvement would doubtless in time have brought the tramp of thousands of restless feet to the spot.

The soil is that of a dry yellow loam. The grave had doubtless been dug by the Indians, and was

not as deep as those usually made by white people. The process of exhuming was directed by her grandson, "Dr. Shongo," and his instructions were scrupulously observed. An excavation both wide and long was made, in order to facilitate removal. Time, it was found, had obliterated any elevation or depression of earth over the grave, if it ever had been so marked. A small fragment of the head-stone alone told of its sacred precincts. About two and a half feet from the surface of the ground fragments of decayed wood were visible. They proved, upon close examination, to be part of the original coffin, which was almost entirely disintegrated by decay. Parts of the coffin could only be recognized by a discoloration of the earth, where the dark wood had mingled with the soil and become a part of it. Its outline, however, was distinctly defined. Every piece of the decayed coffin and the minutest particle of its contents, including the earth itself, were reverently and carefully lifted up, commencing at the foot of the grave, and placed in the same relative position in a new coffin; the undertaker using for this purpose a broad shovel. The new coffin, of solid black walnut, elegantly mounted in silver, rested close beside the grave.

The bones which came under observation in process of disinterment were clean and dry, and in some cases almost disintegrated, as is usually the case when subjected to the action of soil of this nature. The cranium and jaw were perfect. The shape of the chin betokened firmness, and the intellectual and moral faculties, as indicated by the location and size of the various organs of the brain, were largely developed. The hair upon the top of the head was gray, thick, and short. At the back base of the skull

there were a few soft, silken, yellow curls lying underneath the gray. The bright, soft curls hidden away amid the trophies of age were noted by Mrs. Asher Wright, the wife of the reverend missionary of this name, in one of her visits to the "White Woman" before her death. As Mrs. Wright saw her lying upon her bed of skins and blankets in her log hut, these curls stole out from their hiding-place, as her withered fingers crept under her head, revealing at the same time a bit of fair white skin, delicate as an infant's, which shone in luminous contrast with her deeply wrinkled sunburnt features, that had weathered three-fourths of a century of sunshine and storm and wigwam smoke. A pair of buckskin moccasins contained a few delicate bones, all that was left of the small, well-shaped feet that had served her in long and toilsome marches through forest wildernesses. The leather of the moccasins was perfect, but the thongs with which they had been sewed and the cotton thread used in embroidering the bead work upon them had entirely decayed so that the parts were not held together. It was evident that she had been buried in the costume in which she had been named by the children of the forest when a lonely little girl on the banks of the Ohio, an hundred years agone. The broadcloth of which her leggings and skirt had been made was unmistakably distinguishable, although but in very small fragments. It was of fine texture. The bottom of the leggings had been hemmed with a narrow silken ribbon, originally either pink or scarlet, upon which small white beads were embroidered. This silken binding was almost as perfect as when made. A somewhat similar silken border or hem embellished the broadcloth skirt. This border was like-

wise in a good state of preservation. Near the centre of the grave was found a peculiarly shaped porcelain dish, which probably contained when placed there, articles of food. In the dish was a wooden spoon greatly decayed. The spoon was between four and five inches long, having a wide, shallow bowl. The dish was of the size of a small dinner plate, and was shaped like an ordinary tea saucer. It was white and ornamented at equal intervals with pale blue sprigs or blossoms. These were doubtless provided by her Indian relatives to supply her with food while journeying to the Indian's happy hunting-grounds.

The entire contents of the grave having been duly gathered and placed in a new coffin, the lid was secured, and it was conveyed by the undertaker, as directed by "Dr. Shongo," to the Erie Railway depot, whence it was conveyed to Castile Station, Wyoming County, N. Y., and the day following re-interred with appropriate ceremonies near the old Council House of the Senecas on the Genesee River, near the Upper Falls of the Genesee. At the time of the Indian Council held within this historic building on the 1st of October, 1872, Thomas Jemison, a venerable grandson of the deceased, planted a black walnut tree at the spot which is now the foot of her grave. The nut from which this tree grew came from the tree which sheltered the old Jemison grave on the Indian Mission ground. The black walnut coffin is enclosed in a stone sarcophagus, which is closely sealed with cement. At the close of the ceremonies which took place at the re-interment on the Genesee, the coffin was opened, and "Dr. Shongo" took therefrom a lock of hair from the head of his deceased relative. With this exception all that was once mortal of the "White Woman of the

Genesee," and all that her grave contained in the old Mission burying-ground, are held in the stone sarcophagus buried near the old Council House.

[Buffalo Courier, Monday Morning, March 10, 1874.]

The remains of Mary Jemison, or Deh-he-wä-mis, commonly known as the "White Woman of the Genesee," were taken up last week from the old Mission burying ground at Red Jacket, near Buffalo, where they had been buried about forty years ago, and conveyed to the neighborhood of her home and life-long associations on the Genesee River. The stone that had marked her grave had been nearly destroyed by remorseless relic hunters, by whom it had been broken and carried away piece by piece until but a small portion of it remained above the ground. It was feared by those interested in preserving whatever pertained to the history of this remarkable character that in a few years all trace of her resting place would be obliterated.

The removal of the remains took place under the direction of James Shongo, a favorite grandson of the deceased, son of her daughter Polly by marriage with John Shongo. James was born under the "White Woman's" roof, and was a member of her family during his boyhood, and was present at her death and funeral. He also assisted in the removal of his grandmother to Buffalo, at the time she left the Gardeau Reservation, a few years prior to her death.

The spot selected for the final resting-place of her remains is a high eminence on the left bank of the Genesee River, overlooking the Upper and Middle Falls. The point is one commanding the finest views of the picturesque scenery of Portage—including both the Upper and Middle Falls and railroad bridge. Upon this eminence and quite near to her present grave is the ancient Seneca Council-house, removed a year or two since from Caneadea, within which it is believed Mary Jemison rested for the first time after her long and fatiguing journey of six hundred miles from Ohio, during which she carried her infant upon her back. The re-interment took place on Saturday afternoon in the presence of a large concourse of people, some of whom were old citizens from the Reservation which she once owned, who had known her during her life and held her memory in esteem. The remains were borne from Castile village to the old Council-house, within which appropriate exercises were conducted by Rev. W. D. McKinley of Castile. They consisted of the reading of selections from Scripture, a brief but very interesting reminiscence of the eventful life of the subject, and prayer. From the Council-house the remains were

GA-ON-SEH, OR BABY FRAME

taken to the grave, a few feet northerly of the building. The following gentlemen officiated as pall-bearers:

George Wheeler,	Benjamin Burlingham,
D. W. Bishop,	John Peter Kelley,
Giles Davis,	Isaac McNair.

Mary Jemison's former residence on the Gardeau Flats is but a few miles from the spot where her ashes now repose, and the murmur of the Genesee may be heard as one stands by her grave as she heard it during nearly seventy years that she lived upon its banks.

[From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, March 10, 1874.]

In our issue of Saturday last we made reference to the "Desecration of an Old Grave." As the circumstances were reported to us by a prominent member of the police force, whose information it seems was based on mischievous reports, an air of mystery was thrown about a common-place transaction, that left the parties participating in it in an undeservedly reprehensible position. The facts, as we have since gathered them, are substantially these:

The grave referred to was that of Mary Jemison, whose Indian name was Deh-he-wä-mis. She was commonly called by the early settlers of Western New York "The White Woman of the Genesee." It seems that for several years past James Shongo, a favorite grandson of the "White Woman," had contemplated removing the remains of his grandmother from their late precarious resting-place to some spot more remote from the encroachments of modern improvements. In this laudable desire his wishes have been seconded by others of her kindred. "Dr. Shongo" is a son of Polly and George Shongo, and grandson of a noted Indian who was principal chief at Caneadea in the old Indian wars. Polly Shongo was the youngest child of the "White Woman." She lived with her mother from the time of her marriage until her mother's death, and afterwards retained the old homestead until the Indians removed to the Cattaraugus Reservation. "Dr. Shongo" was born under the "White Woman's" roof upon the Gardeau Reservation, in the present town of Castile, and but two or three miles from the lower falls at Portage. He spent his boyhood about her person, and she is said to have been very fond of him, always desiring to have him near her. He assisted in removing her to Buffalo at the time she reluctantly left her home on the Genesee River, in 1831, only two years before her death. He was by her side in her last moments and was a sincere mourner at her funeral. He is now fifty-three years of age, and it is but natural that filial affection should desire what others interested in perpetuating his-

tory would like to see accomplished—namely, the preservation of her grave.

The stone which has marked it for forty years past had been ruthlessly destroyed by relic-seekers. Only a small portion of it was visible above the ground. It was liable at any time to be cast aside, and when this should happen all traces of one whose life was filled with extraordinary events would have been lost, except as it existed in memory and upon the pages of history. The process of exhuming took place on Friday last by Mr. Kraft, undertaker, under the direction of "Dr. Shongo," whose wishes were particularly observed throughout. The remains, which were but slightly distinguishable, were conveyed to the Erie R. R. depot the same day. They were taken to Castile Station in charge of "Dr. Shongo," and the same afternoon and during Saturday afternoon from Castile Station to the Genesee River, followed by a numerous cortege in carriages, comprising the best citizens of Castile and from "The Reservation," a number of whom knew the "White Woman" when alive, and held her memory in respect.

The following persons acted as pall-bearers:

George Wheeler,	Benjamin Burlingham,
D. W. Bishop,	John Peter Kelley,
Giles Davis,	Isaac McNair.

The remains were taken within the old log Council-house of the Senecas, now occupying a high eminence overlooking the Upper and Middle Falls at Portage. Within this ancient relic brief exercises were conducted by the Rev. W. D. McKinley of Castile, consisting of the reading of selections from Scripture, and a short reminiscence of the eventful life of Mary Jemison; the whole closing with prayer. The remains were deposited a few feet northerly from the Council-house, beside a black walnut tree, planted a few years since by the hand of Thomas Jemison, son of the "White Woman's" oldest son Thomas, who is now a feeble old man. A similar tree opposite the westerly entrance to the building was planted by John Jacket, a descendant of Red Jacket, and another at the easterly door was planted by Mrs. Osborne, a descendant of Capt. Brant, in which task she was assisted by one of Buffalo's most honored citizens, whom at this moment we reverently mourn.[162]

We are informed that it is the intention of the proprietor of the land about her grave to erect thereon a suitable monument or other fitting memorial.

So far from deserving any censure, the conduct of "Dr. Shongo," grandson of this remarkable woman, in thus endeavoring to perpetuate the earthly abiding-place of his relative, is highly praiseworthy. Others who may have aided him in carrying out this unselfish purpose are certainly entitled to great commendation.

Soon after the removal of the remains of Mary Jemison to the Indian Council House grounds a marble monument, the design for which was approved by her grandson, James Shongo, and some other of her descendants, was erected at the grave by the proprietor of the Council House grounds. One of its sides bears the inscription upon the original tombstone. (See page 196.)

Another side is inscribed as follows:

TO THE
MEMORY OF
MARY JEMISON,
Whose home during more than seventy years of a life of strange vicissitude was among the Senecas upon the banks of this river; and whose history, inseparably connected with that of this valley, has caused her to be known as
"THE WHITE WOMAN OF THE GENESEE."

On another side is the following inscription:

The remains of
"THE WHITE WOMAN"
were removed from the
Buffalo Creek Reservation
and reinterred at this place
with appropriate ceremonies
on the 7th day of March, 1874.

Over the grave, and conforming to its shape, is a curbing of stone slabs, the centre space being filled with earth to form a flower-bed. The stones are unhewn and but a few inches thick. They were, however, rude headstones, once used to mark the graves in the Indian burial-ground near the house of Mary

Jemison's daughter Nancy on the Gardeau Reservation. After Mary Jemison left the reservation the burial-ground was ruthlessly desecrated. A barn was built in the midst of the graves, and, in excavating for the foundation, the bones of many of the silent occupants were recklessly scattered over the surface of the ground, presenting at one time, according to an eye witness, a shocking sight. The graveyard was plowed over and the headstones of the graves were used in constructing a culvert in the highway near by. With the consent of the highway commissioner these were removed by the editor of this edition some years since and placed about Mary Jemison's grave in the manner just mentioned. In the bed thus formed wild flowers were planted by Shongo.

By Charles Delamater Vail, L.H.D.

In the foregoing pages of this chapter, written by Dr. Letchworth in 1877, he has modestly refrained from mentioning that he gave Mary Jemison's remains a resting-place on his own estate. Mr. Letchworth made his first acquisition of land at this place in 1859, and gradually increased his estate until it comprised about 1,000 acres, lying on both sides of the Genesee River for a distance of about three miles and including the three famous Portage Falls. In 1907 he gave this superb tract to the State of New York for a public park, upon condition that it should be in the custody of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, retaining a life tenancy until his death, nearly four years later.

Mary Jemison's grave is on a small elevated plateau,

which is called the Council House Grounds from the ancient log Council House of the Senecas which stands a few feet to the southeastward. The Council House formerly stood at Caneadea. It was purchased by Dr. Letchworth October 5, 1871, and removed to its present site in the spring of 1872. A short distance southwest of the grave is a similar building, a log cabin which Mary Jemison built on the Gardeau Reservation about 1800 for one of her daughters. It was given to Dr. Letchworth in July, 1880, by Mr. John Olmsted when it was threatened with destruction and Dr. Letchworth removed it to the Council House Grounds for preservation.

This spot, sacred to Mary Jemison's memory, is almost an ideal sanctuary for her remains. The little clearing is encircled by the forests which she knew. The Council House, which she passed on her journey to the Genesee Valley, and the log cabin which she built for her daughter, were objects familiar to her. Her grave is bordered by ancient stones which once marked the graves of the people among whom she lived. In a vista through the trees to the southward can be seen the Upper Fall which she saw. The only artificial object in sight which was unknown to her is the monument erected to her memory.

At the foot of the heights whose crest constitutes the Council House Grounds, but not visible from those grounds, is the Glen Iris residence, the home of Dr. Letchworth for over half a century—an old-fashioned but inviting and romantic building, still extending its hospitality to the visitor to Letchworth Park, and breathing yet of the genius of the philanthropist who once dwelt therein. Just to the northwestward of the residence is the new stone Library

and Museum, containing many relics of the period in which, and of the people among whom, Mary Jemison lived.

Dr. Letchworth had such a keen appreciation of the character of the White Woman of the Genesee that he was not content with providing a quiet spot for her last resting-place and placing over it a marble monument. His wish to do more to honor the memory of the heroic woman is expressed in the following letter, delivered by him to the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society on September 19, 1910, when his wish was consummated in the dedication of a beautiful bronze statue of Mary Jemison which was placed on the marble monument.

"To the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, greeting:

"When, in 1874, the remains of Mary Jemison were placed beside the ancient Indian Council House of the Senecas on the grounds now included in Letchworth Park, only the marble base of the monument which it was intended should mark her final resting place was erected. It was then my purpose to complete the monument, as soon as circumstances would permit, by placing thereon a bronze statue of this unfortunate and heroic woman. With this object in view I set about obtaining all possible information respecting the personal characteristics of Mary Jemison from persons who knew her intimately and had frequently visited her in her home, but it was not until recent years that I could give sufficient attention to the subject to take actual steps towards the accomplishment of my long-cherished plan. After careful and deliberate consideration and many conferences with the eminent sculptor, Mr. H. K. Bush-Brown, it was arranged that he should undertake the task of making the statue. Mr. Bush-Brown spent much time in studying his subject, and the

model which he produced was pronounced historically correct by Professor Arthur C. Parker, Chief of the Archæological Department of the New York State Museum; and as a work of art it was approved by a committee of the National Sculptors' Society and also by a committee of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society consisting of Honorable Charles M. Dow, chairman of the Letchworth Park Committee, George F. Kunz, Sc.D., Ph.D., President, and Edward Hagaman Hall, L.H.D., Secretary of the Society. For the kindly services rendered by all those interested in the development of the statue I beg to make my grateful acknowledgments.

"When the statue was completed in July last it was placed by Mr. Bush-Brown on the marble base where it now stands, and subsequently was made permanently secure by the Messrs. Bureau Brothers, bronze founders, of Philadelphia, the work being done in such a manner, with the use of bolts and cement, as to make the statue an integral part of this memorial to Mary Jemison.

"It is my intention and desire that this bronze statue of Mary Jemison shall always remain where it is now placed, and that it shall remain as much a part of these lands and grounds as the grave itself. It has become in law a part of the real estate and passes under your control and management at the same time and upon the same conditions as the rest of the property.

"Respectfully,
"William Pryor Letchworth.

"Letchworth Park,
"Township of Genesee Falls, N. Y.
September 19, 1910."

The statue is of bronze, somewhat larger than life size. It represents the white girl as she is believed to have appeared, arriving at the Genesee, dressed in Indian garb, carrying her Indian babe on her back,

and a small bundle in her right hand. Her attitude and the flow of her drapery indicate the motion of walking. The features of Mary Jemison were modeled from those of a girl who was of Scotch-Irish ancestry and who was about the same age as Mary Jemison when she arrived at the Genesee. The face of the babe, showing the distinct Indian cast of features, was modeled after a life study of an actual descendant of Mary Jemison. The dress represented in the statue is similar to those worn by the Shoshonean women and perhaps other western tribes. As Mary Jemison commenced her memorable journey from Ohio she possibly wore a dress of this character. The baby board (ga-os-ha) is of the Iroquois type and was modeled from specimens in the American Museum of Natural History and New York State Museum. The hoop over the face serves the double purpose of forming a frame for covering the baby's face and for a protection should a limb crash against it or the board fall when placed on the ground against a tree. The wrappings about the baby are arranged in two bands which, in the originals, are always of different colors, usually red and blue. A covering for the face is arranged to be drawn over the hoop and cover the child's face. In the statue this is pushed back against the mother's shoulders to allow the face of the babe to show. The bands are modeled from specimens then in the New York State Museum, once owned by Flying Feathers, a Tonawanda Seneca. The breast band or head band which holds the baby board was modeled from one collected in 1853 by Lewis H. Morgan, the first great Indian student and father of the science of American anthropology. The original was woven of elm bark shreds, warp and woof of one

INDIAN COUNCIL HOUSE WHICH MARY JEMISON PASSED AT CANEADEA, NEW YORK

Now at Letchworth Park by the side of her grave.

material, and was in the New York State Museum collection. The side pouch was modeled from the Red Jacket side pocket which in the original was doe skin embroidered with porcupine quills. The wooden ladle just above it is a characteristic spoon of the Senecas. The belt was modeled from a unique specimen and the decorations are of moose hair and porcupine quills. It was a Morgan specimen. The leggings were modeled from a pair collected at Tonawanda and are typical. The moccasins were designed from a rare pair collected by Mr. Morgan.

On the base of the statue is Mary Jemison's Indian name—Deh-ge-wä-nus.

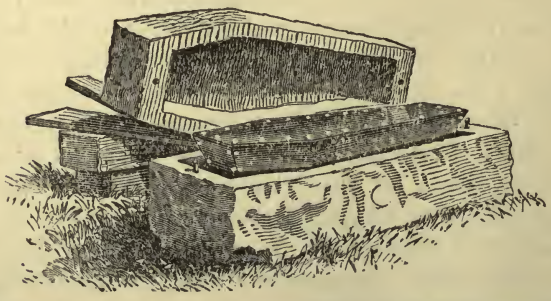
The dedicatory exercises were opened with an invocation by the Rev. Louis H. Peirson of Castile, N. Y., after which addresses were delivered by Charles M. Dow, LL.D., of Jamestown, N. Y., Chairman of the Letchworth Park Committee of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society; George Frederick Kunz, Ph.D., Sc.D., of New York City, President of the Society; Edward Hagaman Hall, L.H.D., of New York City, Secretary of the Society; Mr. Arthur C. Parker of Albany, N. Y., archæologist of the New York State Museum; Charles Delamater Vail, L.H.D., of Geneva, N. Y., a Trustee of the custodian Society; Professor Liberty Hyde Bailey of Ithaca, N. Y., Dean of the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University; and Mr. H. A. Dudley of Warsaw, N. Y., who saw Mary Jemison in 1831. Mr. Letchworth's letter of presentation, before quoted, was read, as was a letter from Mr. Bush-Brown, the sculptor. The statue was unveiled by Mrs. Thomas Kennedy and Miss Carlenia Bennett —Mrs. Kennedy being the daughter of Thomas Jemi-

son, grandson of the child represented on Mary Jemison's back, and Miss Bennett being of the sixth generation from Mary Jemison. Mr. Peirson pronounced the benediction.

On the following morning an Indian dedicatory ceremony was held.

An extended account of all these ceremonies is to be found in the Sixteenth Annual Report of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society published in 1911.

The dedication of the statue of Mary Jemison was the last occasion on which Dr. Letchworth appeared in public. He died less than three months later, on December 1, 1910, and was buried in Forest Lawn Cemetery in Buffalo, N. Y. It was as if in the completion of his plan adequately to fix in lasting memory the name of the White Woman of the Genesee he he reached the consummation of his wish and himself had lain down to rest.



SARCOPHAGUS ENCLOSING THE REMAINS OF "THE WHITE WOMAN."

CHAPTER VI.[163]

By William Holland Samson.[164]

Mary Jemison's last will and testament.—Sale of her rights in 17,927 acres of the Gardeau Reservation recalled.—Personality of the Indian witnesses of the will.

Although many editions of the narrative of the life of Mary Jemison which James E. Seaver wrote ninety-three years ago have been published, each more complete than its predecessor, and thousands of newspaper articles have been written about her extraordinary career, the subject is by no means exhausted. The *Rochester Post-Express* published many contributions to her history, but none more interesting than the article which it printed on December 15, 1894, containing the text of the last will and testament of the White Woman of the Genesee. This document, which had never been printed before, was in the possession of Hon. William C. Bryant of Buffalo, through whose courtesy the *Post-Express* was enabled to obtain a copy. Following is the text of the will and the comments thereon as they appeared in the *Post-Express:*

In the name of God, Amen. I, Mary Jamison, of the town of Castile, in the county of Genesee, and

state of New York, being of sound mind and perfect memory (blessed be Almighty God for the same), and considering the uncertainty of this mortal life, do make and publish this my last will and testament in manner and form following (that is to say, viz.:) I will that all my debts and funeral charges be paid out of my goods and effects. I give and bequeath to my beloved daughters, Nancy Jamison, Betsey Jamison and Polly Jamison, in equal proportions, and to their heirs forever, the three quarters of the principal and interest of a certain bond and mortgage executed by Jellis Clute and Micah Brooks for the sum of four thousand two hundred and eighty-six dollars, dated September 3d, 1823. I also give and bequeath to George Jamison, Jacob Jamison, John Jamison, Thomas Jamison, 2d, Jesse Jamison, Peggy White, Jane White, and Catharine Jamison, the children of my beloved son, Thomas Jamison, deceased, the other remaining one-fourth part of the principal and interest of the bond and mortgage of the said Clute and Brooks, to them and their heirs forever. I also will and bequeath to my three daughters above named, in equal portions, the remainder of my goods and effects, and I hereby appoint Jellis Clute, of Moscow, my sole executor of this my last will and testament—hereby revoking all former wills by me made. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this third day of September, 1823, one thousand, eight hundred and twenty-three.

her

(Signed) MARY X JAMISON (L.S.).

mark.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the above-named named Mary Jamison to be her last will and testament in the presence of us who have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses in the presence of the testator. The words "three-quar-

ters" in the 13th line and the words "one-fourth" in the 22d line interlined before signing.

(Signed) MICAH BROOKS,
WILLIAM CLUTE,
THOMAS CLUTE,
his
POLLARD X
mark,
his
JAMES X STEVENS.
mark

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
ERIE CO., } *ss.*

I, Israel T. Hatch, surrogate of the county of Erie, do hereby certify that in pursuance of chapter 6th, Title 1, Article 1, Part 2, of the Revised Statutes of the State of New York, upon the proofs and examinations taken at the surrogate's office in the city of Buffalo and county of Erie on the 29th day of December, 1834, and 27th day of April, 1835, by the testimony of Micah Brooks, Thomas Clute, William Clute, James Stevens and Pollard, subscribing witnesses to the last will and testament of the said Mary Jamison, deceased, and of James Stryker, Manning Stryker, John Ricord and Seneca White, that the said will was duly executed and that at the time of executing the same the testatrix was in all respects competent to make a will and of full age and not under any restraint, and in all respects competent to devise real estate. I further certify that the will and proofs thereof are recorded in the surrogate's office in the county of Erie, in Liber 2 of Wills at pages 102, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9.

In testimony whereof I, the surrogate aforesaid, have hereunto set my hand and
[SEAL] affixed my seal of office this 7th day of April, 1835.

I. T. HATCH,
Surrogate.

It will be observed that the will was made on the day that Jellis Clute and Micah Brooks executed the mortgage for $4,286. This mortgage formed part of the consideration for the purchase by these men of all Mary Jemison's right, title, and interest to the 17,927 acres of the Gardeau Reservation, with the exception of a tract two miles long and one mile wide lying on the Genesee River, which she reserved for her own use, and one lot of land which she had promised to give to Thomas Clute for his faithful guardianship over her property.

This sale was the conclusion of negotiations extending over seven years, for it was in 1816 that Micah Brooks, of Bloomfield, and Jellis Clute, of Leicester, first proposed to buy the land which lay in an unproductive state. Many obstacles presented themselves. To begin with, it was necessary that Mary Jemison should become naturalized, so she could make a legal conveyance, and to this end a special act of the Legislature was necessary. Then it was discovered that the assent of the Seneca chiefs must be obtained to the sale and that this assent must be given at a council under the superintendence of a commission appointed by the President of the United States. The Council was held at Moscow, Livingston County, September 3, 1823, Major Carroll, Judge Howell, and Nathaniel Gorham being the commissioners, Jasper Parrish the Indian agent, and Horatio Jones the interpreter. According to Mary Jemison's narrative, Henry B. Gibson was associated with Brooks and Clute in the purchase and, among other considerations, they bound themselves to pay Mary Jemison, her heirs and successors $300 a year forever. Jellis Clute,

one of the purchasers, was made sole executor of her will.

Captain Pollard, called in Seneca, Ga-oun-do-wah-nah, meaning Big Tree, one of the witnesses to the execution of the will, was a famous Seneca chief, scarcely inferior to Red Jacket as an orator, and the noblest of the Senecas after the death of Cornplanter. He was one of the fiercest warriors in the Wyoming massacre, and during the Revolution participated actively in border warfare. In his old age—a tall, benevolent man with features and complexion approaching the type of southern Europe—he was a devout Christian and took an active part in the prayer-meetings in the little chapel on the Buffalo Creek Reservation, and, unlike Red Jacket, was an earnest advocate of civilization. About the year 1820 Soongiso, or Tommy Jemmy, armed with the unwritten decree of the Seneca council, put to death a squaw accused of witchcraft. He was arrested and imprisoned in Buffalo. The next morning a band of angry warriors gathered in the streets of that city. "Among them," says Mr. Bryant in his biography of Orlando Allen, "was Sagoyewatha, or Red Jacket, who addressed them with fiery invective, lashing the Indians into fury by his artful and fiery eloquence. A massacre seemed imminent, but just then the tall form of Captain Pollard was seen moving through the multitude. Commanding silence by a gesture, he urged the assembled warriors, in a temperate and eloquent speech, to disperse to their homes and remain quiescent until an appeal to the white man's law and sense of justice should prove ineffectual. His voice was obeyed. The subsequent trial and acquittal of Tommy Jemmy were a triumph to Red

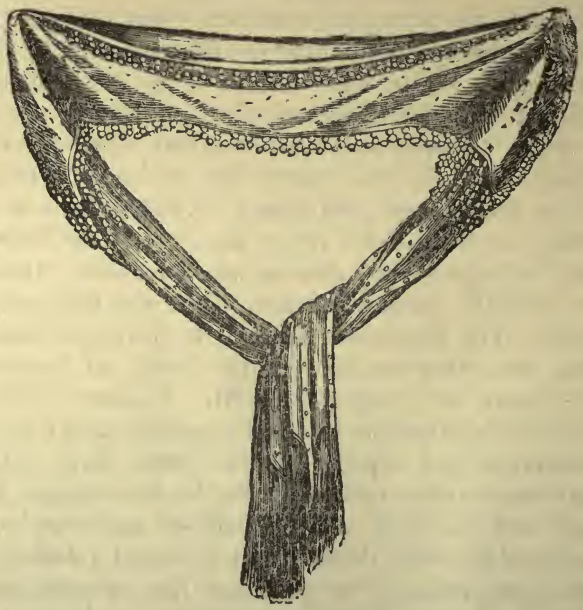
Jacket, and a vindication of the assailed sovereignty of the Seneca nation." The Hon. Orlando Allen, of Buffalo, who knew Pollard well, said: "He was one of the most honest, pure-minded, worthy men I ever knew, white or red." Horatio Jones said that "morally Pollard was as good a man as any white minister that ever lived." Captain Pollard was a half-breed, his mother being a Seneca and his father an English trader whose headquarters were at Niagara. He was a settler there in 1767 and a merchant there in 1788. . His Indian name was Sha-go-di-yot-hah," "a man who incites them to fight." Captain Pollard died of consumption on the Buffalo Reservation, April 10, 1841.

James Stevens (his name usually appears in historical records, and properly so, as Stevenson), who was also one of the witnesses to the will, was a half-breed like Cornplanter and Captain Pollard. His mother was a Seneca princess, his father a Colonial military officer. In one of his admirable contributions to the history of western New York, William C. Bryant said: "When the Senecas decided to cast their fortunes with the British, at the opening of the Revolutionary War, Stevenson's mother was constrained by her fierce and jealous relatives to abandon the hated offspring in the woods, near Cayuga Lake, and the agonized parent, with the rest of her family, was hurried to the British post, Fort Niagara. Her poor babe, but little more than three years old, wandered for two days in the woods subsisting on such wild berries as chance threw in his way. When almost famished, a kind Providence directed the poor child's steps to a rude hut on the banks of the lake, which was the home of an Indian recluse—a Penobscot

hunter who had wandered far from the home of his tribe in the wilds of Maine. This kind old man took the child into his cabin, fed and nourished him, taught him to fish and hunt, and treated him with fatherly kindness. When the long and dreary war was over, the babe, grown to be a handsome stripling, took an affectionate leave of his adopted father, and wandered back to Buffalo Creek, where he was soon clasped in the arms of his delighted and weeping mother." Chief Stevenson died a sincere Christian December 28, 1845, aged about 87.

One of the witnesses examined when the will of Mary Jemison was admitted to probate April 7, 1835, was Seneca White, who was one of the most distinguished of the later series of chiefs and leaders of the Iroquois. He was one of three brothers, all prominent Senecas, and known respectively as Seneca White, White Seneca, and John Seneca. Their father was a white captive called "White Boy," or "Old White Boy," of whom many pleasing anecdotes were related by the early pioneers. Seneca White was frequently called "The Handsome Seneca" to distinguish him from the other members of the family of Seneca. We quote once more from Mr. Bryant: "Mrs. Asher Wright and her husband frequently spoke with admiration and affection of 'Old White Boy.' His first great sorrow occurred when he was engaged in play with his little red companions and they acquainted him with the fact that he was of a different color, and belonged to the hated race of palefaces. He came home sobbing to his Indian mother who confessed to him that he was not her son except by adoption. At that time he formed a resolution, to which he adhered all his life, that he would by a

blameless and beneficent life make the name White Boy loved and respected by the most inveterate enemies of his race." Seneca White was called Nis-ha-nye-nant in Seneca, meaning "fallen day." He died May 19, 1873, aged about 91.



GÄ-GEH-TÄ, OR BELT.

CHAPTER VII.[165]

By Ebenezer Mix.

Geographical names.—Dialects of the Iroquois.—Little Beard's Town.—The Genesee Valley.—Land slide.—Gardeau Flats—Subsequently Mary Jemison Reservation.—Mount Morris.—Big Tree Village.—Caneadea.

Having conducted the principal subject of our narrative to Genishau, or Little Beard's Town,[166] on the banks of Genesee River, whereon, within the space of twelve miles along that stream, she has since resided seventy-two years of her life—this likewise being the ground on which most of the scenes we are about to relate, whether of joy or sorrow, pleasure or pain, whether ludicrous or horrible, were enacted—we will give the reader a brief geographical sketch of the country, and point out the localities, and those in the surrounding country, most of which have already been, or will hereafter be, referred to in this narrative.

It will be understood that, in describing Indian villages, etc., we have relation to their state then; for some of them have long since been deserted by the Indians and demolished by the whites; and at this time, 1842, all those on the Genesee River have ceased to exist, scarce leaving a memorial or trace to point out the spot on which they stood. It will likewise be observed that the distances herein given are

according to the Indian trails or paths usually traveled by them in that early day.

A few remarks on Indian names and the Indian language, in this place, may be serviceable to the reader who is unacquainted with the significant properties of Indian proper names, and the monotonous sounds and full aspirations of the language of the Iroquois. It has been often observed that a great discrepancy exists among writers, not only in the spelling, but in the necessary pronunciation of Indian names of the same persons or places. It requires but a short explanation to elucidate the cause of this difficulty. Among the Six Nations, not only each nation converses in a different dialect, but each tribe in the same nation have peculiarities in their language not common in the other tribes, although probably not varying more than the dialects in many of the counties in England.

All Indian names, whether of persons or places, are significant of some supposed quality, appearance or local situation; and the Indians having no written language originally, denominated persons and places in conformity to such quality, etc., in their own dialect.

The better to be understood, we will mention a particular case or two, which will give a full explanation to the position assumed: Red Jacket, the celebrated Indian orator, had six or seven different, and in some instances very dissimilar Indian names, as written or spoken; but they all meant, in the dialect to which they belonged, "Keeper Awake." The same remarks will apply to the name of the creek which empties into Genesee River, near Mount Morris, generally called Canniskrauga,[167] which has

four or five other quite different Indian names, all meaning the same, in English, to wit, "Among the slippery-elms," as the creek bore the name of an Indian village through which it passed, the village having been named from its local situation.

These explanations were obtained some years since, from the late Capt. Horatio Jones, who was one of the best, if not the best Indian linguist in the country; and his explanation had an influential bearing in an important land trial, as that creek had been called by several very different Indian names in the old title-deeds of large tracts of land. In order to have a correct idea of the pronunciation of Indian names, they must be divided into as many monosyllabical words as there are syllables, for so they originally were, and an *h* added to almost every syllable ending with a vowel. Therefore, as is the case in the pronunciation of all sentences composed of words of one syllable only, all difference of accent is destroyed, and the Indians use very little difference of emphasis. For example, take the original name of Canandaigua, as now spelled and pronounced in the Seneca language, Cah-nan-dah-gwah.[168]

Formerly, in using Indian names, it was necessary to pay some attention to the Indian pronunciation, so as to be understood by the aborigines; but as they, together with their languages, are fast fading from among us, that necessity no longer exists. Therefore, it becomes necessary to Anglicise such names, and make them conform to the English pronunciation in as soft and smooth sounds as possible, to which the letters composing the word, when written, should be made to correspond.

Little Beard's Town, where Mary Jemison first re-

sided when she came to Genesee River, was the most considerable Indian village, or town, in its vicinity. We have no means at this time of ascertaining, or even estimating its extent or population; but tradition, as well as Mary Jemison, informs us, that it covered a large territory for a village, and that it was thickly populated.

Its chief, or ruler, was Little Beard—a strong-minded, ambitious, and cruel man; and an arbitrary and despotic ruler.

This village stood near the north end of the twelve miles in length heretofore mentioned, on the Genesee Flats, on the west side of the river, between the present villages of Genesee and Moscow, about midway, although nearest to Moscow, and near the site of the new village of Cuyler, on the Genesee Valley Canal.

The tract of country around its site has the most delightful appearance imaginable, considering there are no lofty snow-clad peaks, deafening cataracts, or unfathomable dells, to stamp it with the appellation of romantic. The alluvial flats through which the river meanders for four or five miles above and many miles below are from one mile to two miles wide, as level as a placid lake, and as fertile, to say the least, as any land in this state. Thousands of acres of these flats were cleared of their timber when Indian tradition commences their description. These flats are encompassed on each side by a rolling country, gradually rising as it recedes from the river, but in no place so abrupt as to merit the cognomen of a hill. This was the terrestrial paradise of the Senecas; and to this tract they gave the name of Gen-ish-a-u, Chen-ne-se-co, Gen-ne-se-o, or Gen-ne-see, as pronounced by the different Indian tribes, and being

interpreted, all meaning substantially the same, to wit: Shining-Clear-Opening, Pleasant-Clear-Opening, Clear-Valley, or Pleasant-Open-Valley. From this favorite spot Genesee River took its name; and these flats, at that early period, assumed and still continue to retain exclusively the name of Genesee Flats, as a distinction from Gardeau, Caneadea, and other flats which bear local names although lying on the same river.

Genesee River rises in Pennsylvania and, after entering this state, pursues its course with some rapidity, a little west of north, through a hilly country, forming little, if any, alluvial flats, until it approaches Belvidere (Judge Church's villa near Angelica,) about twenty miles from Pennsylvania line. From thence it continues the same general course with less rapidity, winding its way through flats of a greater or less width, to a point in Caneadea, about thirty-three miles from Pennsylvania line, following the general course of the river, where it alters to east of north, which direction it pursues until it falls into Lake Ontario. From Belvidere to this bow, or rather angle in the river, and from the angle to the falls below Portageville, the flats are enclosed on each side by high lands, although not precipitous or lofty. The river continues to run with moderate rapidity through flats from this angle to near Portageville, where the highlands close in to the river banks.

At Portageville, about fifteen miles from the angle at Caneadea, begin the great Portage Falls in this river. From the upper falls to Mount Morris and Squawkie Hill, a distance of sixteen miles, the river runs through a chasm, the sides of which are, the greater part of the distance, formed by solid, and

almost, or quite, perpendicular walls of rock, from two to four hundred feet high. In some places, however, these walls diverge so far from each other as to allow spots of excellent alluvial flats to be formed on one side of the river or the other, and in some places on both.

Immediately above the upper falls there exists all the appearance of a ridge of rock having once run across the river, in which case it would have raised the water some two hundred feet above its present level, and, of course, formed a lake from one to two miles wide, and extending back over the Caneadea and other flats, to Belvidere, a distance of twenty-eight or thirty miles; but, if ever this was the case, the river has, centuries ago, cut through this ridge, and formed considerable rapids where it stood, above and opposite Portageville. The river, after apparently cutting through this ridge, precipitates itself into the chasm below, by a somewhat broken, although what would be termed perpendicular fall of sixty-six feet. The stream at this place is about twelve rods wide, after which it flows through the chasm on a smooth rock bottom. Half a mile below the upper falls, the river (where it is about fifteen rods wide) again precipitates itself in an unbroken sheet, one hundred and ten feet perpendicularly into a deeper channel, forming the "Middle Falls." The magnificence and beauty of these falls is not exceeded by anything of the kind in the state, except the cataract of Niagara. On the west side of the river, at the top of the falls, is a small flat piece of land, or rather rock, on which is a sawmill and several dwelling-houses, which can be approached, down a ravine from the west, with any kind of carriage. The

GARDEAU ON THE GENESEE RIVER

Northern end of Mary Jemison's flats, looking northward.

stream pursues its course in the same direction, pent within its rock-bound and precipitous shores, about two miles, where it takes its third and last leap in this vicinity, of ninety-three feet, into a still deeper chasm, the greater body of water falling on the eastern side, where a portion of it falls into a kind of hanging rock basin, about one-third of the distance down, and then takes another leap. This fall can be approached on the east side by pedestrians with perfect safety.

The river then pursues its northeastern course, through its deep and narrow channel, to Gardeau Flats, about five miles from the lower falls. The banks of the river, or rather the land bordering on the chasm the greater portion of this distance, is covered with elegant white and Norway pine. At the upper end of the Gardeau Flats is the Great Slide, which has been so often noticed as a great curiosity.

In the month of May, 1817, a portion of the land on the west side of the river, thickly covered with heavy timber, suddenly gave way, and with a tremendous crash slid into the bed of the river, which is so completely filled that the stream formed a new channel on the east side of it, where it continues to run. This slide, as it now lies, contains twenty-two acres, and has a considerable share of the timber that formerly covered it still standing erect and growing, although it has suffered the shock produced by a fall of some two hundred feet below its former elevation.

The Gardeau Flats are from eighty to one hundred and twenty rods wide, and extend two miles and a quarter down the river, lying mostly on the west side of it. There are several ravines and depressions in the high banks on both sides of the river at the upper

end of these flats, so that a road has been made which admits the passage of carriages from the highlands on one side of the river to the highlands on the other, a bridge having been erected across the river: this place above the slide is called St. Helena. Some four miles below St. Helena is Smoky Hollow, containing from two to three hundred acres of alluvial flats, approachable from the west only with safety, and in that direction through a ravine and down a steep declivity: this was within Mrs. Jemison's original reservation. Below this place three or four miles, the river receives the outlet of Silver Lake.[169] This lake or pond is a beautiful pellucid sheet of water, three and a half miles long, and from half to three-fourths of a mile in breadth, lying about four miles west of, and several hundred feet above the Genesee River, thereby creating a vast water-power for so small a stream.

Some distance below the entrance of the outlet of Silver Lake into the river is from twenty to twenty-five acres of alluvial flats in a perfect dell. It was purchased many years ago by a man who now resides on it, although his land extends over the high bank, and includes handsome level land there. It is certain that he and his family do go in and out of this dell, and that he gets in cattle and other domestic animals; but it would test the science of an engineer to ascertain how he effects it.

At the distance of eleven miles from St. Helena is Mount Morris,[170] on the right or eastern side of the river, and Squawkie Hill on the left or western. These are not mountains, or even hills, within the common acceptance of the words, but merely a descent of two or three hundred feet, and that not abrupt,

nor is its existence in any particular line of demarkation observable, from the upper plateau of land through which the depressed channel of Genesee River runs down to Genesee Flats.

From Mount Morris and Squawkie Hill, where the river disgorges itself from the thraldom of its rocky and precipitous banks, it moves slowly, taking a serpentine course through the Genesee and other flats: the high grounds on each side gradually diminishing in height, and the alluvial flats decreasing in width in proportion, until the stream merely flows in its shallow channel through a champaign country, before it reaches the great falls at Rochester, near forty miles from Mount Morris, where, after passing the rapids, it falls ninety-six feet perpendicularly into a chasm below, through which it flows one and a half miles further and then passes two more perpendicular falls, within a short distance of each other, the upper one of twenty-five feet and the lower of eighty-four feet. At the foot of these falls the river becomes navigable for steamboats, and runs sluggishly five miles through a deep ravine a portion of the way to its mouth, where it disembogues itself into Lake Ontario.

Big Tree [171] village, which bore the name of one of its chiefs, was a small village lying a mile and a half north of Little Beard's Town. Ten miles still further down the river was situated Cannewagus [172] village, a place of some note for a sub-village. This was the residence of the patriarch Hot Bread.

Tonawanda Indian village, whose inhabitants have always been remarkable for their peaceable and quiet disposition, is situated on the Tonawanda creek, about forty miles northwest of Little Beard's Town, on the

great Indian trail from east to west passing through this country. The Great Bend of the Tonawanda creek, between Little Beard's Town and the Tonawanda village, where the village of Batavia now stands, was a noted camping-ground for the Indian while passing to and fro on this trail. Still further northwest, thirty-two miles from Tonawanda village, is Tuscarora village, inhabited by the most civilized, agricultural, mechanical, and commercial tribe of the Six Nations. Lewiston is three miles west of Tuscarora village, and Fort Niagara is seven miles north of Lewiston, making the whole route from Little Beard's Town to Fort Niagara, following this trail, eighty-two miles. From Lewiston seven miles south was Fort Schlosser, a mere stockade fort; the Devil's Hole being about midway between those two points. Fort Schlosser was at the northern termination of the navigable waters of the Niagara River above the falls; and this seven miles from Lewiston to Schlosser was the only place requiring land transportation for men, stores, or merchandise, from Quebec to Fort Mackinaw, or, indeed, from the Atlantic Ocean to the end of Lake Superior. These forts, therefore, Niagara and Schlosser, were considered very important by the contending parties in olden times, the French and the English.

From Tonawanda village about twenty-five miles southwesterly lies the first Indian village on the Buffalo creek, along which and its several branches there are a number of Indian villages and single wigwams. Up the shore of Lake Erie in a southwestern direction, about thirty-five miles from Buffalo creek, is the village of Cattaraugus, situated on the creek of the same name, two or three miles from its mouth, being

about one hundred miles from Little Beard's Town, following this circuitous trail, which was the one always traveled by the Indians, unless an experienced runner took a shorter cut, at his own hazard, in a case of emergency.

East of Little Beard's Town are Conesus, Hemlock, Candice, Honeoye, Canandaigua, and Seneca lakes; five miles west of the foot of the latter stood the famous Indian and tory headquarters, called the "Old Castle." The foot of Canandaigua Lake is about ten miles west of the Old Castle, and thirty-four miles east of Little Beard's Town.

The Indian village of Can-ne-skrâu-gah, meaning "among the slippery-elms," was situated about fourteen miles southeasterly of Mount Morris, on a creek of the same name, which empties into Genesee River near the latter place. This village stood on or near the ground now occupied by the village of Dansville. East of the junction of Genesee River and Canneskraugah creek, extending some distance up the river and down the river, was a sparsely settled Indian village or settlement, which appeared to be a kind of suburb of Genishau, or Little Beard's Town.

Squawkie Hill village,[173] lying about two miles south of Little Beard's Town, was a great resort for the Indians to enjoy their sportive games, gymnastic feats, and civic festivals.

Caneadea Indian village, or rather villages, were situated up the Genesee River on the Caneadea Flats, beginning at the mouth of Wiscoy, meaning "Many Fall," creek, twenty miles from Mount Morris, and extending up the river, at intervals, eight or nine miles, nearly to the great angle in the river. From the southern end of Caneadea Indian

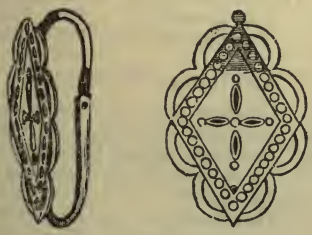
settlement southwesterly about forty-five miles, on the Alleghany River, is the small Indian village called by Mrs. Jemison U-na-waum-gwa, but now known as Tu-ne-un-gwan. Further down the river is Kill Buck's Town, at the mouth of Great Valley creek, and Buck Tooth's Town, at the mouth of Little Valley creek. Below these is Che-na-shung-gan-tan or Te-ush-un-ush-un-gau-tau, being at the mouth of what is now called Cold Spring creek, in the town of Napoli, Cattaraugus County, N. Y. This village is about eighteen miles below Tuneung-wan. Below these are several Indian settlements along the river, the most considerable of which is Cornplanter's settlement, extending several miles along the river, Cornplanter himself being located near the center.

Of the population of the several Indian villages and settlements at the time Mrs. Jemison emigrated to this section of country we can make no estimate; and even in latter years, so wandering are the habits of the Indians that a village may be filled to overflowing, apparently, with residents, one month, and be almost depopulated the next. Their manner of lodging, cooking, and eating greatly facilitates their migratory propensities, as one large cabin will as well accommodate fifty as five. A deer-skin for a bed, a large kettle for a boiler, hot ashes or embers for an oven, a bark trough for a soup-dish and platter, a chip for a plate, a knife (which each carries,) a sharp stick for a fork, and, perhaps, a wooden spoon and tin cup, comprehend a complete set of household furniture, cooking and eating utensils. Even at this day, the only time the number of individuals who compose a tribe is known, or pretended to be known,

is when they are about to receive their annuities; and it is then impossible to ascertain a "local habitation or a name" for but few of the individuals for whom annuities are drawn as belonging to such a tribe.

The following statement of the numbers and location of the Indians composing the Six Nations, in 1823, is a specimen of the precision adopted in the transaction of our public business relative to Indian affairs. This account was obtained from Captain Horatio Jones, who was the United States agent for paying the annuities to the Six Nations.

The individuals belonging to the Six Nations, in the State of New York, are located on their reservations from Oneida Lake westward to Lake Erie and Alleghany River, and amount to five thousand. Those located in Ohio on the Sandusky River amount to six hundred and eighty-eight, to wit: three hundred and eighty Cayugas, one hundred Senecas, sixty-four Mohawks, sixty-four Oneidas, and eighty Onondagas. The bulk of the Mohawks, together with some of each of the other five nations, reside on the Grand River, in Upper Canada.



EAR RING.

CHAPTER VIII.[174]

By Lewis Henry Morgan, LL.D.

Indian geographical names in the territories of the Senecas, Cayugas, Onondagas, Oneidas, and Mohawks, with their corresponding English names and their signification.

NUN-DA'-WÄ-O-NO'-GA,

OR THE TERRITORY OF THE SENECAS.

SENECA DIALECT.

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY.

ENGLISH NAME.	INDIAN NAME.	SIGNIFICATION.
Dunkirk,	Gä-na'-da-wä-o,	Running through the Hemlocks.
Cattaraugus Creek,	Gä-dă-ges-ga-o, Gä-hun'-da,[175]	Fetid Banks.
Silver Creek,	Gä-a-nun-dă'-tä, G.	A Mountain leveled down.
Chautauqua Creek,	Gä'-no-wun-go, G.	In the Rapids.
Conewango River,	Gä'-no-wun-go, G.	In the Rapids.
Canadawa Creek,	Gä-na'-da-wä-o, G.	Running through the Hemlocks.
Cassadaga Creek,	Gus-dă'-go, G.	Under the Rocks.
Cassadaga Lake,	Gus-dă'-go, Te-car-ne-o-di',[175]	Under the Rocks.
Chautauqua Lake,	Chä-dä'-queh, T.	Place where one was lost.
Cattaraugus,	Ga'-dă-ges'-ga-o,	Fetid Banks.

CATTARAUGUS COUNTY.

Alleghany River,	O-hee'-yo, G.	The Beautiful River.
Great Valley Creek,	O-dä'-squă'-dos-sa, G.	Around the Stone.
Little Valley Creek,	O-da'-squă'-wa-teh', G.	Small Stone beside a large one
Oil Creek,	Te-car'-nohs, G.	Dropping Oil.
Ischuna Creek,	He'-soh, G.	Floating Nettles.
Oswaya Creek,	O-so'-ă-yeh, G.	Pine Forest.
Burton Creek,	Je'-gä-sa-nek, G.	Name of an Indian.
Lime Lake,	Te-car'-no-wun-do, T.	Lime Lake.
Ellicottville,	De-äs'-hen-dä-quä,	Place for holding Courts.
Burton,	Je'-gä-sa-neh,	Name of an Indian.

ENGLISH NAME.	INDIAN NAME.	SIGNIFICATION.
Olean,	He'-soh,	Same as Ischuna Creek.
Hasket Creek,	O-so'-ă-went-ha, G.	By the Pines.
Alleghany Village,	De-o'na-gă-no,	Cold Spring.
Alleghany Village,	Jo'-ne-a-dih,	Beyond the Great Bend.
Oil Spring Village,	Te-car'-nohs,	Dropping Oil.
Bend Village,	Da'-u-de-hok-to,	At the Bend.
Trail of the Eries,	Gă-quă'-ga-o-no,	Wă-ă'-gwen-ne-yuh.

ERIE COUNTY.

Two Sisters Creek,	Te-car'-na-gă-ge, G.	Black Waters.
Caugwaga Creek,	Gă'-gwă-ga, G.	Creek of the Cat Nation.
Smokes Creek,	Dă-de-o'-dă-na-suk'-to, G.	Bend in the Shore.
Cazenovia Creek,	Gă-a'-nun-dĕh-tă, G.	A Mountain flattened down.
Buffalo Creek,	Do'-sho-weh, G.	Splitting the Fork.
Cayuga Creek,	Gă-da'-geh, G.	Through the Oak Openings.
Ellicott Creek,	Gă-dă'-o-yă-deh, G.	Level Heavens.
Grand Island,	Gă-weh'-no-geh,	On the Island.
Eighteen-Mile Creek,	Tă-nun'-no-ga-o, G.	Full of Hickory Bark.
Murder Creek,	De'-on-gote, G.	Place of Hearing.
Lake Erie,	Do'-sho-weh, T.	Same as Buffalo Creek.
Buffalo,	Do'-sho-weh,	Same as Buffalo Creek.
Black Rock,	De-o'-steh-gă-a,	A Rocky Shore.
Williamsville,	Gă-sko'-să-dă-ne-o,	Many Falls.
Clarence Hollow,	Tă-nun'-no-ga-o,	Full of Hickory Bark.
Akron,	De'-on-gote,	Place of Hearing. (Neuter gender.)
Lancaster,	Gă-squen'-dă-geh,	Place of the Lizard.
Red Jacket Village,	Te-kise'-da-ne-yout,	Place of the Bell.
Falls Village,	Gă-sko'-să-da,	The Falls.
Cattaraugus Village,	Gă-dă'-ges-ga-o,	Same as Cattaraugus Creek.
Carrying Place Vil.	Gwă'-u-gweh,	Place of taking our Boats, or Portage.

GENESEE AND WYOMING COUNTIES.

Tonawanda Creek,	Tă'-nă-wun-da, G.	Swift Water.
Allens Creek,	O'-ăt-kă, G.	The Opening.
Black Creek,	Jă-go-o-geh, G.	Place of Hearing. (This is feminine.)
Stafford,	Yă'-go-o-geh,	Place of Hearing.
Batavia,	Deo-on'-go-wă,	The Great Hearing Place.
Oakfield,	Te-car'-dă-na-duk,	Place of Many Trenches.
Alabama,	Gă'-swă-dăk,	By the Cedar Swamp.
Caryville,	Gau'-dăk,	By the Plains.
Pine Hill,	Te-că'-so-ă-a,	Pine lying up.
Attica,	Gweh'-tă-ă-ne-te-car'-nun-do-deh,	The Red Village.
Alexander,	Da-o'-sa-no-geh,	Place without a Name.
Wyoming,	Te-car'-ese-tă-ne-ont,	Place with a Sign-post.

ENGLISH NAME.	INDIAN NAME.	SIGNIFICATION.
Pembroke,	O-á′-geh,	On the Road.
Le Roy,	Te-car′-no-wun-na-dă′-ne-o,	Many Rapids.
Darien,	O-so′-ont-geh,	Place of Turkeys.
Silver Lake,	Gă-na′-yăt, T.	Signification lost.
Silver Lake Outlets,	Gă-na′-yăt, G.	Signification lost.
Caneadea Creek,	Gă-o′-yă-de-o, G.	Same as Caneadea.
Warsaw,	Chi′-nose-heh-geh,	On the Side of the Valley.
Tonawanda Village,	Tă′-nă-wun-da,	Swift Water.
Gardow,	Gă′-dă′-o,	Bank in Front.
	ALLEGANY COUNTY.	
Genesee River,	Gen-nis′-he-yo, G.	The Beautiful Valley.
Wiskoy Creek,	O-wa-is′-ki, G.	Under the Banks.
Black Creek,	Jă-go′-yo-geh, G.	Hearing Place.
Angelica,	Gă-ne-o′-wĕh-ga-yat,	Head of the Stream.
Caneadea,	Gă-o′-yă-de-o,	Where the Heavens lean against the Earth.
Caneadea Creek,	Gă-o′-yă-de-o, G.	Where the Heavens rest upon the Earth.
Nunda,	Nun-dă′-o,	Hilly.
Wiskoy,	O-wa-is′-ki,	Under the Banks.
O-wa-is-ki,	O-wa-is′-ki,	Under the Banks.
	LIVINGSTON COUNTY.	
Caneseraga Creek,	Gă-nus′-gă-go, G.	Among the Milkweed.
Conesus Lake,	Gă-ne-ă′-sos, T.	Place of Nanny-Berries.
Conesus Outlet,	Gă-ne-ă′-sos, G.	Place of Nanny-Berries.
Hemlock Lake,	O-neh′-dă, T.	The Hemlock.
Hemlock Outlet,	O-neh′-dă, G.	The Hemlock.
Geneseo,	O-hă′-di,	Trees burned.
Mount Morris,	So-no′-jo-wau-ga,	Big Kettle. (Residence of a Seneca Chief.)
Dansville,	Gă-nus′-gă-go,	Among the Milkweed.
Livonia,	De-o′-de-sote,	The Spring.
Lima,	Skă-hase′-gă-o,	Once a Long Creek.
Avon,	Gă-no′-wau-ges,	Fetid Waters.
Caledonia,	De-o′-na-gă-no,	Cold Water.
Moscow,	Gă-nĕh′-dă-on-tweh,	Where Hemlock was spilled.
Squawkie Hill,	Da-yo′-it-gă-o,	Where the River issues from the Hills.
Site of Moscow,	Gă-nĕh′-dă-on-tweh,	Where Hemlock was spilled.
Little Beard's Town,	De-o-nun′-dă-gă-a,	Where the Hill is near.
Big Tree Village,	Gă-un-do′-wă-na,	A Big Tree.
Tuscarora Village,	O-hă′-gi,	Crowding the Bank.
Ganowauges,	Gă-no′-wau-ges,	Fetid Waters.
Site of Dansville,	Gă-nus′-gă-go,	Among the Milkweed.
Near Livonia,	De-o′-de-sote,	The Spring.
Site of Mount Morris,	So-no′-jo-wau-ga,	Big Kettle.

MONROE COUNTY.

ENGLISH NAME.	INDIAN NAME.	SIGNIFICATION.
Irondequoit Bay,	Ne-o'-dă-ōn-dā-quăt,	A Bay.
Salmon Creek,	Ga'-doke-na, G.	Place of Minnows.
Sandy Creek,	O-nĕh'-chĬ-gĕh, G.	Long ago.
Honeoye Creek,	Hă'-ne-ă-yeh, G.	Finger Lying.
Rochester,	Gă'-sko-să-go,	At the Falls.
Brockport,	Gweh'-ta-a-ne-te-car-nun-do'-teh,	Red Village.
Scottsville,	O'-ăt-kă,	The Opening. (Same as Allen's Creek.)
Honeoye Falls,	Sko'-sa-is-to,	Falls rebounding from an obstruction.
Ontario Trail,	Ne-ă'-gă Wa-ă-gwen-ne-yu,	Ontario Footpath.
Indian Village at the Bend,	Dă-yo'-de-hok-to,	A bended Creek.

ORLEANS AND NIAGARA COUNTIES.

Oak Orchard Creek,	Dă-ge-ă'-no-gă-unt, G.	Two Sticks coming together.
Johnson's Creek,	A-jo'-yok-ta, G.	Fishing Creek.
Eighteen-MileCreek,	Date-ge-ă'-de-hă-nă-geh, G.	Two Creeks near together.
Tuscarora Creek, East Branch,	Te-car'-na-ga-ge, G.	Black Creek.
Tuscarora Creek West Branch,	De-yo'-wuh-yeh, G.	Among the Reeds.
Albion,	De-o'-wun-dake-no,	Place where Boats were burned.
Medina,	Date-geh'-ho-seh,	One Stream crossing another. (Aqueduct on Canal.)
Middleport,	Te-ka'-on-do-duk,	Place with a Sign-Post.
Lockport,	De-o'-do-sote,	The Spring. (Referring to the Cold Spring.)
Royalton Center,	O-ge-a'-wă-te-kă'-e,	Place of the Butternut.
Lewiston,	Gă'-a-no-geh,	On the Mountains.
Youngstown,	Ne-ah'-ga,	Supposed from O-ne'-ah, A Neck.
Golden Creek,	Hate-keh'-neet-ga-on-dă, G.	Signification lost.
Niagara River,	Ne-ah'-gă, G.	Same as Youngstown.
Lake Ontario,	Ne-ah'-gă, T.	Same as Youngstown.
The word Ontario,	Skă-no'-dă-ri-o, T.	The "Beautiful Lake." (This is a Mohawk word, and Ontario is a derivative.)
Niagara Falls,	Date-car'-sko-sase,	The Highest Falls.
Niagara Village,	Date-car'-sko-sase,	The Highest Falls.
Tuscarora Indian Vil.	Gă'-a-no-geh,	On the Mountains.
Seneca Indian Vil.	Gă-u'-gweh,	Taking Canoe out. (Carrying place at the mouth of Tonawanda Creek.)

WAYNE AND ONTARIO COUNTIES.

ENGLISH NAME.	INDIAN NAME.	SIGNIFICATION.
Mud Creek,	Gă'-nă-gweh, G.	Same as Palmyra.
Flint Creek,	Ah-tă'-gweh-dă-ga, G.	[ment.
Canandaigua,	Gă'-nun-dă-gwa,	A Place selected for a Settle-
Canandaigua Outlet,	Gă'-nun-dă-gwa, G.	A Place selected for a Settle-ment. [ment.
Canandaigua Lake,	Gă'-nun-dă-gwa, T.	A Place selected for a Settle-
Hemlock Outlet,	O-neh'-dă, G.	Hemlock.
Honeoye Lake,	Hă'-ne-ă-yeh, T.	Finger Lying.
Skaneatice Lake,	Skă'-ne-a-dice, T.	Long Lake.
Sodus Bay,	Se-o-dose' (Seneca) / Ah-slo-dose (Oneida)	Signification lost.
Little Sodus Bay,	Date-ke-ă'-o-shote,	Two Baby Frames. (From Gă-ose'-hă, Baby Frame.)
Palmyra,	Gă'-nă-gweh,	A Village suddenly sprung up.
Geneva,	Gă-nun'-dă-sa-ga,	New Settlement Village.
Seneca Lake,	Gă-nun'-dă-sa-ga, T.	New Settlement Village.
West Bloomfield,	Gă-nun'-dă-ok,	Village on the top of a Hill.
Victor	Gă-o'-să-ga-o,	In the Basswood Country.
Naples,	Nun'-da-wă-o,	Great Hill.
Near Geneva,	Gă-nun'-dă-sa-ga,	New Settlement Village.
Canandaigua,	Gă'-nun-dă-gwa,	Place selected for a settlement.
Near Naples,	Nun'-da-wă-o,	Great Hill.

YATES, STEUBEN, AND CHEMUNG COUNTIES.

Crooked Lake,	O-go'-yă-ga, T.	Promontory projecting into the Lake. [Lake.
Crooked Lake Outlet,	O-go'-yă-ga, G.	Promontory projecting into the
Conhocton River,	Gă-hă-to, G.	A Log in the Water.
Chemung River,	Gă-hă'-to, G.	A Log in the Water.
Canisteo River,	Te-car'-nase te-o, G.	Board on the Water.
Bath,	Do-na'-tă-gwen-da,	Opening in an Opening.
Painted Post,	Te-car'-nase-te-o-ah,	A Board Sign.
Elmira,	Skwe'-do-wă,	Great Plain.

GWE-U'-GWEH-O-NO'-GA,

OR THE TERRITORY OF THE CAYUGAS.

PARTLY CAYUGA AND PARTLY SENECA.

Tioga Point,	Tă-yo'ga,	At the Forks.
Ithaca,	Ne-o-dăk'-he-ăt,	At the Head of the Lake.
Cayuga Lake,	Gwe-u'-gweh, T.	Lake at the Mucky Land.
Aurora,	De-ă-wen'-dote,	Constant Dawn.
Canoga,	Gă-no'-geh,	Oil floating on the Water.
Cayuga Bridge,	Was'-gwas,	A Long Bridge.

ENGLISH NAME.	INDIAN NAME.	SIGNIFICATION.
Montezuma,	Te-car'-jik-ha'-do,	Place of Salt.
Howland's Island,	Gă-weh'-no-wă-na,	Great Island.
Waterloo,	Skoi'-yase,	Place of Whortleberries.
Seneca River,	Swa'-geh, G.	Flowing out. (Some doubt about the signification.)
Clyde River,	Gă-nă'-gweh, G.	River at a Village suddenly sprung up.
Auburn,	Was'-co,	Floating Bridge.
Otter Lake,	Squă-yen'-na, T.	A Great Way up.
Muskrat Creek,	Squă-yen'-na, G.	A Great Way up.
Owasco Outlet,	De-ă-go'-gă-ya, G.	Place where Men were killed.
Owasco Lake,	Dwas'-co, T.	Lake at the Floating Bridge.
North Sterling Creek,	Dats-ka'-he, G.	Hard Talking.
Sodus Bay Creek,	Te-gă-hōne'-să-o'-ta, G.	A Child in a Baby Frame.
Site of Canoga,	Gă-no'-geh,	Oil on the Water.
Site of Union Springs,	Ge-wă'-ga,	Promontory running out.
Above Lockwood's Cove,	Gă-yă'-gă-an'-ha,	Inclined downward.
Site of Ithaca,	Ne-o'-dăk-he'-ăt,	At the End of the Lake.

O-NUN'-DÄ-GA-O-NO'-GA,

OR THE TERRITORY OF THE ONONDAGAS.

ONONDAGA DIALECT.

Susquehanna River,	Gă'-wa-no-wă'-nă-neh, G.	Great Island River.
Owego,	Ah-wa'-ga,	Where the Valley widens.
Owego Creek,	Ah-wa'-ga, G,	Where the Valley widens.
Cortland,	O-nan'-no-gi-is'-kă,	Shagbark Hickory.
Homer,	Te-wis'-ta-no-ont-sa'-ne-ă-hă,	Place of the Silver Smith.
Owasco Inlet,	Kă'-na-kă'-ge, G.	Black Water.
Tionghinoga River,	O-nan'-no-gi-is'-kă, G.	Shagbark Hickory.

ONONDAGA COUNTY.

Tully Lake,	Te-kă'-ne-a-dă'-he, T.	A Lake on a Hill.
Tully,	Te-kă'-ne-a-dă'-he,	A Lake on a Hill.
Apulia,	O-nun'-o-gese,	Long Hickory.
Skaneateles Lake,	Skan-e-a'-dice, T.	Long Lake.
Skaneateles,	Skan-e-a'-dice,	Long Lake.
Otisco Lake,	Ga-ah'-na, T.	Rising to the Surface, and again sinking. Legend of a drowning man.
Otisco,	Ga-ah'-na,	do.
Otisco Outlet,	Ga-ah'-na, G.	do.
Lafayette,	Te-kă'-wis-to'-tă,	Tinned Dome.

ENGLISH NAME.	INDIAN NAME.	SIGNIFICATION.
Pompey Hill,	De-o'-wy-un'-do,	Wind Mill.
Pompey,	De-is'-wā-ga'-há,	Place of Many Ribs.
Oil Creek,	De-o'-nake-ha'-e, G.	Oily Water.
Onondaga Creek,	O-nun-dā'-ga, G.	On the Hills.
Onondaga West Hill,	Te-ga-che'-qua-ne-on'-ta,	A Hammer Hanging.
Onondaga Hollow,	Te-o-hā'-ha-hen'-wha,	Turnpike crossing the Valley.
Marcellus,	Us-te'-ka,	Bitternut Hickory.
Nine-Mile Creek,	Us-te'-ka, G.	Bitternut Hickory.
Camillus,	O-yā'-han,	Apples split open.
Elbridge,	Kā-no-wā-ya,	Skull lying on a shelf.
Jordan Creek,	Ha-nan'-to, G.	Small Hemlock limbs on Water.
Jordan,	Ha-nan'-to,	Small Hemlock limbs on Water.
Cross Lake,	U-neen'-do, T.	Hemlock Tops lying on Water.
Fort Brewerton,	Gā-do'-quat,	(Oneida Dialect.) Signification lost.
Oneida Outlet,	She-u'-ka, G.	Signification lost.
Liverpool,	Gā-nā-wa'-ya,	A Great Swamp.
Liverpool Creek,	Tun-da-dā'-quā, G.	Thrown out.
Onondaga Lake,	Gā-nun-ta'-ah, T.	Material for Council Fire.
Salina,	Te-gā-jik-ha'-do,	Place of Salt.
Syracuse,	Na-tă'-dunk,	Pine Tree broken, with Top hanging down.
Jamesville Creek,	Gā-sun'-to, G.	Bark in the Water.
Jamesville,	Gā-sun'-to,	Bark in the Water.
Limestone Creek,	De-ā-o'-no-he, G.	Where the Creek suddenly rises.
Manlius,	De-ā-o'-no-he,	Where the Creek suddenly rises.
Fayetteville,	Gā-che'-a-yo,	Lobster.
Deep Spring,	De-o'-sā-dā-ya'-ah,	Deep Basin Spring.
South Onondaga,	Swe-no'-ga,	A Hollow.
Christian Hollow,	De-o'-nake-hus'-sink,	Never Clean.
Onondaga Castle,	Kā-nā-tā-go'-wā,	Signification lost.
Four Miles East of Castle,	Tu-e-a-das'-so,	Hemlock Knot in the Water.
Site of Onondaga Hollow,	Gis-twe-ah'-na,	A Little Man.
Three Miles South of Onondaga Castle,	Nan-ta-sā'-sis,	Going partly round a Hill.

OSWEGO AND JEFFERSON COUNTIES.

Oswego,	Swa'-geh,	Flowing out.
New Haven Creek,	Kā-dis-ko'-nā, G.	Long Marsh.
Little Salmon Creek,	Gā-nun-tā-sko'-nā, G.	Large Bark.
Grindstone Creek,	He-ah-hā'-whe, G.	Apples in Crotch of Tree.
Big Salmon Creek,	Gā-hen-wā'-ga, G.	A Creek.
Pulaski,	Gā-hen-wā'-ga,	A Creek.
Sandy Creek,	Te-kā'-dā-o-gā'-he, G.	Sloping Banks.

ENGLISH NAME.	INDIAN NAME.	SIGNIFICATION.
Grand Island,	De-ā′-wōne-dā-ga-han′-da,	Signification lost.
Sacketts Harbor,	Gā-hu′-ā-go-je-twā-da-a′-lote,	Fort at Mouth of Great River.

O-NA′-YOTE-KÄ-O-NO′-GA,

OR ONEIDA TERRITORY.

ONEIDA DIALECT.

St. Lawrence River,	Gā-nā-wā′-ga, G.	The Rapid River.
Black Lake,	Che′-gwā-ga, T.	In the Hip.
Oswegatchie River,	O′-swa-gatch, G.	Signification lost.
Ogdensburgh,	O′-swa-gatch,	Signification lost.
Black River,	Kā-hu-ah′-go, G.	Great or Wide River.
Watertown,	Kā-hu-ah′-go,	Great or Wide River.
Beaver River,	Ne-hā-sā′-ne, G.	Crossing on a Stick of Timber.
Deer Creek,	Gā-ne′-gā-to′-do, G.	Corn Pounder.
Moose River	Te-kā′-hun-di-an′-do, G.	Clearing an Opening.
Otter Creek,	Dā-ween′-net, G.	The Otter.
Indian River,	O-je′-quack, G.	Nut River.

ONEIDA COUNTY.

Mohawk River above Herkimer,	Da-yā′-hoo-wā′-quat, G.	Carrying Place.
Rome,	Da-yā′-hoo-wā′-quat,	Carrying Place.
Fish Creek,	Ta-gā′-soke, G.	Forked like a Spear.
Wood Creek,	Kā-ne-go′-dick, G.	Signification lost.
Oneida Lake,	Gā-no′-a-lo′-hāle, T.	A Head on a Pole.
Scribas Creek,	Gā-sote′-na, G.	High Grass.
Bay Creek,	Te-guā′-no-tā-go′-wā, G.	Big Morass.
West Canada Creek and Mohawk River,	Te-ah-ō′-ge, G.	At the Forks.
Trenton Village,	Ose′-te-a′-daque,	In the Bone.
Trenton Falls,	Date-wā′-sunt-hā′-go,	Great Falls.
Utica,	Nun-da-dā′-sis,	Around the Hill.
Whitestown Creek,	Che-gă-quat′-kā, G.	Kidneys.
Whitestown.	Che-gă-quat′-kā,	Kidneys.
Oriskany Creek,	Ole′-hisk, G.	Nettles.
Oriskany,	Ole′-hisk,	Nettles.
Paris Hill,	Gā-nun-do′-glee,	Hills shrunk together.
Clinton,	Kā-dā′-wis′-dāg,	White Field.
Sangerfield,	Skā′-nā-wis,	A Long Swamp.
Vernon,	Skā-nu′-sunk,	Place of the Fox.
Vernon Centre,	Skun-an-do′-wā,	Great Hemlock.
Oneida Creek,	Gā-no-a-lo′-hāle, G.	Head on a Pole.
Verona,	Te-o-na′-tāle,	Pine Forest.

ENGLISH NAME.	INDIAN NAME.	SIGNIFICATION.
Nine-Mile Creek,	Te-yă-nun'-soke, G.	A Beech Tree standing up.
Camden,	He-stă-yun'-twă,	Meaning lost.
Oneida Depôt,	De-ōse-la-ta'-gaat,	Where the Cars go fast.
New Hartford,	Che-gă-quat'-kă,	Kidneys.
Oneida Castle,	Gă-no-a-lo'-hăle,	Head on a Pole.
Site of Camden,	Ho-stă-yun'-twă,	Meaning lost.
On Fish Creek,	Ta-gă'-soke, G.	Forked like a Spear.
Near Oneida Castle,	Gă-nă'-doque,	Empty Village.

MADISON AND CHENANGO COUNTIES.

Canestota,	Kă-ne-to'-tă,	Pine Tree standing alone.
Lenox,	Skă-wais'-lă,	A Point made by Bushes.
Caneseraga Creek,	Kă-nă'-so-wă'-ga, G,	Several Strings of Beads with a String lying across.
Chittenango Creek,	Chu-de-năăng', G.	Where the Sun shines out.
Chittenango,	Chu-de-năăng',	Where the Sun shines out.
Cazenovia Lake,	Ah-wă'-gee, T.	Perch Lake.
Cazenovia,	Ah-wă'-gee,	Perch Lake.
Hamilton,	Da-ude'-no-să-gwa-nose,	Round House.
Unadilla River,	De-u-na'-di-lo, G.	Place of Meeting.
Chenango River,	O-che-năng, G.	Bull Thistles.
Sherburn,	Gă-na'-dă-dele,	Steep Hill.
Norwich,	Gă-na'-so-wă'-di,	Signification lost.
Oxford,	So-de-ah'-lo-wă'-nake,	Thick-necked Giant.
Binghamton,	O-che-nang',	Bull Thistles.
Stockbridge Indian Vil.	Ah-gote'-sa-ga-năge,	Meaning lost.

GĂ-NE-Ă'-GA-O-NO'-GA,

OR MOHAWK TERRITORY.

MOHAWK DIALECT.

West Canada Creek,	Te-uge'-ga, G.	At the Forks.
Mohawk River,	Te-uge'-ga, G.	At the Forks.
Herkimer,	Te-uge'-ga,	At the Forks.
Little Falls,	Tă-lă-que'-ga,	Small Bushes.
Fort Plain,	Twă-dă-a-la-ha'-lă,	Fort on a Hill.
Canajoharie Creek,	Gă-na-jo-hi'-e, G.	Washing the Basin.
Canajoharie,	Gă-na-jo-hi'-e,	Washing the Basin.
Johnstown,	Ko-lă-ne'-kă,	Indian Superintendent.
Fonda,	Gă-nă-wā'-da,	On the Rapids.
Fort Hunter,	Te-on-dă-lo'-ga,	Two Streams coming together.
Schoharie Creek,	Sko-har'-le, G.	Flood-wood.
Schoharie,	Sko-har'-le,	Flood-wood.
East Canada Creek,	Te-car'-hu-har-lo'-da, G.	Visible over the Creek.
Otsquago Creek,	O-squa'-go, G.	Under the Bridge.
Amsterdam Creek,	Ju-tă-lă'-ga, G.	Signification lost.
Garoga Creek,	Ga-ro'-ga, G.	Signification lost.

GARDEAU ON THE GENESEE RIVER

A view of Mary Jemison's flats from one of her hills.

ENGLISH NAME.	INDIAN NAME.	SIGNIFICATION.
Schenectady,	O-no-ā-lā-gōne'-na,	In the Head.
Albany,	Skā'-neh-tā'-de,	Beyond the Openings.
Hudson River,	Skā'-neh-tā'-de, G.	River beyond the Openings.
Cohoes Falls,	Gā'-hā-oose,	Shipwrecked Canoe.
Lake Champlain,	O-ne-ā-dā'-lote, T.	Signification lost. (Oneida dialect.)
Ticonderoga,	Je-hōne-tā-lo'-ga,	Noisy.
Saratoga,	S'har-la-to'-ga,	Signification lost.
Lake St. Francis,	Gā-na-sā-dā'-ga, T.	Side Hill. (Oneida dialect.)
Salmon River,	Gau-je'-ah-go-nā'-ne, G.	Sturgeon River. "
St. Regis River,	Ah-qua-sos'-ne, G.	Partridges drumming.
St. Regis,	Ah-qua-sos'-ne.	Partridges drumming.
Racket River.	Tā'-na-wā'-deh, G.	Swift Water.

COUNTIES SOUTH OF THE MOHAWK.

Otsego Lake,	Ote-sa'-ga, T.	Signification lost.
Cooperstown,	Ote-sa'-ga,	Signification lost.
Delaware River,	Skā-hun-do'-wā, G.	In the Plains.
Cobus Hill,	As-ca-le'-ge,	Meaning lost.
New York,	Gā-no'-no,	Meaning lost.
Long Island,	Gā'-wa-nase-geh,	A Long Island. (Oneida dialect.)
Atlantic Ocean,	O-jik'-ha dā-ge'-ga,	Salt Water.
Upper Mohawk Castle,	Gā-ne'-ga-hā'-gă,	Possessor of the Flint.
Middle Mohawk Castle,	Gā-na-jo-hi'-e,	Washing the Basin.
Lower Mohawk Castle,	Te-ah'-ton-ta-lo'-ga,	Two Streams coming together.

CANADA.

Quebec,	Ke-a-done-dā-a'-ga,	Two Forts Contiguous.
Montreal,	Do-te-ā'-ga,	Almost broken.
Kingston,	Gā-dai-o'-que,	Fort in the Water.
Welland River,	Jo-no'-dok, G.	Signification lost.
Grand River,	Swa'-geh, G.	Flowing out.
Burlington Bay,	De-o-na'-sā-de'-o,	Where the Sand forms a Bar.
Queenstown,	Do-che'-hā-o',	Where the Mountain dies in the River.
Hamilton,	De-o-na'-sā-de'-o,	See above.
Toronto,	De'-on-do,	Log floating upon the Water.
Brock's Monument,	Gus-tă'-ote,	
Chippeway,	Jo-no'-dăk,	Signification lost.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Erie,	Gus-ha'-wā-ga,	On the Body.
Cornplanter's Village,	De-o-no'-sā-da-ga,	Burned Houses.

CHAPTER IX [176]

By Charles Delamater Vail, L.H.D.

Bibliography of The Life of Mary Jemison.—All editions consecutively numbered.—Copies of title-pages.—Similarities and differences of various editions.—Principal details in tabular form.—Editions in six important collections.

The "Life of Mary Jemison" is undoubtedly the most interesting book descriptive of Indian life in western New York that has ever been written. Its hold on the popular imagination is sufficiently attested by the fact that after a lapse of nearly a century since its first appearance, and after the printing of no less than nineteen editions in the United States and England, it is still in such demand as now to require a new edition. No doubt the gift of Letchworth Park to the State of New York in 1907 and the increased number of visitors to Mary Jemison's burial-place have increased public interest in her personal history; but quite apart from this recent stimulus, the book has had a vitality which the author of many another more pretentious work might envy, and its appeal will remain strong as long as there is admiration for personal courage and fortitude, sympathy for human suffering, and interest in the dramatic history of the period in which Mary Jemison lived.

More or less complete bibliographies of this work have hitherto been printed as follows: by the late William H. Samson in the *Rochester* (N. Y.) *Post-Express* of November 26, 1898; by Mr. Frank H. Severance in Volume VII of the Publications of the Buffalo Historical Society, 1904; by Mr. Samson in the *Rochester Post-Express* of September 19, 1910; by the Edward E. Ayer Collection of the Newberry Library, Chicago, in 1912; and by Mr. Elmer Adler in the *Rochester Post-Express* of June 25, 1914. In the preparation of this chapter the writer has had the helpful co-operation of Messrs. Samson, Severance, and Adler, and Miss Clara A. Smith, curator of the Ayer Collection.

As previous editions of this book published under divers auspices have not been numbered systematically, the Reviser of the edition of 1918 has deemed it desirable to establish a consecutive enumeration. Following the best usage of publishers, therefore, he has designated the 1918 edition as the twentieth, and given its predecessors their relative serial numbers. The relation of the new numbers to the old will appear in the table at the end of the chapter.

Following are copies of the title-pages of the various editions with some additional data concerning each. As whole lines of some of the original title-pages are in capital letters, no attempt has been made here to imitate the capitalization of such lines or their typographical display. The sizes given are those of the paper page, to the nearest eighth of an inch. The number of pages does not include advertisements bound in the back of the book. The number of illustrations includes both engravings printed with the text and inserted plates.

First Edition, Canandaigua, 1824.

(3¾ by 5⅝ inches. 189 pages.)

"A Narrative of the life of Mrs. Mary Jemison, Who was taken by the Indians, in the year 1755, when only about twelve years of age, and has continued to reside amongst them to the present time. Containing An Account of the Murder of her Father and his Family; her sufferings; her marriage to two Indians; her troubles with her Children; barbarities of the Indians in the French and Revolutionary Wars; the life of her last Husband, &c.; and many Historical Facts never before published. Carefully taken from her own words, Nov. 29th, 1823. To which is added, An Appendix, containing an account of the tragedy at the Devil's Hole, in 1763, and of Sullivan's Expedition; the Traditions, Manners, Customs, &c. of the Indians, as believed and practised at the present day, and since Mrs. Jemison's captivity; together with some Anecdotes, and other entertaining matter. By James E. Seaver. Canandaigua: Printed by J. D. Bemis and Co. 1824."

The circumstances of the publication of the first edition are stated in its original Preface and Introduction reproduced on pages iii-xv preceding. Biographical facts concerning Dr. Seaver are given in the Foreword and in note No. 1 in Part III, and concerning Mr. Bemis in note No. 6. Copies of this edition are extremely rare. The "Catalogue of Americana" issued by a Philadelphia, Penn., firm in November, 1917, offered a copy in original half-leather binding in a blue morocco slip case for $187.50. Another copy, in not such good condition, was sold at auction March 1, 1917, for $205. Mr. Elmer Adler of Rochester, N. Y., who has made a census of the various editions of this book, has been able to locate only sixteen copies of the first edition. Mr. Adler is of the opinion that the size of the edition was about 500 copies. His exceptionally perfect copy bears the price-mark, written in pencil, 37½c.; and an inscription in ink, obviously written at the time of the purchase, as follows: "William Baker's Book, Price

$0.34, Purchased March 1, 1826 of Bemis, Canandgua" (spelling as noted). The original price, no doubt, was three American shillings of the day, and William Baker apparently got a reduction of 3½ cents.

Second Edition, Howden, 1826.

(3⅝ by 6 inches. 180 pages.)

"A Narrative of the life of Mrs. Mary Jemison, Who was taken by the Indians, in the year 1755, When only about twelve years of age, and has continued to reside amongst them to the present time. Containing an account of the murder of her father and his family; her sufferings; her marriage to two Indians; her troubles with her children; Barbarities of the Indians in the French and Revolutionary Wars; the life of her last husband; And many Historical Facts never before published. Carefully taken from her own words, Nov. 29th, 1823. To which is added, An Appendix, Containing an Account of the Tragedy at the Devil's Hole, in 1763, and of Sullivan's Expedition; the Traditions, Manners, Customs, &c., of the Indians, as believed and practised at the present day, and since Mrs. Jemison's Captivity; together with some Anecdotes, and other entertaining Matter. By James E. Seaver. Howden: Printed for R. Parkin: Sold by T. Tegg, 73, Cheapside, London; Wilson and Sons, York; J. Noble, Hull; W. Walker, Otley; and by every other bookseller. 1826."

This edition is identical with that printed at Canandaigua in 1824, except that the publisher's imprint on the title-page is different and the date, "Pembroke, March 1, 1824," is omitted from the author's preface. An imprint on the last page states that it was printed by W. Walker at Otley. The edition appears to have been due to the enterprise of Mr. Parkin, who lived at Howden, Eng., apparently only a country-seat.

Third Edition, London, 1827.

(3⅜ by 5¼ inches. 180 pages.)

"A Narrative of the life of Mrs. Mary Jemison, Who was taken by the Indians, in the year 1755, When only about twelve years of

age, and has continued to reside amongst them to the present time. Containing an account of the murder of her father and his family; her sufferings; her marriage to two Indians; her troubles with her children; Barbarities of the Indians in the French and Revolutionary Wars; the life of her last husband; And many Historical Facts never before published. Carefully taken from her own words, Nov. 29th, 1823. To which is added, An Appendix, Containing an Account of the Tragedy at the Devil's Hole, in 1763, and of Sullivan's Expedition; the Traditions, Manners, Customs, &c., of the Indians, as believed and practised at the present day, and since Mrs. Jemison's Captivity; together with some Anecdotes, and other entertaining Matter. By James E. Seaver. London: Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, Pater-Noster-Row; and T. and J. Allman, Great Queen-street. 1827."

The text of this edition is the same as that of the 1826 edition—being a reproduction of Seaver's original—except that the publisher's imprint on the title-page has been changed. An imprint on the verso of the title-page shows that this edition was "Printed by W. Walker, Otley."

Fourth Edition, Buffalo, 1834.

(4¼ by 7¼ inches. 36 pages.)

"The Interesting Narrative of Mary Jemison, who lived nearly seventy-eight years among the Indians."

The fourth, fifth, and sixth editions were pamphlets, the fourth having no cover, and the fifth and sixth having paper covers. These three editions form the rarest group of all, the sixth being the rarest of the three. Most of the known copies are imperfect. The copy of the fourth edition in the Buffalo Historical Society, examined by the editor of this chapter, has no title-page, but simply the heading above quoted which appears at the top of the first page. As the pagination begins with page 1, it is inferred that there was no title-page. The narrative is much

abbreviated from Seaver's original. About half a page is added on page 36 by the Rev. Asher Wright, the missionary to the Senecas at Buffalo Creek, about Mary Jemison's removal from Gardeau to the Buffalo Creek Reservation, her conversion to Christianity, and her death and burial "in September, 1833." The date of publication, 1834, is conjectural. The place of publication is inferred from the wording of Mr. Wright's statement that Mary Jemison's "remains rest in the grave-yard near the Seneca Mission Church." If this had been printed elsewhere than in Buffalo, it is believed that Buffalo would have been mentioned in connection with this statement.

Fifth Edition, Rochester, 1840.

(5½ by 8 inches. 36 pages.)

"A Narrative of the life of Mrs. Mary Jemison, Who was taken by a party of French and Indians at Marsh Creek, in Pennsylvania, in the year 1755, and carried down the Ohio River when only 12 years of age, and who continued to reside with the Indians and follow their manner of living 78 years, until the time of her death, which took place at the Seneca Reservation, near Buffalo, N. Y., in 1833 at the advanced age of 90 years. Containing An account of the Murder of her Father's Family, who were taken captives at the same time with herself, but who were Tomahawked and Scalped the second night of their captivity; her Marriage to two Indian Chiefs, with whom she lived many years, and both of whom she followed to the grave. (Woodcut) To which is added An account of her conversion to the Christian Religion a few months before her death:—Her ideas of the Christian Religion and views of herself previous to her conversion, as related by the Rev. Mr. Wright, Minister at the Seneca Reservation, where she died. Rochester: Printed by Miller & Butterfield. 1840."

This is a pamphlet with paper cover in addition to the 36 pages of text. The text is a reprint of the abridged edition of 1834. A crude woodcut in the title-page represents a fight between a white man in

a swallow-tailed coat and two Indians around a campfire. Following the title-page is a folding woodcut giving a "correct view of her father's family after their captivity by the Indians, and when leaving their home," etc. The last page is occupied by a woodcut of "Hiokatoo, Mrs. Jemison's second husband, as he appeared when attired in his war dress." Mark Miller, who, with Butterfield, published this unique edition, was an engraver and may personally have cut the three wood blocks which are used to illustrate it. These three quaint woodcuts are reproduced in the present edition.

Sixth Edition, Utica, 1842.

(5⅜ by 7⅛ inches. 32 pages.)

"A Narrative of the life of Mrs. Mary Jemison, Who was taken by a party of French and Indians at Marsh Creek in Pennsylvania, in the year 1755, and carried down the Ohio River, when only 12 years of age, and who continued to reside with the Indians and follow their manner of living 78 years, until the time of her death, which took place at the Seneca Reservation, near Buffalo, N. Y., in 1833, at the advanced age of 90 years. Containing An account of the Murder of her Father's Family, who were taken captives at the same time with herself, but who were Tomahawked and Scalped the second night of their captivity; her marriage to two Indian Chiefs, with whom she lived many years, and both of whom she followed to the grave. (Woodcut) To which is added An account of her conversion to the Christian Religion a few months before her death—Her ideas of the Christian Religion, and views of herself previous to her conversion, as related by the Rev. Mr. Wright, Minister at the Seneca Reservation, where she died. Utica, Published by G. Cunningham. 1842. Woodland & Donaldson, Printers, Utica."

This is the rarest of all editions. It is a pamphlet with paper cover in addition to the 32 pages of text. This is the same text as the 1840 edition, and the same remarks about illustrations apply to both. The

HIGH BANK OF THE GENESEE RIVER AT GARDEAU

Which gave the Indian name Ga-da-o (Gardeau), meaning "bank in front," to the flats on which Mary Jemison lived

difference between the two editions is eloquently expressed in a pencil note in the copy of the 1842 edition in the New York Public Library which says: "A most horrid edition of this book was printed at Rochester, N. York in 1840. It was of this same form, & nearly page for page with this, but chock full of typographical blunders."

Seventh Edition, Otley, 1842.

(3 by 4¾ inches. 192 pages.)

"A Narrative of the life of Mrs. Mary Jemison, who was taken by the Indians, in the year 1755, when only about twelve years of age, and has continued to reside amongst them to the present time. Containing an Account of the murder of her father and his family; her sufferings; her marriage to two Indians; her troubles with her children; barbarities of the Indians in the French and Revolutionary wars; the life of her last husband; and many Historical facts never before published. Carefully taken from her own words, Nov. 29th, 1823. To which is added, an Appendix, Containing an Account of the Tragedy at the Devil's Hole, in 1763, and of Sullivan's Expedition; the Traditions, Manners, Customs, &c. of the Indians, as believed and practised at the present day, and since Mrs. Jemison's captivity; together with some Anecdotes, and other entertaining matter. By James E. Seaver. Otley: Printed by William Walker. Sold by all booksellers. 1842."

The text is the same as that of the Howden edition of 1826, except that it has been expanded by the addition of twelve pages entitled "Remarks concerning the Savages of North America" and "Fortitude of the Indian character." It has one illustration, a frontispiece.

Eighth Edition, Batavia, 1842.

(3⅞ by 5⅞ inches. 192 pages.)

"Deh-he-wa-mis: or a narrative of the life of Mary Jemison: otherwise called the White Woman, who was taken captive by the

Indians in MDCCLV; and who continued with them seventy eight years. Containing an account of the murder of her father and his family; her marriages and sufferings; Indian barbarities, customs and traditions. Carefully taken from her own words By James E. Seaver. Also the life of Hiokatoo, and Ebenezer Allen; a sketch of General Sullivan's campaign; tragedy of the "Devils Hole," etc. The whole revised, corrected and enlarged: with descriptive and historical sketches of the Six Nations, the Genesee country, and other interesting facts connected with the narrative: By Ebenezer Mix, Batavia, N. Y. Published by William Seaver and Son, 1842."

LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY ONTARIO

The author of the first edition having died, his brother William Seaver and the latter's son succeeded to the ownership of the book; and, bringing to their aid Ebenezer Mix as editor, they published this revised edition. Words, phrases, and the spelling of many proper names are changed; supposed grammatical errors corrected; the order of arrangement altered; new matter interpolated and added; and some features of the original, especially appendices, omitted. The principal additions are a new Publisher's Notice; Chapter V, dealing with geography and Indian names; Chapter XVIII, continuing the history of Mary Jemison's life and referring to her removal to Buffalo, her sickness, her death, etc.; Chapter XIX, comparing the condition of western New York as it then existed with its former condition; and Chapter XX concerning the history of the Six Nations. The appendices consist of "The Tragedy of the Devil's Hole" (rewritten), "General Sullivan's Expedition to Western New York" (rewritten), and "Removal of the Remains of Boyd." As an example of a change in phraseology may be mentioned the last clause of the last sentence of the original Preface (page vi ante). Dr. Seaver, evidently echoing one of the finest phrases of the Epistle to the Hebrews

(XII, 2), speaks of "gratitude to the great Author and finisher of our happiness."[177] Mr. Mix changes this to read "gratitude to the great Author and sustainer of the sources of all our happiness." Mr. Mix prefixes "Deh-he-wa-mis" to the title-page and uses it in the running titles to the pages throughout the book. His changes, while not always improvements, on the whole added to the value of the book as a source of information.

Ninth Edition, Batavia, 1842.

(3⅜ by 5⅜ inches. 192 pages.)

"Deh-he-wa-mis: or a narrative of the life of Mary Jemison: otherwise called the White Woman, who was taken captive by the Indians in MDCCLV; and who continued with them seventy eight years. Containing an account of the murder of her father and his family; her marriages and sufferings; Indian barbarities, customs and traditions. Carefully taken from her own words By James E. Seaver. Also the life of Hiokatoo, and Ebenezer Allen; a sketch of General Sullivan's campaign; tragedy of the "Devils Hole," etc. The whole revised, corrected and enlarged: with descriptive and historical sketches of the Six Nations, the Genesee country, and other interesting facts connected with the narrative: By Ebenezer Mix. *Second Edition.* Batavia, N. Y. Published by William Seaver and Son, 1842."

This is identical with the preceding 1842 edition printed at Batavia, except that the title-page has been lengthened by the insertion of the words "Second Edition" after the name of Ebenezer Mix. The same slight defects in the type of both editions show that they were printed from the same type. That this edition was printed after the one last above mentioned is indicated by trifling signs of wear on the edges of the type pages.

Tenth Edition, Batavia, 1844.

(3¾ by 6½ inches. 192 pages.)

"Deh-he-wa-mis: or A narrative of the life of Mary Jemison: otherwise called the White Woman, Who was taken captive by the Indians in MDCCLV and who continued with them seventy eight years Containing an account of the murder of her father and his family, her marriages and sufferings, Indian barbarities customs and traditions. Carefully taken from her own words by James E. Seaver. Also The life of Hiokatoo, and Ebenezer Allen; A sketch of General Sullivan's Campaign; Tragedy of the "Devils Hole," etc.—The whole revised, corrected and enlarged; with descriptive and historical sketches of the six nations, the Genesee country, and other interesting facts connected with the narrative: By Ebenezer Mix. *Third Edition.* Batavia, N. Y. Published by William Seaver and Son, 1844"

This is identical with the edition last above mentioned, except that the words "Second Edition" on the title-page have been changed to "Third Edition."

Eleventh Edition, Devon and London, 1847.

(3⅞ by 5¾ inches. 184 pages.)

"Deh-he-wa-mis: or A narrative of the life of Mary Jemison: otherwise called the White Woman, Who was taken captive by the Indians in MDCCLV; and who continued with them seventy-eight years. Containing an account of the murder of her father and his family; her marriages and sufferings; Indian barbarities, customs and traditions. Carefully taken from her own words. By James E. Seaver. Also the life of Hiokatoo and Ebenezer Allen; and historical sketches of the Six Nations, the Genesee country, and other interesting facts connected with the narrative: By Ebenezer Mix. Devon, Published by S. Thorne, Prospect-place, Shebbear. London, W. Tegg, 73, Cheapside. 1847."

This is an English reprint of the Batavia edition of 1844 except that the title-page has been abbreviated and a "Publisher's Notice," dated "Shebbear, July, 1847," added on another page, reading as follows: "A gentleman who has resided for some years in the neighbourhood in which many of the occur-

rences related in the following pages took place, having lately visited this country, felt an interest in their publication here; and having obtained a number of subscribers, applied to the publisher to undertake the work. His request was complied with, and it is hoped that the perusal of the book may excite in many a greater detestation of the horrors of war, and a spirit of revenge, and a clearer view of the necessity of an adoption of the gospel of Christ to render either nations or individuals truly happy; as well as give a correct delineation of Indian manners and customs." An imprint on page 184 shows that the edition was printed by S. Thorne. Following page 184 of the text is an advertising list of books published by Bradbury & Evans.

Twelfth Edition, New York, Auburn, Rochester, 1856.

(4⅝ by 7¼ inches. 312 pages.)

"Life of Mary Jemison, Deh-he-wä-mis. By James E. Seaver. *Fourth Edition*, with geographical and explanatory notes. New York and Auburn: Miller, Orton & Mulligan. Rochester: D. M. Dewey. 1856"

The text of this edition is mainly that of the Batavia editions, but Lewis Henry Morgan, LL.D., the great authority on Indian matters in New York State and author of "The League of the Iroquois," has added some new and interesting features. A "Publisher's Note" of three pages by him precedes Seaver's original introduction and he has inserted many foot-notes about Indian names and customs. He has also added as Appendix V a list of Indian geographical names in the State of New York taken from his "League of the Iroquois" and has inserted a letter from Gen. Ely S. Parker (Do-ne-hö-ga-weh)

to D. M. Dewey, of Rochester, the publisher, expressing pleasure at the prospect of the new edition. Chapter XIX of the 1842 Batavia edition concerning the "present state of New York compared with the former," etc., is omitted, and Chapter XX of the 1842 edition becomes Chapter XIX of the 1856 edition. The book is embellished by five woodcuts by Spiegel-Johnson, largely drawn from the imagination, representing Mary Jemison "relating her history to the author," "arrayed in Indian costume," and "in Indian costume at the age of sixteen"; "The murder of one of her sons by his brother"; and "Showing her house and modern improvements." The portrait of Dr. Seaver, however, is regarded by his descendants as bearing a good resemblance to the author, and is reproduced in the present volume.

Thirteenth Edition, New York, 1859.

(5 by 7¼ inches. 312 pages.)

"Life of Mary Jemison: Deh-he-wä-mis. By James E. Seaver. *Fourth Edition.* With geographical and explanatory notes. New York: C. M. Saxton, 25 Park Row. 1859."

This edition is the same as the last above mentioned, except that the dates have been omitted from the "Publisher's Note" and "Introduction."

Fourteenth Edition, New York, 1860.

(4⅞ by 7⅜ inches. 312 pages.)

"Life of Mary Jemison: Deh-he-wä-mis. By James E. Seaver. *Fourth Edition.* With geographical and explanatory notes. New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co., No. 25 Park Row. 1860"

Like the edition of 1859, this is the same as the edition of 1856 with the omission of the dates from

the "Publisher's Note" and "Introduction." It has the same illlustrations.

Fifteenth Edition, Buffalo, 1877.

(4¾ by 7⅛ inches. 303 pages.)

"Life of Mary Jemison: Deh-he-wä-mis. By James E. Seaver. *Fifth Edition*, with appendix. Buffalo, N. Y.: Printing house of Matthews & Warren, Office of the 'Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.' 1877."

This edition marks the change of ownership of the book to William Pryor Letchworth, LL.D., who resided at Portage Falls on the large estate which in 1907 he gave to the State of New York and which is now known as Letchworth Park. As elsewhere stated in the present volume, Mary Jemison's remains are buried in Letchworth Park. New features of the 1877 edition are a Preface by Dr. Letchworth; an account of a visit to the Cattaraugus Reservation in 1873 by William C. Bryant, ex-president of the Buffalo Historical Society; an account of Mary Jemison's last hours by Mrs. Asher Wright; an account, by Dr. Letchworth, of the removal of Mary Jemison's remains from Buffalo to his estate at Portage Falls in 1874; and seventeen new engravings on wood, including the work of G. A. Avery, Whitney and Jocelyn, Timothy Cole and others. Among the illustrations are a view of Gardeau where the White Woman resided, portraits of some of her descendants, and engravings of Indian wearing apparel, etc., from Morgan's "League of the Iroquois." Among the features of the 1842 Batavia edition omitted from the 1877 edition are the last paragraph of the "Publisher's Note"; Chapter XIX on the "Confederacy

of the Iroquois," the "Concluding Note" from "The League of the Iroquois," the appendix describing the "Tragedy of the Devil's Hole," and the appendix describing "The Genesee country as it was and is."

Sixteenth Edition, Buffalo, 1880.

(4⅞ by 7⅛ inches. 303 pages.)

"Life of Mary Jemison: Deh-he-wä-mis. By James E. Seaver. *Sixth Edition*, with appendix. Buffalo, N. Y. Printing house of Matthews Bros. & Bryant, Office of the 'Buffalo Morning Express.' 1880"

This is a reprint of the edition of 1877, the only change being in the number of the edition on the title-page. It has a binding of cloth on paper without boards.

Seventeenth Edition, New York and London, 1898.

(5 by 7⅝ inches. 300 pages.)

"A Narrative of the life of Mary Jemison. De-he-wä-mis. The White Woman of the Genesee. By James E. Seaver. *Sixth Edition.* With Geographical and Explanatory Notes and Appendix. This edition also includes numerous illustrations, further particulars of the history of De-he-wä-mis, and other interesting matter collected and arranged by Wm. Pryor Letchworth. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York & London. The Knickerbocker Press. 1898."

This is substantially the same as the 1880 edition, but the title-page has been changed; Chapter XXI, giving additional particulars concerning Mary Jemison's parentage, etc., has been added; and the following have been omitted: The note to the fifth edition signed by Dr. Letchworth and dated Glen Iris, March, 1877; the "Publisher's Note to the Fourth

LOG CABIN OF MARY JEMISON'S DAUGHTER BETSEY AT GARDEAU

Standing 80 rods north of the site of Mary Jemison's home.

Edition," dated Rochester, N. Y., March, 1856; the letter from Ely S. Parker to D. M. Dewey; and Appendix IV, concerning General Sullivan's expedition. There are twenty-one illustrations, including the seventeen which appeared in the fifteenth and sixteenth editions. The new ones include four half-tones, as follows: A drawing by Miss Mildred Green of Buffalo, representing "Mary Jemison being arrayed in the costume of a Seneca Indian maiden" (frontispiece); a portrait of Mrs. Asher Wright; a view of Mary Jemison's grave, and one of the old Council House near Dr. Letchworth's residence. This is the first edition containing a list of illustrations.

Eighteenth Edition, New York and London, 1910.

(5 by 7½ inches. 305 pages.)

"A Narrative of the life of Mary Jemison. De-he-wä-mis. The White Woman of the Genesee. By James E. Seaver. *Seventh Edition.* With Geographical and Explanatory Notes. This edition also includes numerous illustrations, further particulars of the history of De-he-wä-mis, and other interesting matter collected and arranged by Wm. Pryor Letchworth. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London. The Knickerbocker Press. 1910."

This is the same as the 1898 edition with very slight changes. The frontispiece of the former is moved along to page 56 of the 1910 edition, giving place to a half-tone cut from a photograph of the statue of Mary Jemison. This makes twenty-two illustrations. The number of the edition has been changed on the title-page; the last four lines of the Preface omitted and the date of the Preface changed from May 1, 1898, to September 15, 1910; and a supplement of three pages about the statue has been added.

Nineteenth Edition, New York and London, 1913.

(5¼ by 7⅛ inches. 305 pages.)

"A Narrative of the life of Mary Jemison. De-he-wä-mis. The White Woman of the Genesee. By James E. Seaver. *Seventh Edition.* With Geographical and Explanatory Notes. This edition also includes numerous illustrations, further particulars of the history of De-he-wä-mis, and other interesting matter collected and arranged by Wm. Pryor Letchworth. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London. The Knickerbocker Press. 1913."

Upon the death of Dr. Letchworth on December 1, 1910, the ownership of the book passed, with his residuary estate, to the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society which by law is custodian of Letchworth Park for the State of New York. The 1913 edition is a reprint of the edition of 1910. The only difference is in the cover, which has stamped upon it a representation of the statue of Mary Jemison instead of the Council House.

Twentieth Edition, New York, 1918.

(5¼ by 8 inches. 475 pages.)

"A Narrative of The Life of Mary Jemison The White Woman of the Genesee by James Everett Seaver, M. D. Revised by Charles Delamater Vail, L. H. D. Emeritus Professor of English Literature at Hobart College Twentieth Edition Presenting the First Edition literally restored, Together with chapters added to later editions by Ebenezer Mix, Lewis Henry Morgan, LL. D., William Clement Bryant and William Pryor Letchworth, LL. D. Enlarged with historical and archaeological memoranda and critical notes by modern authorities New York The American Scenic & Historic Preservation Society 1918"

In this edition Seaver's original text is restored *verbatim et literatim* and forms Part I. The principal additions made by earlier editors have been reproduced in Part II, with an addition by Edward Hagaman Hall concerning the place of Mary Jemi-

son's capture; an addition by the Reviser concerning the erection of the statue of Mary Jemison; a new chapter by William H. Samson concerning Mary Jemison's will, and a new chapter by the Reviser giving a bibliography of this book. And in Part III have been collated the notes originally accompanying the matter contained in Part II, together with new memoranda and critical notes by modern authorities on historical and archæological subjects. The illustrations include the most interesting ones of former editions and several new ones, making a total of forty-one. The whole is introduced by a Foreword by the Reviser and is followed by an alphabetical index.

This edition is notable in several respects. Only four of the preceding nineteen editions have presented the narrative as Dr. Seaver wrote it. For the first time since the Otley edition of 1842 it is now presented in its original form. The voluminous notes by the Reviser throw a flood of light on both the original story and the additional chapters by other editors. The date of Mary Jemison's capture, given in all previous editions erroneously as 1755, is here given authoritatively as 1758. This, and other dates based upon it, are corrected by means of explications in Part III, without any changes in Part I. The site of Mary Jemison's capture is for the first time indicated by description and map so definitely that any one interested in this romantic story can visit the scene of its opening chapter without difficulty. The alphabetical index is a feature which no previous edition has contained.

Following is a tabulation of the various editions of "The Life of Mary Jemison" consecutively numbered:

Tabulation of Editions of "The Life of Mary Jemison"

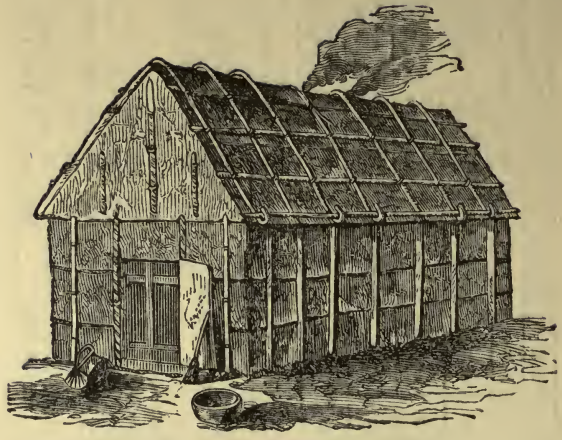
Edition		Year*	Place *	Pages	Illus.	Size of Paper Page	Reviser	† Publisher and § Printer	Character of Text
Old *	New								
	1st	1824	Canandaigua	189	0	3½ x 5⅝		† James D. Bemis * § J. D. Bemis & Co. *	Original by Seaver
	2d	1826	Howden	180	0	3⅝ x 6		† R. Parkin * § W. Walker	Reprint of 1st
	3d	1827	London	180	0	3⅝ x 5⅞		† Longman, Rees, etc.* § W. Walker	Reprint of 1st
	4th	1834	Buffalo	36	0	4½ x 7½	Unknown	† Unknown	Abridgement of 1st
	5th	1840	Rochester	36	3	5½ x 8	Unknown	§ Miller & Butterfield *	Same as 4th
	6th	1842	Utica	32	3	5⅜ x 7⅞	Unknown	† G. Cunningham * § Woodland & Donaldson *	Same as 5th
	7th	1842	Otley	192	1	3 x 4⅜	Unknown	§ William Walker *	1st with addition
	8th	1842	Batavia	192	0	3⅜ x 5⅜	Mix	† William Seaver & Son *	1st much revised
2d	9th	1842	Batavia	192	0	3⅞ x 5⅞	Mix	† William Seaver & Son *	Same as 8th
3d	10th	1844	Batavia	192	0	3¾ x 6¼	Mix	† William Seaver & Son *	Same as 8th
	11th	1847	Devon and London	184	0	3⅝ x 5⅞	Mix	† S. Thorne, W. Tegg * § S. Thorne	Same as 8th
4th	12th	1856	N. Y. & Auburn Rochester	312	5	4⅝ x 7¼	Morgan	§ Miller, Orton & Mulligan * † D. M. Dewey *	8th revised

4th	13th	1859	New York	312	5	5 x 7¼	Morgan	† C. M. Saxton *	Same as 12th
4th	14th	1860	New York	312	5	4⅞ x 7⅜	Morgan	† Saxton, Barker & Co. *	Same as 12th
5th	15th	1877	Buffalo	303	17	4¾ x 7⅜	Letchworth	† William P. Letchworth § Matthews & Warren *	12th revised
6th	16th	1880	Buffalo	303	17	4⅞ x 7⅛	Letchworth	† William P. Letchworth § Matthews Bros. & Bryant *	Same as 15th
6th	17th	1898	New York and London	300	21	5 x 7⅜	Letchworth	† William P. Letchworth § G. P. Putnam's Sons *	16th revised
7th	18th	1910	New York and London	305	22	5 x 7½	Letchworth	† William P. Letchworth § G. P. Putnam's Sons *	17th revised
7th	19th	1913	New York and London	305	22	5⅛ x 7½	Letchworth	† Am. Sc. & Hist. Pres. Soc. § G. P. Putnam's Sons *	Same as 18th
	20th	1918	New York	475	41	5¼ x 8	Vail	† Am. Sc. & Hist. Pres. Soc.* § Harper & Brothers	1st restored with additions and revision

* As stated on title page, except 1834 edition. References in last column above are to new enumeration.

Following is a tabulation of editions (new enumeration) in six important collections.

Elmer Adler.....	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	...	...	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	....	....	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th
Edward E. Ayer Collection.	1st	2d	3d	4th	...	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	....	15th	....	17th	....	....
Buffalo Historical Society..	1st	2d	...	4th	5th	...	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	...	17th	....	....
Congressional Library.....		2d	...	...	...	...	...	...	8th	9th	....	11th	12th	....	....	....	....	17th	18th	....
Letchworth Park.....	1st	...	...	...	5th	...	...	8th	...	....	11th	12th	....	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th
New York Public Library..	1st	2d	...	...	...	6th	7th	...	...	10th	11th	....	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	....	....



GÄ-NO-SOTE, OR BARK HOUSE

PART III

NOTES AND COMMENT

O-SQUE-SONT, OR TOMAHAWK

NOTES AND COMMENT

Historical, geographical, and biographical notes on the narrative of the life of Mary Jemison.—Erroneous dates in the original corrected.—Indian customs explained in the light of modern research.—Indian place-names interpreted, etc.

In order to present intact Dr. Seaver's original narrative of the life of Mary Jemison the foot-notes which accompanied it in the first edition have been printed in Part I of the present volume exactly where they first appeared.

As there is no sentimental or good literary reason for following the same plan with respect to the notes appended by subsequent editors both to the original text and to the new chapters which they added from time to time, and as modern research has thrown a flood of light on many phases of the story, requiring much more extended comment, the Reviser of the edition of 1918 has deemed it wise to collate in Part III of the present volume all such subsequent foot-notes, together with the new notes by himself.

In order that there may be no confusion of authorship, the origin of each of the following notes is indicated by the name *Mix*, *Morgan*, *Letchworth*, or *Reviser*, meaning respectively Ebenezer Mix, Lewis Henry Morgan, William Pryor Letchworth, and Charles Delamater Vail. Following the name of the

author is the date of the edition in which the note first appeared. Thus, *Mix, ed. 1842* means that the note was written by Ebenezer Mix and first appeared in the Batavia edition of 1842.

The notes are numbered consecutively to correspond with the superior figures inserted in the text to which they relate.

1. James Everett Seaver.

(Page *g*, line 7.)

The following biographical note is furnished by Dr. Edward Hagaman Hall, Secretary of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, at the request of the Reviser:

"James Everett Seaver was born in Middleboro, Mass., on October 15, 1787. He was the son of Capt. William Seaver and his first wife Polly Everett. Capt. William Seaver served during the Revolutionary war, being one of the guards at the execution of Major Andre. Capt. Seaver was the son of Brigade Major William Seaver of Taunton, Mass., and his first wife Rebecca Hunt. Major Seaver's diary, published in the early part of the nineteenth century, was replete with interesting incidents of pioneer life. James Everett Seaver's mother Polly Everett was the daughter of Andrew Everett and cousin of the celebrated Edward Everett. During James Everett Seaver's infancy, his parents moved to Vermont. He was admitted to the practice of 'Physic and Surgery' under the laws of Vermont February 9, 1813. From Vermont his family moved to Hebron, N. Y., and soon after his marriage to Margaret McCall he moved to Pembroke, N. Y. Chronic rheumatism compelled him to give up his practice and eventually brought on the complaints which terminated his life on January 25, 1827. He was buried at Darien Center, N. Y. He enjoyed the highest reputation for his exemplary character and intellectual worth. He also

had a keen sense of humor and considerable ability as a poet, both of which appeared in many short pieces expressing lofty sentiments and touching human foibles. His chief literary work, however, was 'The Life of Mary Jemison,' published in 1824. There is a biographical notice of Dr. Seaver in No. 6 of volume V of 'The Gospel Advocate,' published at Buffalo on Saturday, February 10, 1827, from a copy of which, kindly furnished by Mr. William Seaver Woods of New York, great-grandson of Dr. Seaver, the foregoing note has been prepared."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

2. Ebenezer Mix.

(Page *i*, line 4.)

The following biographical note is furnished by Dr. E. H. Hall at the request of the Reviser:

"Ebenezer Mix was born in New Haven, Conn., about 1789, and became a resident of Batavia, N. Y., in 1809. He was a mason by trade, but soon after settling in Batavia he taught school, then studied law, and in March, 1811, entered the service of the Holland Company as a clerk in their land office. He continued the latter connection for 27 years, and took a prominent part in arranging the details of the famous Holland Purchase of about 3,600,000 acres of land in western New York (so-called because the tracts were purchased with funds of certain gentlemen living in Holland). He had unusual talents as a practical mathematician; and was the author of a book entitled 'Practical Mathematics.' He had a wonderful memory of localities, boundaries, and topography; and long after his connection with the Holland Company ended, he was appealed to as a book of reference or an encyclopedia whenever conflicting questions concerning land boundaries, highway locations, or primitive surveys and allotments arose. No one in the employ of the company had more direct contact or intimate relations with the

pioneer settlers. For 20 years he was the Surrogate of Genesee county. In the War of 1812 he was an aide to Gen. P. B. Porter at the successful sortie at Fort Erie, September 17, 1814. There is a portrait of him in Turner's 'Pioneer History of the Holland Purchase.'"

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

3. Lewis Henry Morgan.

(Page *i*, line 21.)

Dr. E. H. Hall furnishes the following biographical note at the request of the Reviser:

"Lewis Henry Morgan was born at Aurora, N. Y., on the shore of Cayuga Lake, November 21, 1818. He was the son of Jedediah Morgan, at one time State Senator, and Harriet Steele, his wife. James Morgan and John Steele, his paternal and maternal immigrant ancestors, were pioneer New Englanders and both members of the first Assembly of Connecticut Colony. Lewis H. Morgan was graduated in 1840 from Union College, from which he later received the degree of LL.D., and was admitted to the bar at Rochester. In 1855, he became interested in a railroad from Marquette, Mich., to the Lake Superior iron region, which so absorbed his attention that he gave up his law practice. He was a Member of Assembly in 1861 and State Senator in 1868. Soon after going to Rochester, he met Ely S. Parker, a full-blooded Seneca Indian, and contracted a friendship with him which proved of the utmost value. With Parker, Morgan reorganized a secret society called 'The Gordian Knot' to which they both belonged, the new organization being on the plan of the League of the Iroquois and devoted to the study of Indian lore. Parker acted as interpreter for Morgan in all his communications with the Indians of the Six Nations. By distinguished services in championship of the Indians' rights to their lands, Morgan won his way into their hearts and about the year 1847 he was

adopted into the Seneca nation, receiving the name *Tä-yä-dä-o-wuh-kuh*, meaning *one lying across*—that is, a bridge or bond of union between the Indians and the white men. He traveled extensively in the United States, studying the Indians, and in 1851 produced his monumental work entitled 'The League of the Iroquois,' which was followed during the next thirty years by about thirty important contributions to knowledge on the subject of North American ethnology, and many less pretentious papers. He made original discoveries of the principles underlying Indian sociology and general customs, and by many is regarded as the father of American anthropology. He died December 17, 1881."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

4. William Pryor Letchworth.

(Page *i*, line 32.)

The following biographical note is furnished by Dr. E. H. Hall at the Reviser's request:

"William Pryor Letchworth was descended from English Quaker ancestry. His first American ancestor was his great-grandfather, John Letchworth, who settled in Philadelphia, Penn., in 1766. William Pryor Letchworth was born in Brownville, near Watertown, N. Y., May 26, 1823, the son of Josiah and Ann Hance Letchworth. The family moved to Moravia, and then to Sherwood, N. Y., whence William at about the age of 15, went to Auburn, and began his business life as a clerk in the house of Hayden & Holmes, manufacturers of saddlery hardware. After seven years in Auburn and three in New York, in the employ of the same firm, he went to Buffalo and entered into partnership with Pratt & Co., leading hardware merchants. In this business he accumulated a comfortable fortune, which enabled him to travel abroad, and to give much time to philanthropy. In 1873 Gov. Dix appointed him a State Commissioner of Charities, and for the next

24 years his time was almost completely absorbed with the duties of that position. His work for the care of the insane and epileptic and for prison reform was monumental. In 1893, the University of the State of New York gave him the degree of LL.D. in recognition of his distinguished services. In 1859, he began to purchase land at Portage Falls on the Genesee River, and eventually acquired about 1000 acres. He removed the debris of the old lumber mill at the falls (see note No. 158 following), restored the forests, beautified the estate in many ways, and made the place his home, calling it Glen Iris. In 1871 he brought to Glen Iris the old Indian Council House which formerly stood at Caneadea; in 1874 he brought from Buffalo the remains of Mary Jemison; and in 1880 he brought from Gardeau the log cabin which Mary Jemison built for one of her daughters. In 1910 he erected a bronze statue of Mary Jemison over her grave. Meanwhile he accumulated a valuable museum of Indian relics and books relating to charities. In 1907, he gave his estate to the State of New York for a public park, on condition that it should be in the custody of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, and he made the society his residuary legatee. He retained a life tenancy of the property and lived upon it till he died on December 1, 1910. He was buried in Forest Lawn Cemetery, Buffalo. For further particulars concerning Dr. Letchworth and Letchworth Park, see the Twelfth Annual Report of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, 1907, pp. 115–226, and subsequent Reports; also 'The Life and Work of William Pryor Letchworth,' by J. N. Larned, 1912."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

5. Grammatical Usage in 1824.

(Page *l*, line 18.)

In connection with the subject of the grammatical forms in Dr. Seaver's narrative, the reader may con-

sult with interest and profit the valuable works of the late Thomas Raynesford Lounsbury, LL.D., L.H.D., one time professor of English language and literature at Yale University.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

6. J. D. Bemis.

(Page i, line 25.)

J. D. Bemis, head of the firm which printed the first edition, was a prominent citizen of Canandaigua, N. Y. One of the most important commercial buildings of that city to-day bears conspicuously the name of Bemis and is erected on the site of the printing press which produced the first edition of "The Life of Mary Jemison."—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

7. The Jemison Home in Ireland.

(Page 17, last line.)

In the first edition of the narrative of Mary Jemison's life there is only one remark that has any bearing on this question of the region of abode in Ireland of Mary Jemison's parents. In this remark it is stated that a short time before sailing for this country Mary Jemison's parents removed to the port from which they were to sail, but unfortunately the first edition nowhere discloses the name of this port. The Custom House records, kept at that time at Philadelphia, however, supply the deficiency; and it is learned, as shown in note No. 8, that the Jemisons sailed for this country from Belfast, Ireland.

In a letter to Dr. Letchworth from Mr. Henry O'Reilly, written in 1883 and forming the concluding part of Chapter XXI of the 1898 edition of this book, it is revealed by the writer that he came in boyhood

from that part of Ireland where Mary Jemison's parents dwelt. An investigation into the life of Mr. O'Reilly shows that he was born in Carrickmacross, County Monaghan, Province of Ulster. This fixes with sufficient accuracy the locality sought.

That this was the region in Ireland where the Jemisons made their home before sailing to Philadelphia is further confirmed by a letter written to the Reviser in 1915 by Miss Caroline Bishop, librarian of Letchworth Park, which says:

"A few days ago a young man was here who came from Antrim, Ireland. He is chauffeur to Mrs. Porter Chandler, formerly Miss Wadsworth, of Geneseo. He said that he had heard his father talk with his neighbors in Antrim about the Jemisons and tell the story of Mary's captivity."

Antrim is about thirty miles directly north from Carrickmacross and both are in the eastern part of the province of Ulster.

Still further, it appears that in a series of articles written by the Rev. W. K. Zieber of Hanover, Pa., for *The Gettysburgh Compiler*, the article of December 11, 1879, states:

"The first settlements in the southwestern portion of the territory now embraced in Adams County were made by the Scotch-Irish. About the year 1735 a number of families established themselves near the sources of Marsh Creek. Others soon followed, among them in the year 1742 or 3 were Thomas Jemison and his wife Jane Erwin. * * * Thomas Jemison and wife were of honorable and wealthy Scotch-Irish parentage."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

LOG CABIN OF MARY JEMISON'S DAUGHTER NANCY

Formerly at Gardeau, now at Letchworth Park, New York.

8. Year of Mary's Birth

(Page 19, line 9.)

In order to determine the year of Mary Jemison's birth it is necessary to ascertain the year of the voyage of her parents to this country. On page 18 of the original narrative of her life, Mrs. Jemison states that her parents set sail from a port in Ireland for this country on board the *William and Mary*, (by her mistakenly called *Mary William*) in the year 1742 or 3, bound for Philadelphia, and that in the course of the voyage she herself was born. Hitherto no attempt seems to have been made to determine whether the coming of Mary Jemison's parents to this country took place in 1742 or in 1743.

A memorandum by John W. Jordan, LL.D., librarian of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, in answer to an inquiry, points out that in the Custom House at Philadelphia record was made of the *arrival of ships* from Great Britain and that the records for 1742 and 1743 are extant. The memorandum further shows that official lists were made of the arrivals at a colonial port of emigrants being *aliens*, but not of emigrants subjects of Great Britain; and that all emigrants from the British Isles coming to Philadelphia preferred, if at all possible, the *summer* trip, the Delaware River being very often closed by ice to navigation in December.

For the purposes of the present investigation the most interesting fact revealed in the information accompanying the memorandum received from Dr. Jordan is that in 1742 the *William and Mary* in its *summer* trip entered Philadelphia, August 26, not, however, from an Irish port, but from an English

port, White Haven, whilst in 1743, October 6, the *William and Mary* entered Philadelphia from an Irish port, Belfast. It seems, therefore, conclusive that the Jemisons arrived at Philadelphia October 6, 1743, and it would be absolutely conclusive but for the existence of a very tenuous possibility, namely, that the Jemisons arrived in the *William and Mary* the latter part of December, 1742, or early in January, 1743, for the memorandum from Dr. Jordan, after pointing out that there is no record of the arrival of the *William and Mary* at Philadelphia in the winter of either 1742 or 1743, mentions that a vessel named *William and Mary* is registered as having sailed *from* Philadelphia for Londonderry, Ireland, October 21, 1742, and again as having sailed *from* Philadelphia for Belfast, Ireland, February 10, 1743, and this information furnished by Dr. Jordan means, if there is no error in these records and it is the same vessel in each case, that the *William and Mary* must have returned to Philadelphia in the interim, that is, about the latter part of December, 1742, or early in January, 1743, *i.e.*, in the winter of 1742–3, at a date not recorded, and that the Jemisons may have come to Philadelphia on this trip. It is difficult, though, to conceive that persons of the comparative affluence of the Jemisons should, contrary to the usage of the times and of their class, have made the voyage at the most unpropitious season of the year and under circumstances that could not have failed to make the voyage an object of dread to one at least of the party.

It will probably be universally accepted by those interested in preserving the integrity and dignity of the Mary Jemison legend that the natural sense of the legend should prevail and that the date of arrival of

the Jemison family at Philadelphia should be accredited as October 6, 1743.

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

9. Marsh Creek.

(Page 19, line 26.)

Marsh Creek rises in South Mountain, in Franklin township, Adams County, Penn., about ten or eleven miles northwest of Gettysburg. For the first seven or eight miles of its course it flows in a generally eastward and southeastward direction through a broad valley on the north side of and substantially parallel with the Chambersburg pike or State highway leading from Gettysburg to Chambersburg. Then it bends towards the south, crosses the pike, and follows a winding course past the western side of the battlefield of Gettysburg with which it is associated in the history of the Civil War. From the Gettysburg side it receives as a tributary Willoughby Run, which also figures in the history of the battle of Gettysburg, and from the west it is joined by Little Marsh Creek. Continuing southward, and just after crossing the State line into Maryland, it joins Rock Creek which comes down on the easterly side of Gettysburg, and their united waters form the Monocacy River, which empties into the Potomac about thirty-five miles northwest of Washington.

The reader interested in studying the geography and topography of the country in which Mary Jemison's family first settled may profitably consult the Gettysburg and Fairfield quadrangles of the United States Geological Survey, which jointly embrace the area lying between latitudes 39° 45′ and 40° 00′ north, and longitudes 77° 00′ and 77° 30′ west.

The sketch map printed in this book is based upon them.

The exact location of the first domicile of the Jemisons on Marsh Creek is not known and will probably so remain unless it shall be disclosed by records of land conveyances of which we have no knowledge at the present writing. The family were not captured while living at their first homestead, but after they had moved to another part of the farm or to another neighborhood not far away (see page 21). As the location of the latter place is definitely known to have been near the confluence of Sharps Run and Conewago Creek, less than two and a half miles from Marsh Creek (see page 220), and as Mary Jemison says that her second home was only "a short distance from our former abode," we may infer that the first home of the Jemisons was in the upper end of the Marsh Creek valley on the north side of the Chambersburg pike within a few miles of Marsh Creek Hollow. A typical landscape of this section, looking eastward from Marsh Creek Hollow, is depicted in one of the illustrations of this book.

—Reviser, ed. 1918.

10. The Spring of 1752.

(Page 20, line 21.)

This reference to the "spring of 1752" probably means the spring of 1755. The earliest narrative of captivity, in Pritts's "Border Life," is that of Col. James Smith who was captured in May, 1755, when building the road from Fort Loudon to Turkey Foot, where it was to join the Braddock Road; and as the beginning of Indian raids into western Pennsylvania has commonly been associated with Braddock's ex-

pedition and defeat it is presumable that the beginning of the period of alarm to which Mary Jemison refers here was the spring of 1755 rather than the spring of 1752 and is merely an example of the error of three years so common in Mary Jemison's narrative and due, in the first instance, to her error of three years as to the date of her abduction. See note No. 14 following on the date of abduction.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

11. Battle of Great Meadows.

(Page 21, line 5.)

The following memorandum is communicated by the Rev. Dr. Donehoo:

"The battle referred to here was the one fought by Washington with the French under M. Coulon de Villiers, July 3, 1754, at Fort Necessity near the present Farmington, Pa., a battle in which Washington lost 30 men killed, 42 wounded."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

12. The Winter of 1754–5.

(Page 21, last line.)

This characterization of the winter of 1754–5 must be taken as a characterization of the winter actually preceding the abduction of the Jemisons, that is, the winter of 1757–8.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

13. Common Fall Seasons.

(Page 22, line 1.)

A memorandum from the librarian of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, in answer to an inquiry, shows that in southeastern Pennsylvania not only was the winter of 1754–5 "as mild as common fall seasons," but that the winter of 1757–8 was of the

same character, and, therefore, it is to be inferred that meteorologically the text is supported by either year as the date of the abduction.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

14. Date of the Abduction.

(Page 22, line 18.)

The true date of the abduction of the Jemison family was Wednesday, April 5, 1758. This date is conclusively established by two excerpts given below, from *The Pennsylvania Gazette*. The first and most important of these excerpts bears date April 13, 1758. It is a letter from York County, Pa., written April 5, 1758, and reads as follows:

"Three Indians were seen this Day by two Boys near Thomas Jamieson's, at the Head of Marsh Creek; upon which they gave the Alarm, when six Men went to said Jamieson's House, and found there one Robert Buck killed and scalped; also a Horse killed, that belonged to William Man, a Soldier at Carlisle, whose Wife and Children had just come to live with Jamieson. This Woman, and her three Children, Thomas Jamieson, his Wife, and five or six Children, are all missing. The same Day, a Person going to Shippen's-Town, saw a Number of Indians near that Place, and imagined they designed to attack it.—This has thrown the Country into great Confusion."

The second excerpt from *The Pennsylvania Gazette* in this connection is from the issue of April 20, 1758:

"We have advice from Maryland that a party of Cherokee Indians are set out from Fort Frederick in pursuit of the Indians that did the mischief lately in York County."

For these excerpts, so conclusive in the matter of the date of the abduction of the Jemison family,

we are indebted to Dr. John W. Jordan, previously mentioned.

A probable explanation of the cause of Mary Jemison's error as to the date of her abduction, suggested by Dr. Jordan, is that with the lapse of years she confused the date of her own abduction, 1758, with the date of the beginning of the Indian raids in that part of Pennsylvania where the Jemisons lived, *i. e.*, the year of Braddock's expedition and defeat, 1755.

An error of three years occurs repeatedly in Mary Jemison's text and is due, doubtless, to this initial error as to the date of her abduction.

It is to be observed in this connection that what is quite certainly the first printed notice of the abduction of Mary Jemison, that is, the notice in *The Pennsylvania Gazette* given above, appeared the eighth day (April 13) after the abduction (April 5). That this notice was copied more or less extensively by the press is shown in the citation below of an Addendum prepared by the Rev. W. K. Zieber, D.D., for *The Gettysburg Compiler* of December 11, 1879, a copy of which was sent November 29, 1879, to Dr. Letchworth and was found among his papers by Dr. Letchworth's secretary, Miss Caroline Bishop. The portion of the Addendum essential to the purpose in hand is as follows:

"In 'Watson's Annals' there is a brief mention of the abduction of the Jemison family. Among 'sundry facts gleaned from the New York Mercury, &c., (sic) from 1755 to 1763' the following item occurs: '1758, York County, April 5. Three Indians were seen this day near Thomas Jemison's at the head of Marsh Creek. After the alarm was given six men proceeded to Jemison's house, and found Robert Buck killed

and scalped—all the rest of the family are missing. The same day a person going to Shippenstown saw a number of Indians. These facts have caused much alarm.'"

The citation given above has been verified at the New York Public Library by the secretary of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, Dr. Edward Hagaman Hall, and its correctness ascertained (though the name Jemison is spelled Jamieson). The exact title of the work here referred to is, "Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania in the Olden Time," by John F. Watson. The work is printed in two volumes. Copies of the three earliest editions of the work, those of 1850, 1857, 1884, are in the New York Public Library. The passage will be found on page 185 of the second volume of each of the three editions inspected. A comparison of the citation above from Watson's "Annals" with the excerpt from *The Pennsylvania Gazette* at the beginning of this note shows that Mr. Watson made a serious though probably an unintentional error in accrediting authorities for the date and that the reading public owes its first knowledge of the correct date of the abduction of Mary Jemison to the columns of *The Pennsylvania Gazette*.

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

15. William Mann.

(Page 24. line 11.)

The woman's husband referred to was William Mann, a soldier at Carlisle (see note No. 14). At this time (April, 1758) William Mann could not have been with Washington, as in that year (1758) Washing-

CORNPLANTER

From studies of several originals.

ton was in command of Fort Loudon in Winchester, Virginia. Evidently as Washington's War, so-called, took place in 1754, Mary Jemison's historic confusion is here one of a four-year period instead of the three-year period ordinarily observed, and though allowance for a three-year error does not give the usual satisfactory result, there is little or no doubt that Mary Jemison's error here is due to her mistake as to the date of her abduction.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

16. First Day of Captivity.

(Page 25, line 8.)

Mary Jemison's captivity began April 5, 1758, destined to last till the end of her life, in 1833, though just after the close of the War of the Revolution she was offered her liberty by her Indian brother, Kaujises-tau-ge-au, an offer which after full consideration she decided to decline. As Mary Jemison was born in the summer of 1743 she was at the date of her abduction a little less than fifteen years of age. During the first eight days of her captivity (*i. e.*, from early morn of Wednesday, April 5, 1758, till Wednesday afternoon, April 12, 1758) Mary Jemison and her fellow-captives were hurried forward with merciless haste from Marsh Creek to Fort Pitt. The second night all the captives except Mary and one other were most cruelly murdered. See note No. 33 following on the route pursued by her abductors.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

17. Mary's Two Brothers.

(Page 25, line 9.)

The Rev. E. F. McFarland, a missionary at Taiku, Korea, who declared himself to be a descendant of

one of these two brothers, visited Letchworth Park during the summer of 1913.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

18. Mary's Age When Captured.

(Page 25, line 21.)

As Mary was born in the year 1742 or 1743, and was taken captive in 1755, she was at this time about thirteen years of age.—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

Morgan was in error in the above note. As Mary was captured in 1758 (see note No. 14), she was then about fifteen.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

19. Second Day of Captivity.

(Page 26, line 5.)

The second day of Mary Jemison's captivity begins on April 6, 1758.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

20. Fort Canagojigge.

(Page 26, line 19.)

The site of the fort here called by Thomas Jemison "Fort Canagojigge" is uncertain. Mr. McCauley in his "History of Franklin County, Pennsylvania," enumerates eight forts as situated in the valley or tract of land between the main branch and the west branch of Conococheague Creek, an affluent of the Potomac River, no one of which forts was officially known as Fort Conococheague. It is possible, however, that the designation Fort Conococheague, popularly pronounced "Canagojigge," was used loosely of any of the forts. On the other hand, Mr. John M. Cooper, editor of *The Chambersburg Valley Spirit,*

thinks that Fort Chambers, at or near Chambersburg on the main branch, was the only one to which the name was likely to have been applied; but certainly it was not Fort Chambers to which Thomas Jemison applied the name on April 6, 1758, as the abductors with their captives had been speeding westward from Marsh Creek nearly a day and a half and undoubtedly had by that time reached at least the west branch. Of the eight Conococheague forts, Fort Chambers has already been mentioned as on the main branch. With scarcely an exception the remaining forts were located north and south along or near the west branch as a protection to the frontier of the Conococheague Settlement, as it was called, the principal fort being Fort Loudon, directly west from Fort Chambers. As Fort Loudon was usually occupied in force, it is unlikely that the abductors passed westward near enough for the captives to see that stronghold. Fort McCord, a smaller fort north of Fort Loudon, may have been, and probably was, the one sighted, since at that time Fort McCord was in ruins, having been destroyed two years previously by the Indians, April 4, 1756. A memorandum received from Rev. George P. Donehoo, D.D., secretary of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission, regards the evidence as conclusive that the fort passed was Fort McCord.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

21. Third Day of Captivity.

(Page 28, line 28.)

The third day of Mary Jemison's captivity begins April 7, 1758.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

22. Betsey Jamison.

(Page 29, line 17.)

A memorandum from Secretary Donehoo of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission states that among the names of the white captives who were delivered to Col. Bouquet, Commander of Fort Pitt, in 1764, is that of "Betsey Jamison," who was returned from the Lower Shawnee Town at the mouth of the Scioto River. It certainly is a matter of greatest wonder that within such a brief period the Shawnees should have captured two "Betsey Jamisons," but under the circumstances it is easier to accept an inexplicable coincidence of names than to believe that Mary's own sister escaped that dreadful night at the "dark and dismal swamp" without Mary's knowledge or suspicion of the fact.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

23. The Woman's "Two Children."

(Page 29, line 17.)

To be accurate this statement should read, "her two other children." Compare page 25, line 6: "The woman and her *three* children," and page 28, line 7: "the little boy that belonged to the woman who was taken with us."—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

24. Fourth Day of Captivity.

(Page 31, line 14.)

The fourth day of Mary Jemison's captivity begins April 8, 1758.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

25. Fifth Day of Captivity.

(Page 31, line 18.)

The fifth day of Mary Jemison's captivity begins April 9, 1758.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

26. Sixth and Seventh Days of Captivity.

(Page 31, line 33.)

The sixth and seventh days of Mary Jemison's captivity pass: April 10 and April 11, 1758.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

27. Eighth Day of Captivity.

(Page 32, line 16.)

The eighth day of Mary Jemison's captivity begins April 12, 1758.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

28. Peace Ceremony Approaching a Town.

(Page 32, line 23.)

A memorandum from the New York State Archæologist, Mr. Arthur C. Parker, in answer to an inquiry, says:

"The ceremony here referred to which Mary Jemison witnessed outside the fort was undoubtedly the ceremony prescribed by the constitution of the Confederacy or in the prelude which described the journeys and trials of Hiawatha and Deganawideh. The custom was for the individual or party to halt, build a fire and for the men to stand about it with their arms at a distance and peacefully smoke while they awaited the coming of a messenger from the village. An approach of this kind was construed to indicate the peaceful intent of the person or parties coming upon a town or settlement. Sometimes a

string of wampum was strung from a pole to indicate that the people approaching the village were familiar with the usages of intertribal courtesy."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

29. "The Navigator."

(Page 32, line 30.)

The foot-note "Navigator" in the first edition undoubtedly refers to Zadoc Cramer's work entitled "The Navigator; or the Trader's Useful Guide in Navigating the Monongahela, Allegheny, Ohio and Mississippi Rivers." Frequent editions of this work appeared: the first at Pittsburgh, 1801, and the twelfth in the year of the publication of "The Life of Mary Jemison," 1824. The verification is through the eighth edition, Pittsburgh, 1814, a copy of which is in the library of Cornell University.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

30. Indian Interpreters.

(Page 32, line 31.)

Apropos of this first of many interpretations of Indian names which appear in this volume, it may be said that in all investigations into Indian subjects the Indian interpreter so-called is an important functionary and it would be well if original investigators were compelled by custom to name the interpreter to whom they are principally indebted for their views and to describe in detail his qualifications.

By an Indian interpreter is here meant one who by birth or by adoption and long residence and by certain intellectual aptitudes is learned in the language of a tribe or nation, and of its customs, traditions and history and is also gifted in power to express adequately the lore of which he is master.

Of interpreters who are Indians by adoption, possibly the most conspicuous is Horatio Jones who rendered such invaluable services to the government. For an interesting account of his life see the Buffalo Historical Society's "Collections" Volume VI, issued under the superintendence of the librarian, Mr. Frank H. Severance. Associated with the name of Horatio Jones is that of Jasper Parrish, of whom also a very satisfactory relation is made in Volume VI of the Buffalo Historical Society's "Collections" before referred to.

Of interpreters who are Indian by birth, unquestionably the most notable is General Ely S. Parker, member of General Grant's staff during the Civil War. General Parker was a Seneca Sachem and the invaluable friend and the collaborator of Mr. Morgan in the preparation of "The League of the Iroquois," and to him Mr. Morgan dedicated that monumental work.

General Parker's grand-nephew, Mr. Arthur C. Parker, is well known as the official ethnologist of the State of New York.

The Rev. Albert Cusick, an educated and talented Onondaga, was interpreter for the Rev. Dr. Beauchamp. Dr. Horatio Hale ("The Iroquois Book of Rites") also spoke of his "Interpreter, Albert Cuesick, an intelligent and educated man."

For an ample list consult Pilling's "Bibliography of Iroquoian Languages." —*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

31. "Western Tour."

(Page 32, line 34.)

"Western Tour" is the abbreviated title of an interesting book of travels by F. Cuming, published at Pittsburgh, 1810, with notes and an appendix by

Zadock Cramer as editor. The statements here quoted are the appendix, the editor of which gives as his authority a letter received by him from the Rev. John Heckewelder, dated Gnadenhutten (Muskingum, Ohio) 3 Feb., 1810.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

32. The Word "Ohio."

(Page 33, line 2.)

O-hee-yo, the radix of the word Ohio, signifies the *Beautiful River;* and the Iroquois, by conferring it upon the Alleghany, or head branch of the Ohio, have not only fixed a name from their language upon one of the great rivers of the continent, but indirectly upon one of the noblest States of our Confederacy. ("League of the Iroquois," p. 436.)—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

A memorandum from the Rev. William M. Beauchamp, S.T.D., author of "Aboriginal Place Names of New York," in answer to an inquiry about the word *Ohio* says the termination *io*, primarily *great* but now *beautiful*, has in his opinion always combined both meanings; for example, *Ontario* is the *great lake*, and Ohio the *great river*, though both are translated *beautiful.* Of the erroneous statement in the text that the word *O-hi-o* signifies *bloody*, it is suggested (p. 32 "Aboriginal Place Names") that this definition originated by association and commemorates the bloody scenes enacted along the Ohio.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

33. Route of Mary's Abductors.

(Page 33, line 9.)

The place of Mary Jemison's capture is described on pages 213–227 preceding, and is shown on the accom-

RED JACKET

From original owned by the Buffalo Historical Society

panying map. It was near the confluence of Sharp's Run and Conewago Creek, about a mile from one of the headwaters of Marsh Creek, in Franklin Township, Adams County, Pa., about 10½ miles in an air-line northwest of Gettysburg. The route of her abductors from this point to Fort Duquesne (later named Fort Pitt and now Pittsburgh) may be followed upon the accompanying reduced facsimile of W. Scull's famous map of the Province of Pennsylvania. The original map, 31 by 21 inches in size, displaying at the top in colors the coat-of-arms of the Province of Pennyslvania, was printed at Philadelphia April 4, 1770. A copy of the map is owned by the Rev. George P. Donehoo, D.D., of Coudersport, Pa., secretary of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission, by whom it was kindly loaned to the Reviser. Dr. Donehoo, who is the best authority on this branch of the subject, has added to the original map an indication of the location of Marsh Creek, Fort McCord, and the probable route of the captors to the vicinity of Fort Littleton, and has emphasized the route from that point westward to Fort Pitt.

As an authority on the geography and early history of this region, Dr. Donehoo thinks that the Indians, after capturing Mary Jemison, struck off northwestward through the wilderness; passed north of Conococheague Creek; crossed the Chambersburg, Shippensburg and Carlisle Pike near the present Scotland, which is north of Fort Chambers (now Chambersburg), and continued thence in the same general direction past the site of Fort McCord. This course is identified by Dr. Donehoo as substantially the one pursued by the captors of Richard Bard and family who were taken prisoners eight days later (April 13,

1758) at Marshall's Mill in Carroll's Tract, in the same general region as the Jemison homestead. Fortunately Richard Bard lived to write out the details of his capture and the course his captors took. Richard Bard's narrative may be found in Pritts' Collection, mentioned in note No. 126.

From Fort McCord, the route was northward and westward to the vicinity of Fort Littleton. From this point onward, the general route may be described as being what is known as the State Highway or Lincoln Highway between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, which, we need not be surprised to learn, is simply the primitive Indian trail between the Delaware and Ohio rivers. This portion of this primitive Indian trail Dr. Donehoo has been at pains to make readily discernible on the map by heavier marking. It will be noted that from Fort Littleton the line passes westward through Bedford, Edmund's Swamp, Fort Ligonier, Col. Bouquet's field at Bushy Run (a battle not fought, however, till August, 1763), thence past Gen. Braddock's field (1755) to Fort Pitt. It is probable, Dr. Donehoo says, that Mary's captors left the main trail in several places to avoid scouting parties from Fort Loudon.

Fort McCord, as already stated (see note No. 20), was probably the "Fort Canagojigge" which Thomas Jemison pointed out. The site, on the west branch of the Conococheague, about eight miles west of Chambersburg on the John W. Bossart farm, has been marked by the Pennsylvania Historical Commission with a granite monument containing a large bronze tablet.

Edmund's swamp, the largest along the route as shown on the map, cannot possibly be, from its situa-

tion, the "dark and dismal swamp" within whose borders Mary represents herself as sleeping the second night after this frightful journey began—a journey which at its end found her with clothes so torn in pieces that she was almost naked. (See page 36.) Dr. Donehoo considers it probable that the swamp mentioned in the narrative was that which was situated in the early days along the first range of mountains west of Fort McCord. There were many dark and dismal swamps in that region at that time, before the trees were cut down and the land was drained and cultivated. Some of these swamps have been drained in recent years.

Dr. Donehoo states that the distance from the Jemison homestead to Fort Pitt is about 175 miles and that the trail is a difficult one. Having traveled it twice on foot its entire length in research work, he is quite sure it could not have been gone over by Mary Jemison and her fellow-captives in the time named by her, which is a trifle less than six days of actual travel. Nevertheless, the interested reader, carefully re-reading Mary Jemison's account, will note that the Indian captors literally hurtled their captives through the whole distance, and that at the end of the fifth day of continuous travel Mary pathetically confesses that she was so exhausted from exposure and running that she must fail and die. In connection with this thrilling and trying experience, it is to be borne in mind that Mary was then a little less than fifteen years of age, delicate and small, indeed even when full grown only four and a half feet in height and apparently not particularly robust. But the spirit enshrined in her was so resolute and heroic

that she came at last through hardships almost incredible to fourscore and ten years of age.

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

34. Ninth Day of Captivity.

(Page 34, line 10.)

The ninth day of Mary Jemison's captivity begins April 13, 1758.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

35. The Seneca Nation.

(Page 34, line 21.)

The Senecas were a considerable element of the Indian population along the Ohio River. No statistics are at hand to show how large an element they were in the year of Mary Jemison's coming, 1758; but the report made to the Pennsylvania Colonial Council by Conrad Weiser of the Indian Council held ten years earlier, in September, 1748, under his supervision at Logstown about twenty miles down the Ohio from Pittsburgh, shows the number of the fighting men of each nation settled at that time on the Ohio as given by the deputies in council to have been as follows, the count being by bundles of small sticks: "Senecas, 163; Shawanees, 162; Owandots, 100; Tisagechroamis, 40; Mohawks, 74; Mohicans, 15; Onondagos, 35; Cayugas, 20; Onedias, 15; Delawares, 165; in all, 789." (See *Logstown*, a pamphlet by Daniel Agnew, LL.D., Pittsburgh, 1894.) In this connection it is worth notice that, in the number of their fighting men, the Senecas were surpassed by the Delawares alone, and by them only by two men, but these figures do not include the Senecas in New York. —*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

36. The Shawnees.

(Page 34, line 27.)

The home country of the Shawnees, at the period of colonization by the Europeans, was in the western part of the present State of Kentucky. They are thus located by Albert Gallatin, on his map of the sites of the Indian tribes of the continent, published in the second volume of "The Transactions of the American Ethnological Society." The name of this nation in the Seneca dialect of the Iroquois language is *Sa-wä-no'-o-no.—Morgan, ed. 1856.*

Three different tribes of Indians are connected with Mary Jemison's life in southern Ohio: the Shawnees, six of whom with four Frenchmen abducted her and took her to Fort DuQuesne; the Senecas, to two of whose women she was given and by whom she was afterward adopted; and the Delawares, to one of whom, a chief, she was married in 1760.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

37. Shawnee Town.

(Page 35, line 6.)

The Shawnee town which Mary's party passed was probably Shingas Town, near the junction of Beaver River with the Ohio, about 30 miles below Pittsburgh. —*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

38. "Squaw" a Term of Disrepute.

(Page 35, line 20.)

The following memorandum concerning the use of the word *squaw* is furnished by Mr. Arthur C. Parker, New York State Archæologist, in answer to inquiries

by the Reviser of the 1918 edition to whom it had been suggested by Mr. J. N. B. Hewitt of the Bureau of American Ethnology that the popular usage of the word *squaw* was objectionable. Mr. Parker says:

"I scarcely believe that Mary Jemison ever used the term *squaw* and think most likely that her biographer, without considering the matter, had used it where she had said *woman*. The word *squaw* among the Iroquois is a term of disrepute and you will find that its use on the reservations in New York and Canada is greatly resented. In a foot-note in my 'Iroquois Uses of Maize and Other Food Plants,' I have mentioned this and given some explanation. With the Indians of our State the term is obsolete in the same sense as the word *wench* is obsolete when applied to a housewife of English descent.

"The word *squaw* was originally used by the early settlers of New England to designate an Indian woman and it is derived from a word the root of which is *squa*, meaning *female*. It was generally used in compounds, however;—thus the Penobscot word *nunk-squa* means *young woman*. Roger Williams in his Narraganset vocabulary spells the word, as it is now current, *squaw*. The word for an *old woman* is *wenise*, and the word for *mother* is *okasu* or *witchwhau*, while *wife* is *weewo* and *little girl* is *squasese*. The word therefore does not imply either motherhood or the holding of property. In Iroquois the word for *man* is *ongweh* and for *male* is *Hahjino*, and the word for *woman* is *yongwe; small boy* is *raxa-a; girl* is *yixa-a; child* is *exa-a; infant* is *owira-a*. The name for *youth, male, unmarried* is *raksaadase;* the name for *youth, female, unmarried* is *yiksaazase*, both meaning *new bodied*. The word for *father* is *rakeniha; mother* is *isteaga*. These words are all in the Mohawk dialect and are similar to those in the other tongues, as Onondaga and Seneca.

"I can appreciate your feeling of delicacy in this matter of calling an Iroquois woman a *squaw*, but

no one can accuse you of malice aforethought if you have merely quoted Seaver's manuscript."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

39. She-nan-jee.

(Page 35, line 20 and foot-note.)

Of the two locations suggested by the author, Dr. Seaver, in the foot-note on page 35, as probably the site of the "small Seneca Indian town" to which Mary Jemison was taken, the mouth of Indian Cross Creek is now generally accepted as the true one. (See note No. 60.) Of Warren, the second or alternative location suggested, it is to be noticed that later, the name was changed to Warrenton. Mr. Cuming, in his book, "The Western Tour," Pittsburgh, 1810, quoted on page 32 (see note No. 31), speaks in Chapter VII of the "new town and settlement of Warren," stating (page 93) that "it contains thirty-eight dwelling houses, charmingly situated on an extensive bottom, with Indian Short Creek emptying into the Ohio at its southern extremity."—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

40. Mary's Indian Dress.

(Page 36, line 5.)

The reader who visits Letchworth Park will be interested in the portrayal of Indian costume in the bronze statue of Mary Jemison by the well-known sculptor, Mr. Henry Kirke Bush-Brown. The figure represents her as she is supposed to have appeared when she arrived in the Genesee country, carrying her babe on her back. The costume was modeled after authentic specimens of the period found in the New York State Museum at Albany, the American Museum of Natural History in New York, and private collec-

tions. Some, but not all, of the specimens of the New York State Museum from which various features of the statue were modeled were destroyed by fire in the capitol on March 29, 1911. The majority of them are now on exhibition in the State Museum. For detailed description see the Sixteenth Annual Report of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, 1911, pages 233 and 234. About 10,000 specimens were lost in the fire above mentioned, including the Iroquois textiles and many of the Morgan specimens.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

41. Mary's Indian Name.

(Page 37, line 27.)

The correct spelling of Mary Jemison's Indian name is *Deh-ge-wa-nus*. It is possible that in Dr. Seaver's original manuscript notes it was written *Dickewanus*, which closely represents the correct pronunciation, and that in transcribing for the printer or in setting up in type the *nu* of the last syllable became changed unintentionally to *mi*. Dr. Seaver interprets the name on page 38, lines 6–8, as *a pretty girl, a handsome girl*, or *a pleasant, good thing*. Mr. Mix, in his transmogrification of the work, in 1842, not only changed the spelling in the text to *Deh-he-wa-mis*, but also put it in the title-page and used it in the running-heads at the top of the pages. In the fifteenth edition (1877) Mr. William C. Bryant called attention to the error, saying:

"The orthography of the name conferred upon the captive . . . is incorrectly given in the body of this work, and the signification is erroneously rendered. The name should be written *Deh-ge-wa-nus*, and

means literally *The-Two-Falling-Voices.*" (See pages 198–199 preceding.)

Notwithstanding what Mr. Bryant wrote, the spelling *Deh-he-wa-mis* was continued through that and subsequent editions to and including the nineteenth.

Dr. William M. Beauchamp, in a letter dated September 25, 1913, points out, as Mr. Parker had already done (see below), that there are no labials in the Iroquois dialects and thus *Deh-he-wa-mis* is incorrect. He expresses the pronunciation orthographically *De-gi-wa-nahs*, meaning *two females letting words fall.*

Mr. J. N. B. Hewitt, in a letter dated October 1, 1913, gives the spelling *De-gi-wä^{n}-nĕ^{n}'s*, explaining that *e* and *i* have the continental later sound; *ä* has the sound of *a* in *hat; ĕ* has the sound of *e* in *met; n-superior* nasalizes the preceding vowel; and the apostrophe represents a glottal closure. The meaning given is *the voices of two (women) are falling.*

When the statue of Mary Jemison was erected in Letchworth Park in 1910, Mr. Arthur C. Parker was consulted as to the spelling of the name to be put on the base, and wrote:

"Mr. Seaver never spelled Mary Jemison's name correctly. This is self-evident, as there is no m-sound in the Iroquois language. The correct spelling is *Deh-ge-wa-nus.*"

The latter spelling was therefore adopted and put upon the statue. On December 12, 1915, Mr. Parker indicated the phonography of the name with more care in the spelling *Dĕ-gī'-wä^{n}-nes*, with accent on the second syllable. He says her pet name was *Wĕn'-nĕs*, accent on the first syllable. —*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

42. Washington's War.

(Page 38, line 13.)

The year before the abduction was 1757; Washington's war was 1754—an error of three years, the same as Mary Jemison's error as to the date of her abduction and probably the result of that error.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

43. Indian Family Sacrifices.

(Page 39, line 10.)

Concerning Mary Jemison's statement that it is family, and not national, sacrifices amongst the Indians that has given them an indelible stamp as barbarians, we give below an excerpt from one of a series of articles contributed to *The Gettysburg Compiler*, Gettysburg, Pa., during the winter of 1879–80 by the Rev. W. K. Zieber, D.D., of Hanover, Pa., on the Mary Jemison legend:

"It was in their wars with the whites that the Indians gained their unenviable reputation for barbarous cruelty. We shudder as we read of the atrocities they committed upon their helpless captives. In their raids upon the frontier settlement they often massacred innocent and unresisting women and children. But there were whites who were guilty of the same savagery. When the Jemison family was butchered in the year 1755 [1758], in that 'dark and dismal swamp,' somewhere west of Chambersburg, three French soldiers were present, who sanctioned, if they did not take part in, the bloody tragedy. The Indians scalped the dying and the dead in order that they might exhibit trophies of their prowess. White frontiersmen did the same thing for the same purpose. The heaviest condemnation that rests upon the Indians is on account of the dreadful tortures they at

times inflicted upon the whites whom they had taken captive. Of this cruel custom Mary Jemison gives an unexpected explanation. She says the Indians tortured and slew prisoners *as an act of sacrifice*, and that this was not a national but a family offering. It would seem that the stern law of *blood-revenge* was in force among the aborigines. A family that had lost a relative in war was religiously bound either to fill his place, when the opportunity was offered, with some prisoner, who was formally adopted into the family and substituted for the lost one, or else they had to offer a prisoner in sacrifice to appease the manes of their slain relative.

"It was and yet is a common practice among peoples of patriarchal habits, for the nearest of kin, as a matter of imperative duty, to avenge the death of a slain relative by slaying his murderer, or some member of his family or nation. This custom was in vogue among the Jews in the time of Moses. That eminent law-giver sought by legal enactment to ameliorate the evils connected with such *blood-revenge*. He appointed cities of refuge whither the man-slayer might flee, and escape the avenger of blood. Then he became a prisoner of the nation, was subject to trial, and, if guilty, to punishment. In our own land and time there prevails a species of blood-revenge, witnessed in the so-named 'Vendettas' which often result in the gradual extinction of whole families. Seen in this light, the deadly tortures the Indians inflicted upon their prisoners are not to be ascribed to unfeeling ferocity and unbounded cruelty, but to the power of a custom which had for them the obligation of a religious duty."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

44. The Indian Practice of Adoption.

(Page 39, line 29.)

"The Iroquois never exchanged prisoners with Indian nations, nor ever sought to reclaim their own

people from captivity among them. Adoption or the torture were the alternative chances of the captive. * * * A regular ceremony of adoption was performed in each case to complete the naturalization. With captives this ceremony was the gauntlet, after which new names were assigned to them. Upon the return of a war party with captives, if they had lost any of their own number in the expedition, the families to which these belonged were first allowed an opportunity to supply from the captives the places made vacant in their households. Any family could then adopt out of the residue any such as chanced to attract their favorable notice, or whom they wished to save. At the time appointed, the women and children of the village arranged themselves in two parallel rows just without the village, each one having a whip with which to lash the captives as they passed between the lines. The male captives, who alone were required to undergo this test of their powers of endurance, were brought out, and each one was shown in turn the house in which he was to take refuge, and which was to be his future home if he passed successfully through the ordeal. They were then taken to the head of this long avenue of whips, and were compelled, one after another, to run through it for their lives, and for the entertainment of the surrounding throng, exposed at every step, undefended, and with naked backs, to the merciless infliction of the whip. Those who fell from exhaustion were immediately dispatched, as unworthy to be saved; but those who emerged in safety from this test of their physical energies were from that moment treated with the utmost affection and kindness. When the perils of the gauntlet were over, the captive ceased to be an enemy, and became an Iroquois. Not only so, but he was received into the family by which he was adopted, with all the cordiality of affection, and into all the relations of the one whose place he was henceforth to occupy." ("League of the Iroquois," page 342.)—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

As the Indian practice of adoption—a primitive social system of great importance which under the form of naturalization survives in the civilization of to-day—can properly be described in this connection only with reference to its more individual and popular phases, persons interested in the graver aspects of the subject, particularly the philosophy of it, are referred to the Smithsonian Institution's "Handbook of American Indians" and especially to two very readable and scholarly articles therein furnished by Mr. J. N. B. Hewitt and entitled "Adoption" and "Orenda," also to Mr. Hewitt's article on the latter subject in "The American Anthropologist" for 1902. It is to be regretted that there is no popular handbook of this custom and its allied subjects, as the general reader will search in vain in our latest and best English dictionaries and encyclopedias and even in more recondite works, such, for example, as Maine's "Ancient Law" and Frazer's "Golden Bough," for any intimation that there is such a thing as the Indian Practice of Adoption and that the reason for its existence must be looked for in the occult.

Among the Iroquois adoption was practiced not merely as regards individuals, but also as regards "families, clans or gentes, bands and tribes." (See page 15 "Handbook of American Indians.") However wanton and ruthless may have been the slaughter and treatment of captives when the frenzy of battle or revenge was on, the interest of captives was protected, theoretically, at least, among the Iroquois, by usages and laws securing to them the privilege of adoption.

In this connection Mr. A. C. Parker, the New York State Archæologist, in answer to an inquiry, writes:

"The wampum laws of the League made it obligatory to adopt all captives who signified their willingness to enter the Confederacy. In case large numbers were captured they were settled either in the Iroquois villages or in little villages of their own in the Iroquois domain. Thus the Iroquois had at various times in villages captive Muskwaki, Huron, Neutral, Delaware, &c. Great numbers of prisoners were seldom killed. Adoption was the general rule. One cannot judge the mental viewpoint of the Indian by present-day Anglo-Saxon standards. A captive once in a tribe gave his loyalty to it and traditions do not tell of traitors. They had entered a new system, had become a part of it and would fight for it. Captives that no family would adopt, if plainly earnest in their desire to be loyal to their conquerors would be given either formal or informal national adoption and find their place eventually in the life of the nation, marry native women and be accorded every privilege. Some, however, became slaves, but their children were free born."

From this point of view adoption resolves itself, as Mr. Parker states in his letter, into three kinds: family, clan, national. But as the clan is a cross division of the family and of the nation as a congeries of families, clan adoption does not exist separately from the family and the nation.

The adoption of Mary Jemison (pages 36–39) is an instance of family adoption, that is, of adoption by and into a family. Though a woman, she was adopted to supply the place of a deceased brother. Her account of her adoption is possibly the most intimate and readable account known of an adoption. Another instance of family adoption, this time of a male captive, is one preserved by Dr. Beauchamp in his "History of the New York Iroquois" (page 199). According to the account given, Father Poncet was

taken prisoner August 20, 1653, with another Frenchman who was burned. While in the Mohawk country, Father Poncet was adopted by a widow, and in his account of his adoption, he says:

"So soon as I entered her cabin she began to sing the song of the dead, in which she was joined by her daughters. I was standing near the fire during these mournful dirges; they made me sit upon a sort of table slightly raised, and then I understood I was in the place of the dead, for whom these women renewed the last mourning, to bring the deceased to life again in my person, according to their custom."

Another instance of family adoption, interesting and easily accessible, is that of Col. James Smith, 1755. (See Drake's "Indian Captivities," Auburn, 1851, pages 185, 186.) Unlike the preceding instances, Colonel Smith was adopted, not in the place of a deceased person, but "in the room and place of a great man." His adoption was not into the Iroquois, but into the Caughnawaga.

These three instances sufficiently typify family adoption of individuals. The ceremonies of adoption of individuals are by no means uniformly the same, perhaps rarely so, but whatever the ceremonies, naming ceremonies and ceremonies of welcome are always observed, and when the adoption is in the place of a deceased person there will be a condolence ceremony by which, writes Mr. Parker in his letter, "the Iroquois symbolize the raising up of the name-spirit of the departed in order to bestow it upon the new incumbent; but the mental or soul spirit is not awakened in the dead, great pains being taken to make it rest in peace."

The adoption of groups (*i. e.*, families, clans or

gentes, bands and tribes) is effected by national action. In his article on Adoption already referred to Mr. Hewitt points out further that in the adoption of a tribe a system of adoption by successive steps was developed and permitted, and he cites the case of the Tuscaroras who were made successively a nursling, a boy, a young man, a man, an assistant to the official woman cooks, a warrior, and, lastly, a peer; and Mr. Hewitt further points out that in the adoption of a tribe, the adoption might begin at an intermediate step as it did in the case of the Delaware tribe, the first step of whose adoption was as assistant cooks.

It is particularly interesting to note here that among the Indians, after adoption, a reduction of grade or rank was sometimes practiced equally in the case of an individual and of a group. Col. James Smith, in the narrative of his captivity (Drake, page 190), tells how he was reduced for two years from the use of a gun to the use of a bow and arrows; and in his "History of the New York Iroquois" (page 282) Dr. Beauchamp recites how the Delawares, for selling land without express authorization, were publicly reproved by the Iroquois and sent by them from a great Council then sitting in Philadelphia.

In the adoption of male captives, Dr. Beauchamp's view is that running the gauntlet had no *essential* connection with it; that a man who had passed this ordeal successfully might be regarded as more desirable, but he was quite as likely to go to the stake, it being simply a question whether anyone wished to adopt him. Of the gauntlet, Mr. Parker writes:

"I should not say that the gauntlet was primarily *the* ceremony of adoption, but, as Morgan says, only *a* ceremony of adoption. Indeed, I think it was not

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Author of "The Life of Mary Jemison."

always followed. The ordeal, gauntlet and torture of the Iroquois are akin in psychological origin to the triumph-marches and ceremonies of victory of the Romans. To please the people there were games and tortures and burnings of some of the unhappy captives."

An interesting outgrowth of the Indian practice of adoption is the development in comparatively recent days of the system of *complimentary adoption.* In this form of adoption, apparently the naming ceremonies and the rites of adoption varied with the tribe making the adoption and with the occasion, that is, the person or persons being adopted. Two features, however, were always present: 1st, an address stating the reasons for adopting in the particular case, the clans and persons adopting, and the name to be given; 2d, the welcome, in which the candidate is escorted up and down the council house by two chiefs, the chiefs chanting and the people responding, though marked differences in different cases are noticeable in this portion of the ceremonial, in the case of Mr. Conover, to be mentioned, the war song being chanted. (For War Song see page 168 ante.)

There are two very notable instances of complimentary adoption into the Iroquois in which the persons adopted have left records in detail of the ceremonies through which they passed.

The first one of them is the adoption, October 31, 1847, at the Tonawanda Reservation, of Lewis H. Morgan of Rochester, author of the epoch-making book, "The League of the Iroquois." Along with Mr. Morgan were adopted two friends of his, Thomas Darling of Auburn and Charles Talbot Porter of Auburn, later of Montclair, New Jersey. The name

given to Mr. Morgan was *Tä-yä-dä-o-wuh-kuh*, meaning *one lying across*, that is, a bridge or bond of union between the Indians and the white men. The full record will be found in "The League of the Iroquois," Volume II, pages 158–161 and page 163, edition of 1904.

The second notable instance is the adoption, June 15, 1885, at the Cattaraugus Reservation in the presence of two hundred Indians or more of George S. Conover of Geneva, author of "Kanadesaga and Geneva," a manuscript work in three volumes, folio of 995 pages, with an index, folio of 238 pages, not a formal treatise, but a great storehouse of historic material concerning the Iroquois, the Senecas, their last capital Kanadesaga, and the early settlements, especially in or about Geneva. In the case of Mr. Conover, as in that of Mr. Morgan, two friends were adopted at the same time, Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse of New York City and Frederick H. Furniss of Waterloo. The name given Mr. Conover was *Hy-we-saus*, meaning *History Investigator*, a name well given, for the industry as well as the patience of Mr. Conover in historical investigation and compilation was simply astounding. He made altogether six copies of his history, giving them to the following libraries: 1, The State Library (the copy now destroyed perhaps in the fire of 1911); 2, the library of the New York Historical Society; 3, the library of the Buffalo Historical Society; 4, the library of the Rochester Historical Society; 5, the library of the Waterloo Historical Society; and, 6, the library of Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y. The account of Mr. Conover's adoption and the attendant ceremonies, particularly complete and interesting, will be found on pages 968–977 of his work.

In this connection should be read the noticeable "Biography of Harriet Maxwell Converse" prepared by Mr. A. C. Parker and prefixed to Mr. Parker's edition of Mrs. Converse's delightful work "Iroquois Myths and Legends," published as Museum Bulletin 125 of New York State Museum. The adoption of Mrs. Converse will be found on page 19 of the bulletin mentioned.

Replying to an inquiry by the Reviser of the 1918 edition about the resemblance of an Iroquois adoption ceremony to a wake, Mr. Parker writes:

"I would say that no such resemblance ever entered my mind and I have seen the adoption ceremony several times and both the wakes of the Indians and of the whites."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY ONTARIO

45. Mouth of the Sciota River.

(Page 41, line 6.)

The following memorandum is furnished by Rev. George P. Donehoo, D.D., secretary of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission:

"The mouth of the Sciota river was once the site of 'The Lower Shawnee Town.' Peter Chartier, the famous Shawnee half-breed, went from Chartier's Old Town, on the Allegheny river (near the present Chartiers Station, Westmoreland county, Pa.) to this place in 1745 with a band of Shawnee Indians. The village at the mouth of the Sciota was situated opposite the present Portsmouth, Ohio. Shortly after 1753 the village at this place was destroyed by a flood. The town was then built up on the south side of the Ohio. George Croghan, William Trent, and other Indian traders had trading houses at this place. Croghan's large store at this place was destroyed by

the French and Indians in 1754. In 1758 many of the Shawnee moved to the region of Chillicothe. On Hutchin's map of 1778 the town at the mouth of the Sciota is marked, 'Old Lower Shawnee Town.' Traces of this village were still visible in 1820."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

46. "Sciota" or "Scioto."

(Page 41, line 11.)

Of this Indian name, the preferred orthography today is *Scioto*, but in the early part of the last century there appears to have been a divided usage, *Sciota* and *Scioto*. It is worthy of notice that in the original printed versions of the two most famous of narratives of Indian captivities, "The Life of Mary Jemison" and "The Adventures of Colonel James Smith," the form *Sciota* is found.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

47. Spring of 1759.

(Page 41, line 20.)

The spring in which Mary's party returned to the mouth of the river Shenanjee was that of 1759.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

48. The Building of Fort Pitt.

(Page 41, foot-note.)

The suggestion by Dr. Seaver of an armistice, while it attests Dr. Seaver's constant courtesy towards Mrs. Jemison and her statements, is apparently without foundation. The facts regarding the passing of Fort DuQuesne and the building of Fort Pitt as stated by Daniel Agnew, LL.D., in his pamphlet, entitled "Fort Pitt," are as follows:

"The French, being hard pressed by the English under General Forbes, evacuated Fort DuQuesne November 24, 1758, setting fire to it and leaving it largely in ruin. Fort Pitt, erected by the English after the destruction of Fort DuQuesne, was not commenced till September 10, 1759, and not finished till March 21, 1760. Meanwhile, in December, 1758, a small square stockade with bastions was erected by the English near the bank of the Monongahela River."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

49. The Pittsburgh Conference in 1759.

(Page 42, foot-note.)

Dr. Seaver is in error here. Mary Jemison's insistence that her abduction by the Indians took place in 1755 instead of 1758, the actual date, is undoubtedly one of the causes of Dr. Seaver's failure to obtain information of the summons sent out by the British immediately after the fall of Fort DuQuesne for the Indians to come up to Fort Pitt to make peace with them; but it is improbable that in 1823 Dr. Seaver would have been able to find in any historical reference book or in any history then current an account of Colonel Croghan's Pittsburgh Conference with the Indians in July, 1759. It could have been learned only from some source book or from Government or Colonial archives. The original account of this conference appears in the "Minutes of the Provincial Council of Pennsylvania" (Colonial Records of Pennsylvania, Volume VIII, page 383) which were first published by the State in 1852, when they became easily accessible. Meetings of this conference were, as it appears, held every day, July 4th to July 9th, and on July 11th. The principal conference was

on the 9th. The Six Nations were represented by Tagauusaday and Guyusuday, chiefs, and by Grandondawe and sixteen warriors. The Delawares had many more representatives than any other Indian nation. During the time of the conference there were near five hundred Indians present. The number of "conferences" held with the Indians during the French and Indian War and in the Revolutionary period was great.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

50. The Winter of 1759–1760.

(Page 43, line 17.)

The winter referred to in the text is that of 1759–1760.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

51. Location of Wi-ish-to.

(Page 43, foot-note.)

For a discussion favoring the second of the two sites named by Dr. Seaver in his foot-note, see note No. 60. Unfortunately, as suggested in the note to which attention is directed, nothing satisfactorily definitive and final can be obtained from the word *Wi-ish-to* itself. Authorities differ as to whether *Wi-ish-to* is a Seneca name or a Delaware name and what in any event its precise meaning is. Assuming that *Wi-ish-to* is an Iroquois name, the author of "Aboriginal Place Names of New York" suggests that *Wi-ish-to* is a corruption of *Wa-es-ta*, meaning, according to Zeisberger, *to sting, to beat and hammer;* while Dr. Donehoo, the author of "The History of the Indian Place Names of Pennsylvania," assuming that *Wi-ish-to* is a Delaware name, suggests that it is a corruption of Delaware *We-wunt-schi*, or, according

to Brinton, *We-wun-dach-qui*, meaning *opposite* or *on both sides*.

The identification of *Wi-ish-to* with the Delaware *We-wunt-schi* furnishes no ground for a choice between the two sites suggested by Dr. Seaver, but merely marks the presence of the characteristic declared by him to be common to both sites. The identification with Iroquoian *Wa-es-to*, however, connects the site with Swan Creek, possibly through the presence across the river of a pre-historic city and strange implements conserved, or possibly by the remarkable Hanging Rock impending from the heights of the river bank as conceivably a hammer in the sky.

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

52. Little Billy and His Uncle.

(Page 44, line 6.)

Captain Little Billy and Captain Little Billy's uncle are of course different persons. In his "List of Senecas" Dr. Beauchamp says:

"Jishgege, or Josh Kanga as in the treaty of 1826, the *Katydid*, was also Little Billy, often called the War Chief. He died in Buffalo, December 28, 1834, and has been highly eulogized. He was called Jishkaaga, *Green Grasshopper*, in 1794. He signed a letter in 1790, the treaties of 1815 and 1826, and witnessed the Cayuga treaty of 1807. In the treaty of 1802 he is called *Green Grass* or Little Billy and appears as Chescaqua in 1794 at Buffalo. He also signed the Tuscarora grant of 1808. He was reinterred with Red Jacket in 1884."

To this statement Dr. Beauchamp adds:

"Though Captain Little Billy died at Buffalo Creek, he probably lived in the Genesee Valley at

one time, perhaps at *Gä-neh-dä-on-tweh*. There is a story, which I do not credit, that Captain Little Billy was a guide to George Washington in one of his early expeditions. If born before 1762, Captain Little Billy must then have been very young."

Mr. Arthur C. Parker of the State Museum writes additionally:

"Little Billy, or *Great Green Grasshopper*, was a captain in the war of 1812 and led a band of Indians against the British in several of the engagements on the Niagara frontier. Further, our New York State Indians declared themselves allies of the United States and fought with General Scott and General Porter under their own colonels and captains, acquitting themselves with great credit."

Of Captain Little Billy's uncle practically nothing is known except what is here stated by Mary Jemison. Dr. Beauchamp feels confident, however, that he lived and died at Gä-neh-dä-on-tweh; that his name is not known and apparently was not known by Mary Jemison herself. But details as to Captain Little Billy's uncle would be of slight importance except for the statement by Mary Jemison farther on that he and his bride after a bridal tour to the States among the bride's friends *returned* to Can-a-ah-tua where he died. This may mean one of two things. *Can-a-ah-tua* may be Captain Little Billy's uncle's presumed home in the Genesee Valley, and his going there would in that case be a *return* to his *home*. Supporting this view is Dr. Beauchamp's opinion that the name *Can-a-ah-tua* is Seneca in origin being a contraction of *Gä-neh-dä-on-tweh*, Morgan's name for the Seneca village on the site of Moscow, N. Y., in the Genesee Valley. On the other hand, *Can-a-ah-tua*

may be the name used by the Delawares for the town which the Senecas built at Wi-ish-to and afterwards shared with them, and in this case Captain Little Billy's uncle would *return* to the place of his *marriage*, and quite naturally, the bride being a Delaware by adoption. Confirmatory of this view is Dr. Donehoo's suggestion that the name *Can-a-ah-tua* is a later form of Delaware *Ca-na-wa-uteney*, meaning Conoy Town, an earlier town in this vicinity and possibly within the very limits of the locality known as *Wi-ish-to*.
—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

53. "In the States."

(Page 44, line 7.)

This phrase, "in the states," could not have been current in 1760, the date of this bridal tour, but was very common, especially among the English, in 1823 when Mary Jemison dictated her life.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

54. Selection of Indian Husbands.

(Page 44, line 15.)

Among the Indians the women were not always thus ignored in the selection of their husbands. See note closing the appendix on Courtships on page 171. —*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

55. Mary Jemison's Marriage.

(Page 44, line 18.)

Mary Jemison was married to Sheninjee in the summer of 1760, being then at least seventeen years of age. Mr. Arthur C. Parker writes that it is not uncommon among the Iroquois for girls of fourteen or

fifteen years of age to marry, but that marriages are usually made at a later period, between sixteen and twenty.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

56. Mary's Husbands and Children.

(Page 44. line 19.)

Dr. Seaver's "Life of Mary Jemison" shows that Mary Jemison had two husbands and eight children, two children by the first husband and six children by the second husband. The narrative further shows that the first husband was a Delaware Indian of prominence by the name of Sheninjee to whom she was married at Wiishto, a few miles below Gallipolis on the Ohio; and that the second husband was a Seneca chief by the name of Hiokatoo, to whom she was married in the Genesee country. These facts in the family history of Mary Jemison are unquestioned: but the chronology of Mary Jemison's two marriages and of the births and deaths of her children as given in Dr. Seaver's "Life of Mary Jemison" is continuously in error if the date in any instance is determined directly or indirectly by Mary Jemison's own date of her abduction by the Indians, which event she placed in the spring of 1755, whereas recent investigations show that the actual date was April 5, 1758. (See note No. 14.) An instance of a date not affected by Mary Jemison's belief as to the date of her abduction is, for example, her statement that Jane, one of her daughters, died a little before the great Council at Big Tree, aged about fifteen years. (Page 62.) As the council referred to was held in 1797 and Jane was then about fifteen, the date of Jane's birth was 1782. This date cannot conceivably be affected by

theories as to the date of Mary Jemison's abduction.

The object of this note is to give the results of an extended examination of the Mary Jemison family chronology in the light of historic events appearing in her narrative or having a known connection with it. The several dates in this note are recorded without being discussed except as far as necessary to keep the story intelligible. Verification of the results arrived at is easy and certain if one has the patience to go through the details and check up by historic events appearing in the narrative. Such an examination shows that Dr. Seaver's compliment (Introduction, page xi) to the recollection and memory of Mary Jemison is unnecessarily reserved. It is thought that the various notes appearing in their proper place in this volume will support this conclusion.

Mary Jemison's Two Marriages.

Mary Jemison's first marriage, the marriage to Sheninjee, took place in the summer of 1760, after two winters, 1758–9 and 1759–60, spent on the Scioto, as related by her (page 44). Her second marriage, the marriage to Hiokatoo, took place in 1765 or 1766, when her son Thomas, born 1762, was, as she states, three or four years old (page 62).

Mary Jemison's Two Children by Sheninjee.

The first child borne by Mary Jemison to Sheninjee was a daughter who lived only two days. This daughter was born in the second summer of Mary Jemison's living at Wiishto, 1761 (page 45), "at the time the kernels of corn first appeared on the cob," that is, probably, in the month of June or early in

July. The second child borne to Sheninjee was a son, Thomas, born at Scioto "the following winter," 1762, that is, the winter following the birth of the daughter (page 45). Thomas was killed by his half brother, John, son of Hiokatoo, in 1811 (page 99), and was, therefore, at the time he was killed forty-nine years of age. This necessitates the correction of Mary Jemison's statement (page 102) that Thomas was fifty-two years old when killed by John. It is to be noted that Mary Jemison's error here is three years, the same as her error as to the date of her abduction.

Sons Borne to Hiokatoo by Mary Jemison.

In the list of children borne to Hiokatoo by Mary Jemison (page 62) two sons are mentioned, respectively, John and Jesse. The date of birth of the first of these, John, the evil genius of the family, is not directly given, but (page 102) Mary Jemison says John was forty-eight years of age when in 1811 he killed Thomas, but this would make John to have been born two years before the marriage of Mary Jemison to his father, Hiokatoo. Assuming that the cause of error here is Mary Jemison's mistake, three years, as to the date of her abduction, the date of John's birth becomes 1766—a date which reconciles itself with the facts in the case collectively, raising a presumption, however, that the marriage of Mary Jemison to Hiokatoo actually took place in 1765 when Thomas was three years old (page 62), and not in 1766 when Thomas was four years old. John was killed in 1817 (page 127), about the month of June. The date of birth of the other son, Jesse, the tenderly beloved of his mother, is given inferentially on page 121 where

speaking of the death of Jesse in 1812, Mary Jemison says, "Jesse was twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old when he was killed; that is, Jesse's date of birth was 1784 or 1785.

Daughters Borne to Hiokatoo by Mary Jemison.

According to the list, page 62, four daughters were borne to Hiokatoo by Mary Jemison, respectively Jane, Nancy, Betsey, Polly.

Though named first in the list, Jane is known to have been the latest born. Her birth took place, as we have seen, in 1782: her priority of mention is presumably a mark of respect. She had been dead many years when the narrative was dictated to Dr. Seaver in 1823. Polly, mentioned on page 143 as the youngest of three daughters then living (1823), is by the statement the third daughter borne by Mary Jemison to Hiokatoo, and it remains merely to settle the order of precedence between the two other daughters, Nancy and Betsey.

In genealogical enumerations, the natural and customary order of mention is the order of birth and it is to be observed that in both lists given by Mary Jemison (page 62 and page 143), Nancy is named ahead of Betsey.

This order of birth, making Nancy the elder, is signally confirmed by a memorandum left by Dr. Letchworth among his papers but not hitherto published. The memorandum is of a statement by Dr. James Shongo, grandson of Mary Jemison, and is dated July 15, 1873. In this statement Dr. Shongo says with interesting particularity:

"My father married Polly Jemison who lived in the second house from the slide with her mother, the 'White Woman.' Nancy lived in the first house from the slide. She was the oldest. Betsey was the next younger. She lived in the third house from the slide. The old house that she lived in is there now."

This statement should be conclusive for it is inconceivable that an intelligent person like Dr. Shongo, living for years next door neighbor to two aunts, should not know which way the balance of age lay between them, and it may be confidently assumed that of the two sisters, Nancy was the elder, and Betsey the younger.

Further the fact itself well known that the lot given to Nancy was more desirable than the one given to Betsey, suggests that Nancy was the elder daughter.

The question of seniority between Nancy and Betsey depends principally for its importance on this, that in the 1842 edition of "The Life of Mary Jemison," the writer, Ebenezer Mix, without disclosing in any way his reasons for his statement, makes Betsey the elder and Nancy the younger, reversing Mary Jemison's order. It is hardly worth while to conjecture how Mr. Mix came to make this mistake, though it is sincerely to be regretted that the mistake was made and particularly that it has been perpetuated in all succeeding editions of "The Life of Mary Jemison" to the present edition.

It has already been shown that the date of birth of the fourth daughter, Jane, was 1782.

The birth of the third daughter, Polly, took place either before 1779 or early in that year, for on page 73 of her life, Mary Jemison represents herself as fleeing in November, 1779, towards Buffalo before

General Sullivan's advance accompanied by her *five* children, and her family could not at that time have numbered *five* children unless Polly had already been born. In this flight towards Buffalo Mary Jemison says she carried one of her children on her back. Sullivan ceased his pursuit of the Senecas and then Mary Jemison represents herself as changing her plans (page 74) and going with her *five* children to the Gardow Flats, carrying two of her little ones on her back. These two statements definitely fix the date of Polly's birth as either before 1779 or early in that year.

As to the date of the second daughter, Betsey, the narrative is silent, but as the general sense of the narrative permits the inference that Betsey was the second daughter, the date of her birth is, of course, after the birth of Nancy and before the birth of Polly.

As to the first daughter, Nancy, the date of her birth appears on page 67 as May, 1776, but if allowance is to be made here for the initial error of three years with which the life of Mary Jemison begins, that is, Mary Jemison's error as to the date of her abduction, the date of birth of Nancy becomes 1773—a date which permits Nancy to be the eldest daughter, and Polly to be born before or early in 1779, two conditions that must be satisfied if essential facts are to be left as Mary Jemison apparently dictated them. The inference is so incontrovertible in the Mary Jemison legend that Nancy was the eldest and that Polly, the youngest, was born before or early in 1779, that it is not worth while to attempt to clear up the historic confusion which shows itself on page 67, especially as no one claims that Mary Jemison made no historic mistakes in her narrative, while every one

wonders that she made so few. For a striking instance of the historic confusion seen on this page (67) it is to be noted that after mentioning that her daughter Nancy was born this year, 1776, the story continues: "The same year" (1776, of course), "at Cherry Valley, our Indians took a woman and her three daughters prisoners." As the reference here is unquestionably to the capture of Mrs. John Moore and her three daughters, an event that took place November 11, 1778, the thoughtful reader will be content to note that a mistake has been made by Mary Jemison and will console himself with the remark of a writer not unskilled as a historian, that it is impossible to write history and make no mistakes.

Ebenezer Mix's Statement.

On pages 167 and 168 of the eighth (Batavia, 1842) edition of Seaver's "Life of Mary Jemison," its editor, Ebenezer Mix, says: "Mrs. Jemison's three children, Betsey, Nancy and Polly, who survived her all died in the short space of three months, in the autumn of 1839, aged respectively 69, 63, and 58 years." There is no reason for calling in question the interesting fact mentioned by Mr. Mix that all three sisters died in the autumn of 1839 as he writes of a fact that must have lain within his personal knowledge; but the dates of birth resultant from Mr. Mix's statement, to wit: Betsey, 1770; Nancy, 1776; Polly, 1781, are open to question. As we have seen, 1781 is an impossible date of birth for Polly, but if the date is corrected for the initial error of three years as to Mary Jemison's date of abduction, Polly's date (1778) becomes acceptable. So also the date given

MRS. ASHER WRIGHT

The missionary who described Mary Jemison's last days.

for Nancy (1776) is the date named by Mary Jemison, and corrected for Mary Jemison's initial error is freed as previously mentioned, from objection. But 1770 as the date of Betsey's birth is certainly all wrong. It has been pointed out that the internal evidence of the legend is that as between Nancy and Betsey, Nancy is the elder, and it will be time enough to reverse the statement when the grounds come to light on which Mr. Mix makes his revolutionary averment. It is incomprehensible why Mr. Mix made no explanation of his departure from the natural sense of the legend. It is further worthy of note that the traditions of the vicinage are that Nancy and Betsey were near each other in age and their mother records that Nancy and Betsey each had, at the time she dictated her narrative, seven children; but if there was a difference of six years in their age, this parity in parentage, that is, in the number of their offspring, would be less expected.

Summary.

Briefly, the dates of birth and death of Mary Jemison's children are as follows:

1. The unnamed daughter, born in 1761; died two days later.
2. Thomas, born in 1762; killed by half brother in 1811.
3. John, born in 1766; killed in 1817.
4. Nancy, date of birth uncertain, but possibly in 1776 or more likely in 1773; died in 1839.
5. Betsey, date of birth uncertain, but presumably later than Nancy and earlier than Polly; died in 1839.

6. Polly, date of birth before or early in 1779; died in 1839.
7. Jane, born in 1782; died in 1797.
8. Jesse, born in 1784 or 1785; killed by brother in 1812.

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

57. Indian Marriage Customs.

(Page 44, line 19.)

The following memorandum is by the archæologist of the New York State Museum, Mr. Arthur C. Parker:

"With reference to Mary Jemison's having married according to Indian custom, a short description of the custom referred to may be found in my bulletin on the Code of Handsome Lake. The custom was for the mothers of each party to the marriage to call a meeting of each clan to which the contracting parties belonged, to provide one of the religious instructors to preach a sermon to the young couple, then the matrons of the tribe, especially the faith keepers would make certain ritualistic admonitions and finally the couple was pronounced married and a feast ensued. Under the old customs there was always this little council and I am told by some of the older people that upon announcing the two were married the bride flung her braids, which were tied at the ends, as a loop over her husband's head. There were also games and little folk ceremonies held at these weddings. Since the old days the marriage ceremony has degenerated considerably and in many cases the pagans of New York simply marry by mutual consent without the formality of even a registration. This custom, however, is now regulated by more rigid state laws."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

58. Birth of Mary's First Child.

(Page 45, line 5.)

Mary Jemison's first child was born in 1761, presumably in June or early in July, when usually the kernels of corn first appear on the cob.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

59. Indian Child-birth Customs.

(Page 45, line 17.)

Mr. A. C. Parker, New York State archæologist, furnishes the following memorandum in answer to an inquiry:

"It has long been the custom among the Indians for the mother to stay outside the house for some time previous to and after the birth of her child. This custom prevailed, not only among the Senecas, but among nearly all the tribes of the country. There were sometimes little cabins built especially for such purposes and they usually were on the outskirts of the village. There was a ceremonial reason for this as well as a belief that a certain time must expire before purification was complete. This idea is common among most primitive people. No gun, bow, arrow, fresh meat, or man must be touched by a woman in a periodic condition or when a woman is 'unpurified' just before and after childbirth. The contact would 'spoil' the chances of hunting game and cause eruptions on a man's face. This is the Seneca idea." —*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

60. Mary's Homes on the Ohio.

(Page 45, line 29.)

During her four years in southern Ohio (1758–1762) Mary Jemison had three homes—two summer homes and one winter home. Her first summer home, cover-

ing the summers of 1758 and 1759, was the "small Seneca Indian town" which she describes as at the mouth of the river Shenanjee. Her second summer home, covering the summers of 1760 and 1761 and the earlier part of the summer of 1762, was at a locality which the Indians called Wiishto. The four winters in southern Ohio she spent on the banks of the Scioto at or near the mouth of that river, in what she styles "winter quarters."

The precise location of the several summer homes of Mary Jemison is uncertain. Dr. Seaver, who took down and edited Mary Jemison's life, examined the question of their geographical location with great thoroughness and also with great credit to himself in view of the fact that his researches were made in 1823. In regard to each home he found two locations that answered geographically Mary Jemison's description as to its most characteristic mark.

With regard to the site of the "small Seneca Indian town" Mary Jemison's characteristic mark is (see page 40) that the town was on the Ohio at the mouth of the Shenanjee where another river emptied into the Ohio *directly opposite*, and it further appears from the narrative that this town was one day's journey down the Ohio. Dr. Seaver pointed out that these conditions were filled by each of two different creeks—Cross Creek and Short Creek, the latter being a few miles below the former. The explanatory point to be emphasized is that in the case of each creek named, the creek exists on each side of the Ohio, there being two Cross creeks and two Short creeks, the two Cross creeks debouching into the Ohio "directly opposite" each other, and the two Short creeks doing the same. This peculiarity shows itself in the maps

of the United States Topographical Survey and in the celebrated map in Governor Pownall's "Topographical Description" published in London in 1776, and it may be seen in any map entering into details. At this point Dr. Seaver was stopped from any closer placing of the "small Seneca Indian town," no confirmatory historical data being then accessible to him. But since Dr. Seaver's time (1823) through Government and State publications and through publications of historical societies and of individuals, an immense volume of historical data has been made easily accessible. It is now well known that in the eighteenth century there was in the northeast section of the junction of Cross Creek and the Ohio River a "small Seneca Indian town" commonly called Mingo Town. Captain Harry Gordon in his "Journal" published in 1776 as a part of Governor Pownall's "Topographical Description" speaks of Mingo Town and in his table of distances of places on the Ohio from Fort Pitt, gives the distance of Mingo Town as 71½ miles. It is also well known, on Colonel Croghan's authority, that at Fort Pitt, April 14, 1765, about eighty Seneca Indians came up from their town at the Two Creeks (Minutes Provincial Council of Pa., Volume IX, page 252); and in his "Journal" the same authority states that Mingo Town was inhabited chiefly by the Senecas, called with others of the Six Nations, "Mingoes" (Darlington's "Christopher Gist's Journals," page 190). The U. S. Topographical Survey shows on the proper sheet the location of this town under the designation "Mingo Junction."

The site of the "small Seneca Indian Town," if the same as Mingo Town, was about three miles below the present Steubenville, Ohio.

With regard to the site of the other summer home, Mary Jemison's geographical characteristic is that at this place "one river emptied into the Ohio on one side, and another on the other," a characteristic that does not necessarily imply direct opposition of debouchment of the two rivers. The distance, however, of this second summer home above the mouth of the Scioto River is not stated in the text, though probably Mary Jemison gave Dr. Seaver the benefit of her impression. Here again, Dr. Seaver found, as his note shows, two sites answering the condition mentioned by Mary Jemison: Guyandot River, 327 miles below Pittsburgh, and Swan Creek, 307 miles below (see his note page 43). A careful study of the maps of the U. S. Topographical Survey would probably create in any mind from the geography alone a more or less distinct impression in favor of the Swan Creek site, but as Dr. Seaver in 1823 could not have had geographical evidence of that value before him, he was justified in leaving the question an open one. In the settlement of the site of the "little Seneca Indian Town" there were historical data that could be appealed to, but such recourse is wanting in fixing the Wiishto locality. Were it possible, however, to ascertain the exact meaning of the word *Wiishto*, which is thought by some who are apparently well equipped to give an opinion to be hopelessly corrupt in form, it is not improbable that interesting evidence might be secured to assist in determining the geographical whereabout of Wiishto. (See note No. 51.)

It is, however, something to be certain that originally Wiishto was quite surely a locality and not a town or village. The precise words of Mary Jemison are: "We sailed up the Ohio to a *place* that the Indians

called Wiishto. At that *place* the Indians (i. e., the men of the party) *built a town* and we (i. e., the women of the party) planted corn." This language certainly justifies the position that Wiishto is to be regarded in Mary Jemison's narrative as a locality, though later the name was perhaps given to the town the party built there. The site of this locality may remain, as far as the interpretation of the name goes, in doubt, but the locality in the neighborhood of Swan Creek is, on its merits, attractive enough to have suggested to the Mary Jemison party the desirability of making there their new summer home. For nearly opposite Swan Creek is a beautiful small river, Guyan Creek or the little Guyandot, and the river bottoms north and south are among the finest and best on the Ohio River, to the north Mercer's bottom and to the south the famous Green's bottom, the site of a prehistoric city—lands so fertile that the Indian women had little more to do than to look at them to make them blush into "corn, squashes and beans." Some three miles south of Swan Creek, as a monument set in the landscape, is the remarkable cliff called the "Hanging Rock," situated in the present Lawrence County, where is located a village also called "Hanging Rock."

But plainly whatever force is accorded to the view here suggested, a choice between the two sites proposed by Dr. Seaver for Wiishto, the second summer home, not being supported by independent external evidences, cannot bear with it the feeling of historic certainty that accompanies the choice that has been made of the site of the "little Seneca Indian town" as the first summer home. Probably the summer home at Wiishto was merely a summer camp of

Senecas and Delawares formed in 1760 and continued, as far as this narration records, for "three summers."

The Wiishto home, if at Swan Creek, was sixteen miles below the present Gallipolis, Ohio.

An interesting question remains as to the Wiishto summer home. A party of Delaware Indians, a subjugated tribe ruled by the Iroquois, soon joined the Mary Jemison party after their settling at Wiishto and lived in common with them. "Living in common" may mean that there was no divisional separation of habitations or living quarters as between Senecas and Delawares within Wiishto, or it may mean that there was such separation so that within the Wiishto locality there were, to all intents and purposes, two Indian towns or villages or encampments, the Seneca and the Delaware. In either case, whether their quarters were joint or separate, it is presumable that the Delawares would have their own name for the town or village or encampment, and that if we assume, as the narrative seems to warrant, that the Delaware name for the town as being their place of residence was *Canaahtua*, while the Senecas called it as their home *Wiishto*, then Mary Jemison's statement that after their bridal tour, Captain Little Billy's uncle and Priscilla Ramsay returned to Canaahtua would be understood as a return of the bridal couple to the place of their marriage, Wiishto. (Compare note No. 52 on Captain Little Billy's uncle.)

With regard to the Scioto or winter home, Mary Jemison makes no mention of there being any Indian town at the mouth of the Scioto and probably there was none there at that time; for in this same year,

1758, the first year of Mary Jemison's going there, the Shawnees moved their town (the Lower Shawnee Town) from the mouth of the Scioto to the upper plains of the Scioto, sending for the Shawnees of Logstown to join them there and possibly also for the Shawnees of the Shawnee Town at the mouth of the Great Kanawha to do the same.

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

61. Date of Return to Wiishto.

(Page 46, line 19.)

The return from Scioto to Wiishto "in the spring" was in 1762, but probably in June; that is, a year after the birth of Mary Jemison's first child.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

62. Hommany or Hominy.

(Page 47, line 19.)

Hominy is a word of American Indian (Algonquin) origin. The form here used, "hommany," will be found in Murray's "New English Dictionary."—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

63. Indians Will be Indians.

(Page 48, line 24.)

Concerning the expression "Indians must and will be Indians," Mr. Arthur C. Parker writes:

"This expression might upon first thought be taken to mean that the Indian can never be civilized in the true sense of the word and that he will revert to his ancient condition upon the slightest provocation:—as a matter of fact, however, the degree in permanence of civilization rests entirely upon environ-

ment. An Indian surrounded on all sides by persons of culture and refinement and excluded from association with persons of opposite nature, very readily takes up all the characteristics of civilized society, that is, if he has been trained from youth in the better environment; but if the educated youth is thrown back into his forest or prairie home and finds that he is ostracized unless he again resumes the status of those about him, he will then, and only then, forsake the ways in which he has been trained. There are many shining examples of this fact now. The popular expression usually has been that 'the Indian is an irreclaimable savage.' However, there is another sense in which the Indian must and always will be an Indian. It is not necessary for me to emphasize the fact that the Indian naturally is extremely proud of his race and that he feels within himself a certain aristocracy that is not inherent in the blood of the pale invader. The most successful Indians to-day are those who feel that their distinguished ancestry makes it incumbent upon them to demonstrate the worthiness of that ancestry and the power of the red man of to-day to become a useful and constructive factor in any society. In this sense the expression is no more incongruous than to paraphrase it 'the white man will always be a white man.' There is nothing disgraceful in being a white man and therefore nothing disgraceful in being an Indian, but on the contrary each man's pride in his racial origin makes him feel that he must carry on his ambitions and achieve a great success to show that his blood is no less than the best."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

64. Indian Honesty.

(Page 49, line 4.)

For an illustration of Indian honesty, see "Anecdotes," pages 177–178.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

65. Departure from Wiishto.

(Page 49, line 7.)

For the date of their departure from Wiishto see note No. 82.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

66. Outlet of Sandusky Lake.

(Page 49, line 23.)

The creek up which the Mary Jemison party is represented as about to go, called a little farther on the Sandusky Creek, was the Muskingum River. To-day there is in Ohio no body of water called Sandusky Lake, but in 1762 what is now styled Sandusky Bay was styled Sandusky Lake, at least it is so styled on a map by Thos. Hutchins dated 1764. As it is a geographical impossibility—one which no one could have understood better than Sheninjee and Mary Jemison's adopted brothers—for the Muskingum to be the outlet of Sandusky Lake (Bay) in the natural sense of the word "outlet," it remains to conjecture the real purport of the remark. The immediate thought in the mind of the party may be gathered from the fact that the Muskingum and its west branch was one of the regular waterways to Upper Sandusky whither the party was bent, and that Upper Sandusky was connected by the Sandusky River with Sandusky Lake. This is substantially the view of Dr. Beauchamp who writes: "The outlet of Sandusky Lake was the Muskingum River, as the best waterway to Sandusky and there seems a reference to Summit Lake at the head of the east branch. *Sandusky* means *where there is pure water.*"—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

67. Murdered White Traders.

(Page 49, line 28.)

The circumstances of the murder of the three traders as far as recorded in this and the three paragraphs following seem to indicate that the traders were not murdered in the trading house, but probably a short distance up the Sandusky Creek (Muskingum River) into which the Mary Jemison party turned after passing the trading house. The bodies were met floating down.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

68. Mary's Sense of Humanity.

(Page 50, line 17.)

It has been imputed to Mary Jemison as something worse than weakness that in the matter of his cruelties she never withstood her husband, Hiokatoo, to his face. It should be borne in mind that while women were given marked powers in many ways among the Iroquois, yet in ordinary affairs the woman was subordinate to the man, and, generally speaking, there was no place for a wife to withstand her husband to his face. But the passage to which this note is appended shows that when under the customs of the tribe into which she had been adopted Mary Jemison had any opportunity to act humanely she availed herself of it to the utmost. After Mary Jemison became reconciled to her captivity and her adoption, she became, in accordance with her directness and openness of character, a Seneca of the Senecas, but she never forgot what she owed to herself as a woman and to the inborn sense of humanity which she cherished.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

69. Gaw-gush-shaw-ga.

(Page 50, last line.)

Gä-go'-sa, in the Seneca dialect, signifies *a false face*, and *Gä-go'-sa-ga*, *the place of the false face*, which is doubtless the correct orthography of this word.—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

70. Yis-kah-wa-na.

(Page 51, line 1.)

The Indian village of Yis-kah-wa-na, a few miles above Gaw-gush-shaw-ga, was on the site of the present Coshocton at the junction of the Walhonding and the Tuscarawas rivers, the west and the east fork respectively of the Muskingum River.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

71. Genishau, or Genesee.

(Page 51, line 11.)

Gen-nis'-he-yo is the true spelling. It signifies *the beautiful valley*, from which the river takes its name. The adjective *we-yo*, which means *grand*, or *beautiful*, is incorporated in the word, and thus determines its signification. (See notes Nos. 78 and 79.)—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

72. Mary's Two Sisters.

(Page 51, line 13.)

The last mention in the text of the two sisters was their presence in June, 1761, at the birth of Mary Jemison's first child after her marriage with Sheninjee. (See page 45.)—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

73. Upper Sandusky.

(Page 51, line 33.)

Upper Sandusky was a well-known place much frequented by the Indians and by traders. At times it was the place for payment of British annuities, gifts, and favors. (See also note No. 82.)—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

74. French Creek.

(Page 52, line 20.)

The Rev. Dr. Donehoo, secretary of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission, in answer to an inquiry by the Reviser touching French Creek and Ganagarahhare, furnishes the following memorandum:

"At the mouth of French creek, at the site of Franklin, Pa., formerly stood the Indian village of Venango. At this place the French army built one of the chain of forts in the period before the French and Indian War. When Washington was sent to warn the French out of the region in 1753, the French flag was flying from the trading house from which John Fraser had been expelled. The French fort at this place was named Machault, although it was always mentioned as 'the French Fort at Venango.' The Seneca village at this place was called Ganagarahhare. The French army reached Fort DuQuesne, from Canada, by way of Presqu' Isle (Erie, Pa.); Le Boeuf (Waterford, Pa.); and Venango (Franklin, Pa.)."

The mouth of French Creek is to-day the site of Franklin, Pa., and the mouth of Conowango Creek, of Warren, Pa.

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

75. Che-ua-shung-gau-tau.

(Page 53, line 8.)

In the second and subsequent editions Che-ua-shung-gau-tau is correctly described as situated on the Allegheny River, at the mouth of what is now called Cold Spring Creek, in the town of Napoli, Cattaraugus County, State of New York.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

76. U-na-waum-gwa.

(Page 53, line 9.)

This name should be spelled *U-na-waun-gwa*, not *U-na-waum-gwa.* There are no labials in the Iroquois dialects. *U-na-waun-gwa* is also known as *Tu-ne-un-gwan.* Dr. Beauchamp places this Indian town or village in Carrollton, Cattaraugus County.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

77. Caneadea.

(Page 53, line 14.)

Caneadea is a well-preserved Seneca name. The original, *Gä-o'-yä-de-o*, signifies *where the heavens rest upon the earth.—Morgan, ed. 1856.*

The old Indian Council House which stood at Caneadea and which Mary Jemison may have entered is now preserved near her grave in Letchworth Park. (See page 237.)—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

78. Genishau.

(Page 53, line 15.)

Later editions than the first, omitting the description of Genishau given here, read: "At Little Beard's

Town in Genishau, at that time a large Seneca town, thickly inhabited." The arrival of Mary Jemison and party at Genishau was apparently near the end of 1762 or early in 1763. (See note No. 71.)—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

79. Genesee.

(Page 53, line 17.)

Gen. Henry A. S. Dearborn, in his journal of his visit to the Seneca Indians in the year 1838, says: "Mr. Strong the interpreter informs me that Genesee as now pronounced by the Senecas *Ja-nes-he-ya* & the word is derived from *Gats-he-nos-he-yu* & means *Good Valley.*" (See the "Dearborn Journals," page 211 of Volume VII of the "Publications of the Buffalo Historical Society," 1904. Also see note No. 71).—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

80. Travel on Foot.

(Page 53, line 22.)

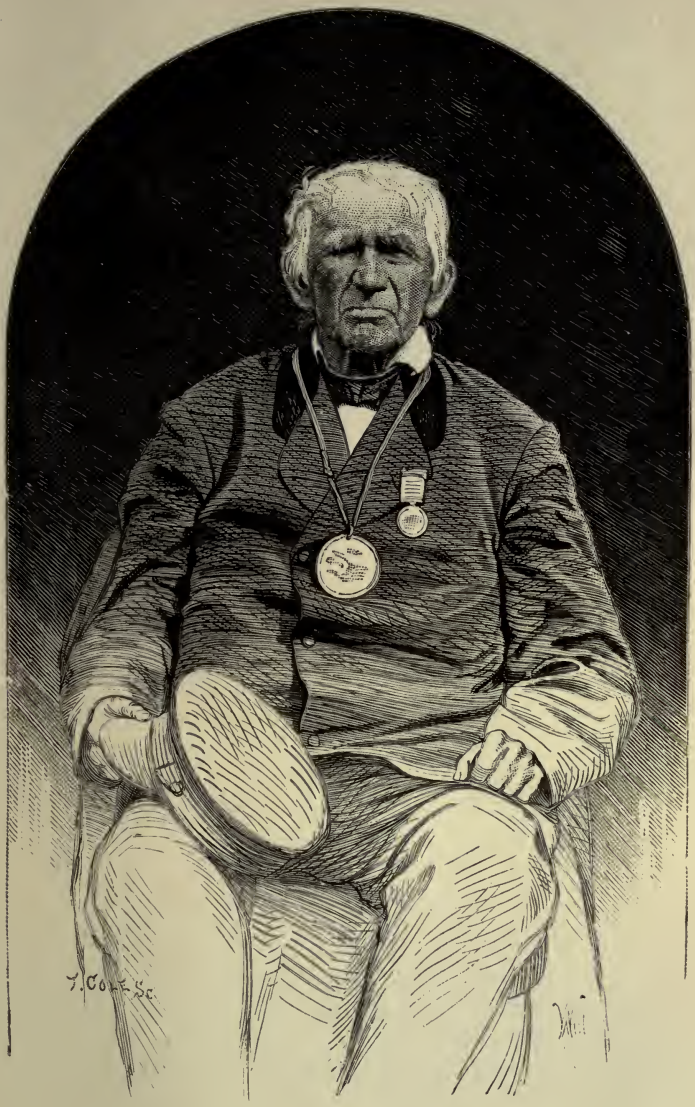
Concerning the question as to whether Mary Jemison traveled the whole distance from the Ohio to the Genesee on foot, see note No. 82.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

81. How an Indian Child was Carried.

(Page 53, line 34.)

The New York State archæologist, Mr. Arthur C. Parker, in answer to an inquiry, furnishes this memorandum:

"When travelling on foot, the Indian mother usually carried her child wrapped snugly in the cradle board, or held tightly in a shawl against her back, the little youngster's head resting against her shoulder;



THOMAS JEMISON ("BUFFALO TOM")

Grand-son of Mary Jemison.

when travelling in a canoe, she would not as a general thing carry her child on her back, but rather would have the little one curled up in her lap, or strapped safely on the bottom of the canoe in a cradle board."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

82. Mary Jemison's Remarkable Journey.

(Page 54, line 9.)

An interesting chapter in the Mary Jemison narrative is the story of Mary Jemison's journey from the valley of the Ohio to the valley of the Genesee in the latter half of 1762. Little or nothing is known of this journey except what has come down to us in the fourth chapter of Dr. Seaver's "Life of Mary Jemison," of which this is to be regarded as an explication. More specifically, the journey was from the Indian village of Wiishto on the Ohio to the Indian village of Genishau on the Genesee. Genishau, where Mary Jemison's journey ended, is universally recognized as the place now known as Cuylerville, which is across the Genesee River from Geneseo and distant from that place about four miles. The site of the Indian village where Mary Jemison's journey began, Wiishto, is disputed, though there is no doubt of its historic reality as a village on the Ohio, where Mary Jemison on her own testimony lived three summers, those of 1759, 1760, and 1761, and where she was first married and where she had her first child. For a discussion of the two possible sites of Wiishto suggested by Dr. Seaver, who reduced Mary Jemison's story of her life to writing, see the note No. 60, which gives preference to the site at the mouth of Swan Creek which is adopted here as the starting-point of the Mary Jemison journey.

It is not remarkable that there is difficulty in locating an Indian village once it has ceased to be a place of habitation. Unlike an American village, for example, an Indian village is not in a way anchored to the soil by a church building and a school building and a town hall and a jail, and in these latter days by a grange assembly house, which together or separately leave some sort of evidence of occupation. Contrariwise, an Indian village simply hovers over its site, ready at the first breath of pestilence or disastrous war or exhaustion of game or timber to flit away through the forest aisles to a new site, though sometimes a burial mound or a council tree may remain in attest of the village that has been. Storke, in his "History of Cayuga County" (page 29), states that ten to thirty years is the average life of an Indian village. No wonder is it then that it is only by patient inferential reasoning that the site of a village like Wiishto can be worked out at all, and even then the possibility of a hidden error may remain as a haunting disquietude. It may, however, be assumed with confidence that the site of Wiishto was certainly one of the two sites suggested by Dr. Seaver.

The beauty of the village sites among the Iroquois and the judgment shown in their selection is an interesting book that remains to be written.

The distance traversed by Mary Jemison in her journey cannot be given with anything like precision. On page 53 of her Life, Mary Jemison incidentally refers to the journey as one of five or six hundred miles, but an examination to determine separately the number of miles in each of the several stages of the journey made the total 682 miles—a result which

considerably exceeds Mary Jemison's general estimate. But the investigation was obscured by two petty but unanswerable queries—Did Mary Jemison travel on straight lines? And was there only one negotiable road in each stage?

The time consumed in the journey was approximately six months. The dates of departure and conclusion of the journey seem to be sufficiently indicated by Mary Jemison's allusions to the age of her little son, Thomas. Apparently on leaving Wiishto Thomas was three or four months old, and on arriving at Genishau nine months old. This would make the date of departure about July 1, 1762, and the date of conclusion about January 1, 1763. (See in this connection pages 46 and 59, and note No. 56.)

In her narrative (page 53) Mary Jemison makes a statement which, taken literally, suggests that the whole journey of five or six hundred miles was made on foot. But the details of the journey as given in her account show that, while the journey was made principally on foot, it was also made partly by canoe and partly on horseback.

The route taken by Mary Jemison from Wiishto to Genishau was in a sense pre-determined for her by prevalent usage and by the geography of the State of Ohio. In the northern part of Ohio (see King: "Ohio") a table-land or ridge runs from the eastern side of the State to the western, forming a water-shed, on the south side of which the rivers flow southward to the Ohio, and on the north side northward to Lake Erie. At Akron on the east this table-land is 848 feet above Lake Erie and 35 miles distant from it; while at Upper Sandusky on the west the height above the lake is 981.5 feet, and the distance from it 60

miles. At the time of Mary Jemison's journey, the narrow table-land was, as probably it had long been, the great highway east and west of the Indians and the traders and the occasional traveler. Coming north from the Ohio River to the water-shed, any one of the several rivers which descend to the Ohio from it could be used, or, avoiding the table-land altogether, the traveler could follow the Ohio River to the Alleghany, and then the Alleghany till he came into the Genesee country. The two rivers most used, however, in going north from the Ohio, were the Muskingum and the Scioto, the former near the center of the State, the latter about 200 miles to the west of the center. The Muskingum had unquestionably the advantage, at least for the aborigine and the pioneer, of geographical location and possibly of attractiveness also, for by common acclaim the valley of the Muskingum is a land in which to loiter goldenly.

In this connection it is pardonable to note of the Muskingum's rival, the Scioto, that it was down the valley of this river that, to ravage the southland and smite the Cherokee, the dreaded Senecas raged under their terrible leader, Hiokatoo, who became the husband of Mary Jemison three or four years after her coming to Genishau.

The several stages into which the journey naturally resolves itself are easily discoverable from the narrative.

The first stage was from Wiishto to modern Coshocton, the place where the rivers Walhonding and Tuscarawas unite to form the Muskingum. The sub-stages were Wiishto to Gallipolis, 16 miles; Gallipolis to the mouth of the Muskingum, 105 miles; the mouth of the Muskingum to Gawgushshawga, 40

miles; Gawgushshawga to Yiskahwana (Coshocton), 75 miles.

This first stage was made in a canoe. The party embraced Mary Jemison, her little son, Thomas, her husband and two of her adopted Indian brothers, five altogether. The stage was made leisurely and the lapse of time is to an extent indicated, and especially it is noted that when about to enter on the second stage the summer was gone and the time for harvesting corn had arrived.

The second stage was from Yiskahwana to Upper Sandusky, 75 miles. The party followed the West Branch, *i.e.*, the Walhonding or Mohican River. It is not clear, however, why in going to the Genesee valley the party should at Coshocton take the West Branch instead of the East Branch, Upper Sandusky being in the opposite direction from Genishau. A satisfactory reason, it may be suggested, is that the supplies were giving out and that one of Mary Jemison's adopted brothers, familiar with the route, divined that supplies might be secured, which proved to be the case, at Upper Sandusky. It is also possible that the gradient up the water-shed was easier to the west than to the east.

In this second stage the number in the party remained five. Mary Jemison's husband left the party, but a third adopted brother took his place. The party traveled on foot, Mary Jemison representing herself as setting out with her little son on her back, a fashion in which no Indian woman would travel in a canoe. Further, walking is the Indian's favorite method of traveling.

The third stage was the longest and the most trying. Its first sub-stage was from Upper Sandusky to

French Creek, Franklin, Pa., 190 miles, and its second from French Creek to Conowongo Creek, Warren, Pa., 80 miles. The party remained unchanged. What differentiates the third stage was the finding and appropriating of two or three horses at Upper Sandusky. Presumably at least one more horse was added later, for in the perilous fording of Conowongo Creek the natural sense of the account is that each one of the party had a horse, and in the party there were, besides the little boy, four adults. Any other theory of the fording presents insuperable difficulties. Even as it was, the party barely escaped with their lives. As to the exact route in this stage, the account is silent, but the party probably followed in the main the Mahoning trail, well known as being the one used by Washington and Gist. To what extent the horses were utilized in this stage, except for fording in cases of high water, does not appear.

The fourth and last stage of the wonderful journey was in two sub-stages, the first being from Warren, Pa., to Caneadea, N. Y., 65 miles, and the second from Caneadea to Genishau, 36 miles. Mention is made of passing through in the first sub-stage two Indian places, at the second of which a stop was made. In the fourth stage the party remained the same as in the second and third stages. The traveling was presumably done on foot. Whether the horses were abandoned at the beginning of the fourth stage, as the canoe had apparently been at the beginning of the second, Mary Jemison does not tell us.

Near the close of the fourth chapter, in which the story of the journey is told, Mary Jemison remarks, "My brothers were attentive,"—one of the many thoughtful and sincere mentions in which Mary

Jemison in the account of her life pays tribute to the ever constant devotion and respect with which she was treated by all the members of the Indian family into which she had been adopted.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

83. Fort Niagara.

(Page 55, line 9.)

In the Batavia edition of 1842 *Fort Niagara* was changed to *Fort Erie*, and the error was repeated in all subsequent editions up to and including that of 1913. Fort Niagara is on the right bank of the Niagara River where it enters Lake Ontario. Fort Erie is on the left bank of the river opposite Buffalo near Lake Erie. The two are about twenty-seven miles apart in an air line.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

84. Derivation of the Word "Niagara."

(Page 55, line 10.)

The following summary of information and opinions as to the origin and meaning of the word *Niagara* has been prepared, not to settle once for all the points in dispute in this field of historic inquiry, but to assemble in an orderly statement, as far as possible, the differences which investigation has developed.

I. The term *Niagara* first appears in literature in "The Jesuit Relations" for 1641 in the form *Onguiaahra*, evidently a misprint, as has been pointed out, for *Ongniaahra*. But notwithstanding the early appearance of this name, the name and what it connoted remained for more than two and a half centuries simply a matter of the cloister, a thing apart, and not information modifying opinion and vitalizing

history. It was only when in the latter part of the nineteenth century "The Jesuit Relations" were translated into English, 1896–1901, and found their way into the book stall, that they came to affect historical inquiry and discussion. Meanwhile, as a question of linguistics, the term *Niagara* remained comparatively inconspicuous and the process of its coming into the light developed slowly.

II. In the year 1741 Cadwalader Colden, Lieutenant Governor of New York, 1760–75, and author of "The History of the Five Nations of Indians," writes the name Niagara *O-ni-ag-a-ra*.

III. In the year 1823 Mary Jemison, dictating to Dr. Seaver her life, says (line 4, page 55) that in the Seneca language Fort Niagara is called Fort *Ne-a-gaw*, and to this day the Senecas follow the usage here given by Mary Jemison, *i. e.*, *Ne-a-gaw*, not *Niagara*.

IV. In a letter written in 1824, the year of issue of the first edition of Dr. Seaver's "Life of Mary Jemison," Col. Timothy Pickering, who conducted for the United States several treaties with the Indians, writes: (see Dr. Beauchamp's "Aboriginal Place Names of New York," page 135):

"I have been sometimes asked what was the Indian pronunciation of *Niagara*. By the eastern tribes, it was *Ne-au-gau-raw*, or rather *Ne-og-au-roh*. The second syllable was short with the accent upon it—the last syllable being like final *a* in *America*. The Senecas called the falls or river not *Ne-og-au-roh*, but *Ne-au-gaw*, the second syllable *auh* gutturally, with the accent upon it and the last syllable long."

V. In his "League of the Iroquois," page 432 of Book 3 of edition of 1851, and page 97 of Volume II of edition 1901 and 1904, Morgan says:

"Having now reached the banks of the Niagara, and the vicinity of the great cataract, the derivation of the word Niagara suggests itself as a subject for inquiry. Colden wrote it *O-ni-ag-a-ra*, in 1741, and he must have received it from the Mohawks or Oneidas. It was the name of a Seneca village at the mouth of the Niagara river, located as early as 1650, near the site of Youngstown. It was also the place where the Marquis De Nonville constructed a fort in 1687, the building of which brought this locality under the particular notice of the English. The name of this Indian village in the dialect of the Senecas was *Ne-ah'-gä*, in Tuscarora *O-ne-a'-kars*, in Onondaga *O-ne-ah'-gä*, in Oneida *O-ne-ah'-gäle*, and in Mohawk *O-ne-a'-gä-rä*. These names are but the same word under dialectical changes. It is clear that *Niagara* was derived from some one of them, and thus came direct from the Iroquois language. The signification of the word is lost, unless it be derived, as some of the present Iroquois suppose, from the word which signifies *neck*, in Seneca *O-ne-ah-ä*, in Onondaga *O-ne-yä-ä*, and in Oneida *O-ne'-arle*."

Bancroft, according to Morgan, mistakenly derives the latter from the language of the Neuter Nation. Morgan continues:

"The name of this Indian village was bestowed by the Iroquois upon Youngstown, upon the river Niagara, from the falls to the lake, and upon Lake Ontario, as has been elsewhere stated.

"In bestowing names upon water-falls, the Iroquois custom agrees with the English. The name of the river is connected with the word fall. In the case of Niagara Falls, however, an adjective is incorporated with the word fall, as the idea of its grandeur and sublimity appears to have been identified with the fall itself. Thus, in Onondaga it is called *Date-car'-sko-sis*, in Seneca *Date-car'-sko-sase*, the word *Ne-ah'-gä* being understood. It signifies *the highest falls*."

Five years later, in the 1856 edition of Mary Jemison's Life, Morgan added the following notes to the word *Ne-ah-ga*, which word appears in line 4 of page 55 of the first edition and line 4 of page 98 of the 1856 edition:

"The Seneca name of the Niagara River, and of Lake Ontario, was *Ne-ah'-gä*. They derived this name from a locality near the site of Youngstown, in the vicinity of which is the present Fort Niagara. Our present name *Niagara*, is derived from this word."

Morgan also added a comment to the name *Niagara* in the list of "Indian Geographic Names" on page 267, reproduced from his "League of the Iroquois." It is to be noted in this connection that Morgan published the latter work in 1851, forty-six years before the publication of "The Jesuit Relations" in English began, though of course Morgan may have seen "The Jesuit Relations" for 1641 in old French as they originally appeared, but the presumption is that he did not.

VI. In 1869 Parkman, in his "LaSalle and the Discovery of the Great West," has a note on the word *Niagara* at the bottom of page 126 in which he says, "It is of Iroquois origin and in the Mohawk dialect is pronounced *Nyagarah*"; and Winsor, in his "Narrative and Critical History," published 1884–1889, endorses the view taken by Parkman.

VII. In 1907, fifty-one years after the 1856 edition of the "Life of Mary Jemison," Rev. W. M. Beauchamp, S.T.D., in his "Aboriginal Place Names of New York," writes:

"*Ni-ag-a-ra* was an early French form of the name for the river, but for a long time the accent was placed on the penult as in Goldsmith's 'Traveler' (published 1765).

"'And Niagara stuns with thundering sound.'

"It means simply *the neck* connecting two great lakes as the body and head are united."

A memorandum of current date by Dr. Beauchamp says:

"The use of *Niagara*, as now written, first occurs in Hennepin, 1678, when La Salle built a brigantine on the site of Fort Frontenac (Kingston, Ont.). Father Hennepin sailed in this over Lake Ontario, and on December 6th entered what he called 'the beautiful river Niagara into which no bark similar to ours had ever sailed.' The French adhered to this spelling, and De Nonville wrote it thus when he took possession, July 31, 1687.

"The English form at first varied slightly, being *Yagerah* and *Onjagera* in 1719–20. In the latter *j* has the sound of *Y*. Governor Hunter, however, August 29, 1721, was the first Englishman to use the present form, and it soon became the rule, one which Colden merely followed a score of years later."

VIII. In 1910, eighty-six years after the first edition, and fifty-four years after the 1856 edition of "The Life of Mary Jemison," and fourteen years after the publication in English of "The Jesuit Relations" began, J. N. B. Hewitt, under the title "Niagara" in Part II of "The Handbook of American Indians" published by the United States Bureau of Ethnology, which had been organized in 1879, says:

"Of Iroquoian origin, one of the earliest forms of this place name is that in the Jesuit Relation for 1641,

in which it is written *Onguiaahra*, evidently a misprint for *Ongniaahra*, and it is there made the name of a Neutral town and of the river which today bears this designation. Its most probable derivation, however, is from the Iroquoian sentence-word which in Onondaga and Seneca becomes *O'hnia'ga'* and in Tuscarora *U'hnia'ka'r*, signifying *bisected bottom-land*. Its first use was perhaps by the Neutral or Huron tribes."

IX. As to the meaning of the word *Niagara*, two suggestions have been made: first, that it means *a neck*. (In this connection read note furnished by Dr. Hall, which follows.) This signification (*neck*), by whomsoever first suggested, was adopted by Morgan and his collaborator, General Ely S. Parker, and first appeared as a matter of literature in "The League of the Iroquois." This meaning is given a place also in Dr. Beauchamp's "Aboriginal Place Names of New York" as quoted above. But it is possible that the reference here is simply to that neck of land formed by the confluence of the Niagara River and Lake Ontario—a piece of land on whose surface were the two places most notable in the early history of the Senecas and the Iroquois, Youngstown and Fort Niagara. To the list of those who accept *neck* as the probable meaning of the term *Niagara* may be added (on the suggestion of Dr. W. M. Beauchamp) Zeisberger, a name of authority during the last half of the eighteenth century in Indian linguistics and ethnology, also the well-known name of the Rev. Albert Cusick, who died in 1912. A second signification is that of *bisected-bottom-land* which appears in Hewitt's note on "Niagara" in Part II of "The Handbook of American Indians." It might be suggested, however, that the collocation *bisected bottom-land*, felicitous

enough in itself, is perhaps too artificial and learned to have occurred spontaneously to the Indian mind and, therefore, lacks the best claim for general acceptance. It is not unthinkable that both significations have an element of historic possibility and may be held without any feeling that the destiny of the world is at stake. In a polysynthetic language there is no reason why a basis of definition should not be ultimately reached that will be true for at least one dialect.

X. Dr. Edward Hagaman Hall, secretary of the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, has furnished the Reviser with several interesting quotations bearing on this subject. "The Jesuit Relations," he notes, referring to the outlet of Lake Huron, says:

"It flows first into the lake of Erie, or of the Nation of the Cat, and at the end of that lake, it enters the territory of the Neutral Nation, and takes the name of *Onguiaahra*, until it empties into the Ontario or lake of Saint Louys."

A note by the author in the translation of "The Jesuit Relations," referring to the foregoing passage, says:

"*Onguiaahra: Niagara.* Cartier, when at Hochelaga (Montreal), heard vague rumors of the great cataract. Champlain's map of 1632 locates it quite definitely at the western end of Lake St. Louis (Ontario); he describes it as 'a fall of water at the end of the falls of St. Louis—very high, in descending which many kinds of fish are stunned.' Its location on the map shows that *Sault St. Louis* is a mere slip of the pen, or a typographical error, for *lac St. Louis*. Sanson's map of 1656 gives it as *Ongiara Sault;*

Coronelli (1688) names it *Niagara*. O'Callaghan's index to N. Y. Colon. Docs. enumerates thirty-nine other variants on this name. The name *Niagara*, or *Onguiahra*, is generally regarded as of Mohawk (or the kindred Neutral) origin, signifying *neck*, referring to the strip of land between Lakes Erie and Ontario cut off by this river. The easternmost village of the Neutrals, probably near the falls, bore the same name."

The map in Hennepin's "Nouvelle Decouverte," (1697) calls it *Sault de Niagara* and in the accompanying text he calls the river *Riviere de Niagara*. At the beginning of the chapter about Niagara Falls is the title: "Description du Saut, en cheute d'eau de Niagara, qui se voit entre le Lac Ontario, E le Lac Erie."

Dr. Hall, who has examined the context of "The Relations" and Hennepin's "Nouvelle Decouverte," says that it gives no indication of the meaning of *Niagara*. He adds:

"As there was a Neutral village named *Onguiaahra* on the Niagara river, the question naturally arises, was the river named from the village or the village from the river? I imagine the latter; or, rather that the word *Onguiaahra* described a place and was applicable to both. It seems to me that if the Neuters used it for the name of one of their villages it was a Neuter word."

Since the receipt of Dr. Hall's notes, in one of which mention is made of Sanson's map of 1656, the Right Rev. Cameron Mann, D.D., Bishop of Southern Florida, has forwarded to the Reviser for his inspection a beautiful copy of Sanson's "Amerique" owned by him. It is a quarto in vellum, Paris, 1657, contain-

ing besides its letter press fifteen interesting and valuable maps, the second of which presents the Niagara River under the name *Ongiara Sault*, connecting lakes Erie and Ontario.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

85. A Confusion of Events.

(Page 55, line 12.)

There is a confusion in this paragraph of two distinct historic events, four years apart, as noted by Dr. Seaver in the Appendix to the first edition (page 145); 1st, the capture, July 25, 1759, of Fort Niagara by the British; and, 2nd, the dire ambuscade of the British by the Indians at the Devil's Hole, June 20, 1763. That Mrs. Jemison arrived at Genishau the day before the attempt of the Indians in 1759 to recapture Fort Niagara is, of course, an impossibility; that she arrived the day before the preparations for the ambuscade is an improbability, for certainly the arrival from Wiishto at Genishau was, as already pointed out, just before or just after the beginning of 1763.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

86. Neat Cattle.

(Page 56, line 5.)

Mr. Henry O'Reilly in his "History of Rochester and Western New York" (page 386) states that the first neat cattle brought to the Genesee flats were those captured by the Indians at the affair of the Devil's Hole in 1763.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

87. Two White Prisoners.

(Page 58, line 4.)

It is not clear when or where the two white prisoners, referred to in this connection, were captured.

It is not impossible that they were captured in the affair at Fort Niagara in 1759 and that the burning of them took place at the time and place stated, but as Mary Jemison in 1759 was living on the Ohio River she could not have been present at the burning at the date named. The obscurity of Mary Jemison's statement is increased by the fact that no prisoners are known to have been taken in the affair at the Devil's Hole in 1763.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

88. Death of Sheninjee.

(Page 58, line 15.)

Sheninjee died in the summer or early autumn of 1762.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

89. Bounty for Returned Prisoners.

(Page 58, line 24.)

A serious problem was brought home to the colonists and pioneers on the western side of the settlements at the close of the French and Indian War, 1763, and especially at the close of Pontiac's War, 1764. The problem was the recovery of the captives held among the Indians and the restoration of them to their homes. The return of the captives, of which there was really an extraordinary number, was opposed by the Indians with every form of evasion, but when, in 1764, the matter came into the firm hand of Colonel Bouquet, a general delivery of the captives at Carlisle, Pa., was effected. In a number of instances, larger than one would have anticipated, one or the other of two unexpected obstacles intervened against restoration, both of which were in their way pathetic. First, aversion or refusal to return. Noticeably,

JAMES SHONGO

Favorite grand-son of Mary Jemison.

many women, especially young women who had married Indians, being compelled to return with their children to the settlements, did so with reluctance and several afterwards made their escape. But, secondly, more pathetic was the case of young children who had lost memory even of their mothers. Parkman, in his intensely dramatic description of the Carlisle delivery ("Conspiracy of Pontiac," Volume II, page 234), instances the case of an old woman whose daughter had been carried off nine years before and had lost remembrance of her mother.

"Bouquet suggested an expedient. 'Sing the song that you used to sing to her when a child.' The old woman obeyed; and a sudden start, a look of bewilderment, and a passionate flood of tears, removed every doubt, and restored the long lost daughter to her mother's arms."

Mr. Frank H. Severance, secretary of the Buffalo Historical Society, in answer to inquiries, furnishes the following memorandum on the subject:

"Regarding bounty offered by the English king for prisoners brought in to posts: I did not find in the printed books any definite statement on that point. It is true that the British authorities paid for prisoners, the payment taking various forms. Probably the offer of bounty was renewed from time to time, but I can give you no dates. If any are to be found, I think likely it would be in the Haldimand papers, a great manuscript collection, which may be consulted in the Archivist's office at Ottawa. Several volumes of indexes and calendars to these papers have been published. My impression is that some years ago at Ottawa, while working with these papers, I found various allusions to the offering of bounties, either for

prisoners or scalps; but I find here no note regarding the matter."

Mr. William Smith of Ottawa, official in charge of the Manuscript Room of the Public Archives of Canada, in response to inquiries from the Reviser, had a careful search made through the Haldimand and Bouquet collections, which are well calendared, but found nothing in connection with bounties offered by the King of England for the return of prisoners. Later, Mr. Smith furnished the following memorandum:

"With further reference to your letter of the 10th inst., the officer in charge of the manuscripts has laid before me certain papers, which I am inclined to think furnish the answer to your question. These are three treaties of peace signed with various tribes of Indians, in each of which it is stipulated on the part of the English and agreed to by the Indians that all prisoners in the hands of the latter shall be released. The *first* is between Sir William Johnson and the 'deputies' sent from the whole Seneca Nation. It was made on the 3rd of April, 1764. The *second* is with the 'Chenussios Indians and enemy Senecas.' It provides that the Chenussios shall deliver up at the same time Sherlock the Deserter and prisoners yet amongst them, so as they may accompany those fourteen already delivered up to Sir William Johnson. It was signed on the 6th August, 1764. The *third* is with the Huron Indians of Detroit. It provides that 'any English who may be prisoners or deserters and any negroes, Panis or other slaves amongst the Hurons who are British Property shall be delivered up.' This was signed on the 18th July, 1764. I have not had time to go further, but this may answer your enquiry. In any case there was no disposition with the English at this time to secure the return of prisoners by means of gifts."

Still later Mr. Smith furnished the following:

"Today I have gone over the series of documents relating to the Indians from 1765 until 1768, and am convinced that there is no information such as you are seeking, in the papers of that period. I notice you lay some stress on the phrase 'the King of England,' but that phrase was used frequently in similar connections, when no more was meant than the Governor, or other person in authority. I am sorry I cannot help you to arrive at finality, though I think the high probability is not in favor of the view derived from Mrs. Jemison's books."—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

90. No Seneca Kings.

(Page 59, line 23.)

There is no propriety whatever in calling any of the Seneca chiefs by the title of King. The nation was originally governed by eight sachems, all of whom were equal in rank and authority; and the title was hereditary in the tribe, although not strictly in the family of the individual. The son could never succeed his father, because the father and son were always of different tribes. There were eight tribes in the Seneca nation—the Wolf, Bear, Beaver, Deer, Turtle, Snipe, Heron, and Hawk. No man was allowed to marry into his own clan; and the children were of the tribe of the mother. The title being hereditary in the tribe and clan, the son was thereby excluded from the succession. At a later day a class of chiefs were created subordinate to the sachems; but in course of time they came to have an equal voice with the sachems in the administration of the affairs of the nation. The office was elective, and for life, and was not hereditary. To this day they have

the eight sachems, still holding by the ancient tenure, and about seventy chiefs.—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

91. Big Tree Treaty.

(Page 62, line 16.)

In "the report of the special committee appointed by the Assembly of 1888 to investigate the Indian Problem of the State," at pages 19–20, is the following passage, beginning with a reference to Thomas Morris:

"He went into their country, followed their trails from the wigwam of one chief to that of another, and after much difficulty and the use of all his persuasive arts, the Indians agreed to hold a conference, and designated Big Tree, now Geneseo, as the place where the same should be held. President Washington nominated Jeremiah Wadsworth as commissioner on the part of the United States, and the interested parties met together in August, 1797, and negotiations began. . . . Negotiations were resumed and on the 15th day of September, 1797, the treaty was signed which transferred nearly all the country which now comprises Western New York from the hands of the red men to their white neighbors."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

92. End of the French War.

(Page 63, line 5.)

Mr. O'Reilly, in his "History of Rochester and Western New York," page 56, interpolates after the words *French War*, "or, rather, after the termination of the difficulties consequent on the connection of the Senecas with the conspiracy of Pontiac." The French War ended with the Peace of Paris, February 10, 1763.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

93. The Senecas in the Revolution.

(Page 63, line 7.)

The French War was concluded in 1763 and the American Revolution began in 1775, but the Senecas did not take part in the conflict till some time in 1777 or 1778.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

94. The Council of German Flats.

(Page 65, line 6.)

The council between the commissioners of the twelve United Colonies and the Six Nations convened at German Flats August 15 and 16, 1775, and concluded its sittings at Albany, September 1st.—*Letchworth, ed. 1880.*

Mr. Frank H. Severance of Buffalo furnishes the following memorandum on this subject:

"There are many references to the Council at German Flats in the books; the most explicit I find is in Benton's 'History of Herkimer County.' On the 28th of June, 1775, a council was held there between inhabitants of the district and the Oneidas and Tuscaroras, which was also attended by a deputation from Albany and resulted in a pledge of neutrality by most of the Indians present. (Page 69.) Another council, which I take to be the one which you ask about, was held at German Flats, August 15 and 16, 1775, 'To induce the six nations to send deputies to Albany to meet the American commissioners, where it was proposed to kindle up a great council fire.' The council at Albany opened August 23rd and closed August 31, 1775. This last date substantially agrees with the note in the 1880 edition of the Jemison book reprinted on p. 112 of the 1898, 1910 and 1913 editions."

95. The Council of Oswego.

(Page 65, line 23.)

The council between the British commissioners and those of the Six Nations convened at Fort Oswego in July, 1777. Mrs. Jemison errs in making the Fort Oswego council only "one year" after the council between the twelve United Colonies and the Six Nations, and consequently the date 1776 which is given later (page 67) and the three events assigned apparently to that year are equally in error as to date. In particular, the capture referred to, of prisoners at Cherry Valley was in all probability still another year later—that is, in 1778.

Mr. Frank H. Severance furnishes the following memorandum concerning the Oswego council:

"Besides the references given in your letter, I refer you to Churchill's 'Landmarks of Oswego County,' page 107, where it is stated: 'In July (1777), Brant arrived at Oswego with a band of followers and they were soon joined by other parties of warriors of the six nations. Butler came from Niagara to take part in the council to be held.' Churchill gives no exact dates, but he adds: 'About the time the council closed St. Leger arrived.' This was prior to July 27, when the first detachment of St. Leger's army left Oswego. A more satisfactory reference perhaps will be found in Stone's 'Life of Brant,' volume 1, edition of 1851. In chapter 8, page 187, some account of this council is given and a footnote refers to the account in the 'Life of Mary Jemison,' as being the best known record of it. On page 210 it is stated that 'Col. Butler was to arrive at Oswego on the 14th day of July, from Niagara, to hold a council with the six nations.' This perhaps fixes the date of the opening of the council at about the 14th or 15th July."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

96. Unanimity in Iroquois Decisions.

(Page 66, line 25.)

Unanimity was a fundamental law of the Iroquois civil polity. When the question of joining the English came before the council of the League the Oneidas refused to concur, and thus defeated the measure; but it was agreed that each nation might engage in it upon its own responsibility. It was impossible to keep the Mohawks from the English alliance.—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

97. Cau-te-ga.

(Page 67, line 8.)

Dr. W. M. Beauchamp in a memorandum says that *Cau-te-ga* is almost certainly a form of *Adega* as that is of *Otega*. There were settlers south of Otsego Lake in 1776 and Indian hostilities commenced there.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

98. Cherry Valley Captives.

(Page 67, line 18.)

Unquestionably the reference here is to the case of Mrs. John Moore who with her three daughters was captured at Cherry Valley at the time of the massacre, November 11, 1778, and was taken to Kanadesaga (Geneva) with Mrs. Jane Campbell and her four children and certain others. At Kanadesaga the families were separated. About a year later Mrs. Moore and her children were exchanged and returned to Cherry Valley, with the exception of one daughter, Jane, who had, not long after her arrival at Niagara, married a Captain Powell (not

Johnson as Mary Jemison states, page 68), an English officer of excellent reputation, with whom she remained in Canada. (See "History of Cherry Valley" by John Sawyer.)—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

99. Joseph Smith.

(Page 67, line 29.)

Mr. Conover in his history of "Kanadesaga and Geneva" notes that Joseph Smith was quite a prominent character at an early day at Canandaigua, and that he had been a captain among the Indians and when finally set free had chosen to remain among them.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

100. Battle of Fort Stanwix.

(Page 68, line 9.)

The battle of Fort Stanwix, or Fort Schuyler, or Oriskany, as it is variously styled, was fought August 6, 1777.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

101. Sullivan's Expedition.

(Page 69, line 24.)

General Sullivan's expedition of destruction reached Kanadesaga (Geneva) Thursday, September 7, 1779, the Valley of the Genesee the 14th, and arrived back at Kanadesaga the 19th.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

102. Lieutenant Thomas Boyd

(Page 72, line 15.)

The name of Lieutenant Boyd should be Thomas, not William as printed in the text. See also description of his fate on pages 149–156.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

The horrible death of Lieutenant Thomas Boyd, as

described by Mary Jemison in the foregoing pages, and the cruel torture to which the Indians subjected their captives, are so revolting as to shock every feeling of humanity; but it should be borne in mind that such inhuman practices are not special characteristics of the Indian race. Their parallel may not infrequently be found in the annals of the white race. The people of Spain, at the time they took possession of the island of San Domingo, claimed to be refined, chivalrous, and believers in Christianity. After subjugating the inhabitants of the island they reduced them to a condition of abject servitude. Under an organized system the Indians were apportioned to Spanish gentlemen by the Government, to work on their plantations and in the gold mines during eight months of the year. Cruel tasks were exacted of these laborers and insufficient food supplied them. When the condition of these once proud and independent Indians became intolerable they revolted against it. In the province of Higuey they were overcome by the Spaniards and great numbers were indiscriminately slaughtered. Such as escaped to the mountains were hunted like wild beasts. It is recorded in Irving's "Life of Columbus" that—

"Sometimes they would hunt down a straggling Indian and compel him, by torments, to betray the hiding-place of his companions, binding him and driving him before them as a guide. Wherever they discovered one of these places of refuge filled with the aged and infirm, with feeble women and helpless children, they massacred them without mercy. They wished to inspire terror throughout the land, and to frighten the whole tribe into submission. They cut off the hands of those whom they took roving at large,

and sent them, as they said, to deliver them as letters to their friends, demanding their surrender.

"The conquerors delighted in exercising strange and ingenious cruelties. They mingled horrible levity with their bloodthirstiness. They erected gibbets long and low, so that the feet of the sufferers might reach the ground, and their death be lingering. They hanged thirteen together, in reverence of our blessed Savior and the twelve apostles. While their victims were suspended, and still living, they hacked them with their swords to prove the strength of their arms and the edge of their weapons. They wrapped them in dry straw, and setting fire to it, terminated their existence by the fiercest agony.

"These are horrible details, yet a veil is drawn over others still more detestable They are related circumstantially by Las Casas, who was an eye witness. He was young at the time, but records them in his advanced years. 'All these things,' says the venerable Bishop, 'and others revolting to human nature, did my own eyes behold; and now I almost fear to repeat them, scarce believing myself, or whether I have not dreamt them.'"

Even in our own day we read of two Seminole Indians who, on suspicion of murder, without legal examination or sanction by court or jury, were chained to an oak tree by a mob of whites, surrounded with combustible material, and burned to death. Their skeletons were left hanging in the chains encircling them, a ghastly spectacle to passing beholders. This occurred at Paris, Texas, on the border-land of the Indian Territory, January, 1898.

The torture of Lieutenant Boyd by the Iroquois was inflicted while the Indians were highly exasperated and filled with a spirit of revenge at the destruction of their houses, crops, and means of subsistence by Sullivan's army; while the whites of San Domingo,

inspired by the baser motive of avarice, committed in cold blood the barbarities described.

—*Letchworth, ed. 1898.*

103. Catawba Creek.

(Page 73, line 17.)

Later editions describe this creek as "Stony Creek, which empties into the Tonawanda Creek at Varysburg, Wyoming County." Dr. Beauchamp notes that the name *Catawba* is a southern name and not an Iroquois word.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

104. Severe Winters.

(Page 75, line 15.)

The succeeding winter was that of 1780. Mary Jemison's description of this remarkable winter in western New York is confirmed in the Fifth Annual Report of the Meteorological Bureau and Weather Service of the State of New York, which speaks of the winter of 1780 as showing the *most signal and severe depression of temperature belonging to our entire history, excepting perhaps* that of *1856.* A special feature mentioned in the Report is worth repeating:

"People did ride with horses and sleighs from New York to Staten Island * * * and from New York to Paulus Hook and Bergen and also to Long Island, and did ride upon the ice from New York to Albany and further, and also crossed the Sound upon ice from New London to Long Island with carriages of burden, which has never been known to have been done before."

Since 1780 exceptional seasons of similar character have occurred within the State of New York at intervals of approximately twenty years:

1798–9: Smock's Climatology of New Jersey speaks of this winter as "A long and severe winter, with much snow; March 12th, deep snow. 1799 cold weather in spring; ice, April 20th; frost, June 5th."

1816: The New York Weather Service Report mentioned above notes that from May to September, 1812, each month was from 3.6 degrees to 7.2 degrees below the average (at Cambridge, Mass.), a refrigeration equaled for two months only, June and July, of 1816, which were 5 degrees and 5.8 degrees below. In the Northern States snow and frosts occurred in every month of both summers; Indian corn did not ripen; fruits and grains were greatly reduced in quantity and wholly cut off. In England, 1816 was almost as extreme as in the United States.

1835: On the night of the 16th of December of this year, the year of the Great Fire in New York City, the weather was phenomenally cold, the coldest known for many years. An alarm of fire having been raised, the firemen in responding found out that the water froze in the pipes before it could be used.

1855 and 1856: In 1855 the waters of Seneca Lake were completely covered with ice, February 24 and 25. This refrigeration is known as the first Ice-cap of the Seneca. The very extraordinary character of the winter of 1856 is described in the Fifth Annual Report of the New York Meteorological Bureau quoted above.

1875: The second complete Ice-cap of Seneca Lake was formed February 9 and 10.

1885: The third complete Ice-cap of Seneca Lake occurred February 23 and 24.

1912: The fourth complete Ice-cap of Seneca Lake occurred February 10 and 11.

There may have been complete ice-caps previous to

1855 but no records of such are known. The four ice-caps here mentioned were recorded and described by John Corbett, editor of *The Schuyler County Chronicle*.

The only mention so far as the Reviser knows of an exceptional season in the land of the Senecas previous to 1780, the year described by Mary Jemison, is a characterization in the Fifth Annual Report of the New York Weather Service of the year 1740–41 as "the hard winter so called."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

105. John O'Bail.

(Page 77, line 16.)

The name *O'Bail* is apparently only another form of the name *Abeel*. Mr. W. Max Reid's "The Mohawk Valley. Its Legends and Its History," G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1907—a definitive work on its subject—says, page 134:

"Certain lands are spoken of as being parts of the Wilson and Abeel patent, granted to Ebenezer Wilson and John Abeel, the father of the celebrated half-breed, Cornplanter, who was on General Washington's staff during the Revolution."

That *O'Bail* is a variant of *Abeel* is signally confirmed by the following memorandum received from Mr. Robert H. Kelby, the librarian of The New York Historical Society:

"Christopher Janse Abeel was the progenitor of this family in America. John Abeel, an Indian trader, settled in the town Minden, a short distance from Fort Plain, in 1748. He secured several hundred acres of land of one of the grantees of the

Bleecker Patent. (Whittemore's 'Abeel and Allied Families,' page 4, quoting the History of Montgomery County, pages 218 and 233.) The same book, speaking of the Indian marriage, says: 'There may have been an effort on the part of those interested to cover up the facts at the time by permitting a misspelling of the name which has passed into history as *O'Bail* (easily mistaken for *Abeel*)."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

106. Cornplanter's Tomahawk.

(Page 77, line 23.)

Cornplanter's tomahawk is now in the State Indian Collection at Albany.—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

This interesting relic narrowly escaped destruction in the fire in the State Capitol in 1911. It was rescued by Mr. Arthur C. Parker who took it from a burning case. The head of the hatchet was too hot to touch and the handle was sizzling with hot varnish.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

107. Ebenezer Allen.

(Page 79, line 31.)

"Ebenezer Allen was no hero, but, rather, a desperado. He warred against his own race, country, and color; and vied with his savage allies in deeds of cruelty and bloodshed. He was a native of New Jersey."—(Turner's "History of the Holland Purchase," p. 297.)—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

108. Ebenezer Allen's Mill.

(Page 87, line 21.)

For Mr. Maude's account of Allen's mill see O'Reilly's "Rochester and Western New York," page 357. The grist and saw mill built on the Genesee

River at the Rochester Falls by Ebenezer Allen in 1789 is not to be confused with the saw mill erected by Messrs. Ziba Hurd and Alva Palmer in 1823 just above the Middle Fall of the Genesee on ground now constituting a portion of Letchworth Park. (See page 181 preceding and note No. 148.)—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

109. Morilla Gregory.

(Page 89, line 8.)

Turner, in his "History of the Holland Purchase," page 301, gives the name of this wife as Mille M'Gregor.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

110. Land Given to Allen's Children.

(Page 89, line 25.)

The amount of land given by the Indians to Allen's children, here stated to be "four miles square," is corrected in later editions to "two miles square."—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

111. Land Claim of Allen's Daughter.

(Page 90, line 23.)

The remainder of this paragraph, describing Allen's persistence in urging his daughter's title to the land, was omitted from the 1842 Batavia editions for some reason not stated.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

112. Simcoe's Grant to Allen.

(Page 92, line 4.)

"Governor Simcoe granted him three thousand acres of land, upon condition that he would build a saw-mill, a grist-mill, and a church—all but the

church to be his property. He performed his part of the contract, and the title to his land was confirmed. In a few years, he had his mills, a comfortable dwelling, large improvements, was a good liver, and those who knew him at that period represent him as hospitable and obliging. About the year 1806, or 1807, reverses began to overtake him. At one period he was arrested, and tried for forgery; at another, for passing counterfeit money; at another, for larceny. He was acquitted of each offense upon trial. He was obnoxious to many of his white neighbors, and it is likely that at least two of the charges against him arose out of a combination that was promoted by personal enmity. All this brought on embarrassments, which terminated in an almost entire loss of his large property. He died in 1814." (Turner's "History of the Holland Purchase," p. 302–3.)—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

113. Red Jacket's Character.

(Page 94, line 27.)

Those interested to read a judicious appreciation of Red Jacket, but too long for citation here, are referred to Mr. J. N. B. Hewitt's article "Red Jacket" in "The Handbook of American Indians. Bulletin 30, Part 2."—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

114. Red Jacket's Official Name.

(Page 94, line 28.)

The New York State Ethnologist, Mr. Arthur C. Parker, in answer to a query as to probable cause of the application to Red Jacket of the name, "Keeper Awake," furnishes this memorandum:

"I beg to say that the original name and perhaps the only official name ever held by Red Jacket was *Otetiani*, as you have quoted it from the hand book.

WILLIAM PRYOR LETCHWORTH, LL.D.

The donor of Letchworth Park where Mary Jemison is buried.

It was sometimes translated *Always Ready* but perhaps the simpler translation *He is prepared* would be more correct. I do not know that there is any record that the name *Sagoyewatha* was ever used as the name of the principal chief of the Confederacy. It was given to him when he was declared a Pine Tree chief. This latter name, sometimes pronounced by my informants *Sa-go-ye-wa-tha*, signifies *He makes them to be awake.* This word was derived from *Wa-yen-yet, He wakes them*, and from *Ho-ye-tha*, with the same meaning. I have frequently heard that this name was selected because of Red Jacket's noisiness when coming home from a drinking affair in town. At any rate, many of the Seneca, if not most of them, to-day look upon the name somewhat derisively and assert that it was merely a nick-name describing one of his traits. In explanation of this, however, it may be said that the modern Seneca were greatly prejudiced against Red Jacket by his enemy the prophet Handsome Lake, who wove into his doctrines, which are still preached among the so-called pagans, a scathing criticism of Red Jacket and branded him as a *land seller.* Handsome Lake therefore has created a large following with a hereditary prejudice against the great orator."

Dr. Beauchamp adds the following: "*Sa-go-wat-ha* was a frequent Cayuga name, and as Red Jacket was born on Cayuga Lake he probably had a Cayuga father."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

115. Red Jacket's Opposition.

(Page 94, line 29.)

In later editions the expression "opposed me or my claim" was changed to "opposed me and my claim."
—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

116. The Gardow Tract.

(Page 95, line 4.)

Later editions add "or the Gardeau Reservation." Dr. Beauchamp notes in his "Aboriginal Place Names" that according to Morgan "*Gardow* or *Gardeau* should be *Ga-da'-o*, meaning *bank in front.*"

The site of Mary Jemison's home on Gardeau Flats is about five or five and a half miles in an air-line northeast of the Middle Fall at Letchworth Park and about three and a half miles in an air-line east-northeast of Castile. It is on the alluvial flat half a mile wide on the left bank of the Genesee river. In 1918 it was difficult of access on account of the condition of the roads; but the pilgrim who is not afraid of a little climbing will be repaid by a visit to this peaceful and secluded valley which snuggles down between protecting cliffs 500 feet high on either side of the river. The cliffs on the right bank rise almost perpendicularly, and are the characteristic which gives the meaning of *Ga-da'-o*, as stated by Morgan. The land is extremely fertile and at the time of the publication of the 1918 edition was growing flourishing crops of corn and beans, as in the Indian days, and other crops. The site of Mary Jemison's house is occupied by a frame dwelling of recent construction, but is said to contain some of its original timbers, and tradition points to one post in its framework bearing tomahawk marks. About eighty rods north of the site is still to be seen the picturesque log cabin of Mary Jemison's daughter Betsey (see page 144). The log cabin of Mary Jemison's daughter Nancy, which formerly stood eighty rods south of Mary Jemison's cabin (see page 143) is now in Letchworth

Park near Mary Jemison's grave, as stated on page 237. Indian arrow points and spear-heads are occasionally found in the vicinity.

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

117. Parrish and Jones.

(Page 95, line 8.)

The reference here is to Jasper Parrish and Capt. Horatio Jones, the first being the Indian agent of the United States and the other interpreter. Both of these men had been taken prisoners by the Indians and adopted, and had been detained with them many years.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

118. Kau-tam.

(Page 95, line 15.)

This name should be spelled *Kautan*. There are no labials in the Iroquois dialect. Dr. Beauchamp prefers *Kautaw* to *Kautan*, and similarly *Gardow* to *Gardeau*.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

119. Striking a Parent Unforgivable.

(Page 98, line 17.)

The following memorandum is furnished by Mr. Arthur C. Parker in response to an inquiry:

"Regarding the statement that Tom Jemison struck Hiokatoo,—the Indians were like many of the Oriental races in denouncing a child who struck his parent. It was a sin that was never easily forgiven by the people, inasmuch as all the religious training of the Seneca taught the veneration of parents and ancestors."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

120. Tonewanta.

(Page 103, line 29.)

In later editions *Tonewanta* is spelled *Tonawanda.* —*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

121. The Catawbas.

(Page 105, line 25.)

Note A of the Appendix of Mr. O'Reilly's "History of Rochester and Western New York" points out that a change in the spelling of a single name (*Cotawpes* to *Catawbas*) renders the testimony of Mrs. Jemison accordant with that of Governor Clinton respecting the wars between the Six Nations and the southern Indians. All the later editions of Dr. Seaver's "Life of Mary Jemison" read *Catawbas.—Reviser, ed. 1918.*

122. Clarksville.

(Page 105, line 27.)

Later editions correctly amend Dr. Seaver's statement by placing Clarksville in the County of Montgomery, Tenn.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

123. Fort Freeland.

(Page 106, last line.)

The Rev. Dr. Donehoo, secretary of the Pennsylvania Historical Commission, furnishes this memorandum concerning the affair at Fort Freeland:

"The massacre at Fort Freeland was July 29, 1779 (not 1777, as stated). This fort was situated on Warriors' Run, near Watsontown, Pa., about one mile east of Warriors' Run Church. The fort was

surrounded by about 300 British and Indians, under the command of Capt. McDonald. There were but 21 men in the fort, which was surrendered—the women and children being allowed to leave. These went to Fort Augusta, at the present Sunbury, Pa. The men were held as prisoners. After the fort had surrendered Capts. Boone and Daugherty—well known frontiersmen—arrived with 30 men. They supposed that the fort was still in the hands of the Americans. Making a dash across Warriors' Run, they were surrounded by Indians. Capts. Hawkins, Boone and Samuel Daugherty, with half their force, were killed. Thirteen scalps of this party were taken into the fort. Samuel Brady, the famous Indian fighter, was in this attack, but escaped. There was no 'massacre,' as the 52 women and children were allowed to leave the fort. Capt. McDonald, the British officer in command, prevented the massacre of the women and children. The capture of this fort by the Indians caused the most wide-spread terror throughout the entire West Branch Valley. All of the roads leading to Fort Augusta were thronged with settlers who had deserted their homes. Hiokatoo was in command of the Indians at this attack."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

124. Place of Crawford's Execution.

(Page 112, line 9.)

The spot where Crawford suffered was a few miles west of Upper Sandusky, according to Colonel John Johnston in Howe's "Historical Collections of Ohio," page 546.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

125. The Crawford-Knight-Williamson Affair.

(Page 113, line 29.)

For a somewhat fuller account than the one here given of the Crawford-Knight-Williamson affair see

Howe's "Historical Collections of Ohio," pages 543–549.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

126. Dr. Knight's Narrative.

(Page 115, line 24.)

"The Narrative of Dr. Knight," written by himself according to Judge H. H. Brackenridge's recollection, is the fifth in a collection of fifty narratives published in one large octavo volume at Chambersburg, Pa., in 1839, by J. Pritts, and entitled "Incidents of Border Life Illustrative of the Times and Conditions of the First Settlements in Parts of the Middle and Western States," &c. The narrative is nine pages in length and recites many harrowing details not in Mary Jemison's version. A copy of this very rare book is owned by Dr. Donehoo. The date of the first appearance of Dr. Knight's narrative is not there given.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

127. The David Reese Affair.

(Page 122, line 21.)

"Soon after the War of 1812, an altercation occurred between David Reese, (who was at that time the government blacksmith for the Senecas, upon the reservation near Buffalo,) and a Seneca Indian called Young King, which resulted in a severe blow with a scythe, inflicted by Reese, which nearly severed one of the Indian's arms; so near, in fact, that amputation was immediately resorted to. The circumstance created considerable excitement among the Indians, which extended to Gardeau, the then home of the Jemison family. John Jemison headed a party from there, and went to Buffalo, giving out, as he traveled along the road, that he was going to kill Reese. The author saw him on his way, and

recollects how well he personated the ideal Angel of Death. His weapons were the war-club and the tomahawk; red paint was daubed on his swarthy face, and long bunches of horse-hair, colored red, were dangling from each arm. His warlike appearance was well calculated to give an earnest to his threats. Reese was kept secreted, and thus, in all probability, avoided the fate that even kindred had met at the hands of John Jemison." (Turner's "History of the Holland Purchase," p. 295.)—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

128. Leicester.

(Page 123, line 1.)

Later editions change *Leicester* to *Genesee Flats.*—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

129. George Jemison's Disposition.

(Page 126, line 23.)

In later editions, *friendly* is corrected to *unfriendly.*—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

130. Indian Punishment of Murder.

(Page 130, line 34.)

"The greatest of all human crimes, murder, was punished with death; but the act was open to condonation. Unless the family were appeased, the murderer, as with the ancient Greeks, was given up to their private vengeance. They could take his life wherever they found him, even after the lapse of years, without being held accountable. A present of white wampum sent on the part of the murderer to the family of his victim, when accepted, forever obliterated the memory of the transaction." ("League of the Iroquois," p. 331.)—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

131. Spirits, or Rum.

(Page 141, line 4.)

The word *spirits* is here used singly and means *rum*. Writing in 1889, Mr. Conover in his "Kanadesaga and Geneva" says: "Rum was commonly called *spirits* even up to as late as 30 or 40 years ago. The name *spirits*, when used singly, was never applied to any other kind of liquor."—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

132. The Devil's Hole Affair.

(Page 146, line 4.)

The Devil's Hole is a sort of bay or indentation worn by the water into the cliff on the right bank of the Niagara River about four miles below the falls. Concerning the affair there in 1763 and the date, see page 55 of the text, also notes Nos. 78 and 87.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

133. Child Found at Kanadesaga.

(Page 152, line 17.)

In his history of "Kanadesaga and Geneva," page 209, George S. Conover, speaking of the affair here referred to, says:

"They found all had fled and not a soul was in the town save a little white boy some three or four years old who was entirely naked and almost starved. This child was tenderly cared for and adopted by Captain Machin, who had him christened Thomas Machin. After the return of the family the boy was placed with a family near Newburgh, where he soon after died from an attack of the smallpox. No clue was ever obtained as to its parentage."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

134. Ge-nun-de-wah.

(Page 157, line 15.)

The true name of the Senecas is *Nun-da-wä-o-no*, from *Nun-da-wä-o, a great hill.* Hence the name of *Nunda, from Nun-dä-o, hilly.—Morgan, ed. 1856.*

135. Nau-wan-e-u.

(Page 161, line 10.)

Ha'-wen-ne'-yu.—Morgan, ed. 1856.

136. Bad Spirit.

(Page 162, line 9.)

Hä-ne-go-ate'-geh, the *Evil-minded.—Morgan, ed. 1856.*

137. Indian Festivals.

(Page 163, line 8.)

"Six regular festivals, or 'thanksgivings,' were observed by the Iroquois. The first in the order of time was the Maple festival. This was a return of thanks to the maple itself, for yielding its sweet waters. Next was the Planting festival, designed chiefly as an invocation of the Great Spirit to bless the seed. Third came the Strawberry festival, instituted as a thanksgiving for the first fruits of the earth. The fourth was the Green Corn festival, designed as a thanksgiving acknowledgment for the ripening of the corn, beans, and squashes. Next was celebrated the Harvest festival, instituted as a general thanksgiving to 'our supporters,' after the gathering of the harvest. Last in the enumeration is placed the New Year's festival, the great jubilee of the Iroquois, at which the white dog was sacrificed." ("League of the Iroquois," p. 183.)—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

138. Scarcity of White Dogs.

(Page 164, last line.)

The reason for the change from two dogs to one seems to have been the difficulty of securing proper animals, the ceremony requiring that the dogs be pure white.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

139. The White Dog Ceremony.

(Page 166, line 32.)

"On the morning of the fifth day, soon after dawn, the white dog was burned on an altar of wood, erected by the keepers of the faith, near the council-house. It is difficult, from outward observation, to draw forth the true intent with which the dog was burned. The obscurity with which the object was veiled has led to various conjectures. Among other things, it has been pronounced a sacrifice for sin. In the religious system of the Iroquois there is no recognition of the doctrine of atonement for sin, or of the absolution or forgiveness of sins. Upon this whole subject their system is silent. An act, once done, was registered beyond the power of change. The greatest advance upon this point of faith was the belief that good deeds cancelled the evil, thus placing heaven, through good works, within the reach of all. The notion that this was an expiation for sin is thus refuted by their system of theology itself. The other idea, that the sins of the people, by some mystic process, were transferred to the dog, and by him thus borne away, on the principle of the scapegoat of the Hebrews, is also without any foundation in truth. The burning of the dog had not the slightest connection with the sin of the people. On the contrary, the simple idea of the sacrifice was, to send up the spirit of the dog as a messenger to the Great Spirit, to announce their continued fidelity to his service, and, also, to convey to him their united thanks for the blessings of the

year. The fidelity of the dog, the companion of the Indian, as a hunter was emblematical of their fidelity. No messenger so trusty could be found, to bear their petitions to the Master of Life. The Iroquois believed that the Great Spirit made a covenant with their fathers, to the effect that, when they should send up to him the spirit of a dog, of a spotless white, he would receive it as a pledge of their adherence to his worship, and his ears would thus be opened in a special degree to their petitions." ("League of the Iroquois," p. 216.)—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

140. Origin of the War Dance.

(Page 168, line 3.)

"About one hundred years ago," the time of the origin of the war dance mentioned in the text of the first edition published in 1824, refers, of course, to the early part of the eighteenth century.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

141. Government of the Six Nations.

(Page 170, line 15.)

The government of the Six Nations, when they were in the zenith of their prosperity and power, was an oligarchy, composed of a mixture of elective and hereditary power; and to the skeleton of such a government the remnant of the race still adhere. Their government was administered by chiefs—each tribe having two; one of whom was hereditary, and the other elective; the term of whose office was during good behavior, and might be removed for any real or supposed sufficient cause, which, however, was seldom put in execution. The elective sachem was the military chieftain, whose duty it was to attend to all the military concerns of the tribe, and command the warriors in battle. They were both members of the

general council of the confederacy, as well as of the national council, which met as often as necessity required, and settled all questions, involving matters in which their own nation only had an interest; but the general council of the confederacy met but once a year, except in cases of emergency. It then met at Onondaga, being the headquarters of the most central nation, where all great questions of general interest, such as peace and war—the concerns of tributary nations, and all negotiations with the French and English were debated, deliberated upon, and decided. All decisions made by the chiefs of a tribe, which affected the members of that tribe only—all decisions of the national council, solely relative to the affairs of that nation, (a majority of chiefs concurring,) * and all decisions of the general council of the confederacy, were laws and decrees from which there was no appeal. There is also a class of counselors in the several tribes who have great influence over, but no direct voice in the decision of any question.—*Mix, ed. 1842.*

* The author has fallen into an error in this particular. It was a fundamental law of the confederacy, and also of each nation, that the chiefs "must be of one mind;" that is, unanimous.—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

"At the institution of the league fifty permanent sachemships were created, with appropriate names; and in the sachems who held these titles were vested the supreme power of the confederacy. To secure order in the succession, and to determine the individuals entitled, the sachemships were made hereditary, under limited and peculiar laws of descent. The sachems themselves were equal in rank and authority, and instead of holding separate territorial jurisdictions, their powers were joint and co-extensive with the league. As a safeguard against contention and

fraud, such sachem was 'raised up,' and invested with his title, by a council of all the sachems, with suitable forms and ceremonies. Until this ceremony of confirmation or investiture, no one could become a ruler. He received, when raised up, the name of the sachemship itself, as in the case of the titles of nobility, and so also did his successors, from generation to generation. The sachemships were distributed unequally between the five nations. Nine of them were assigned to the Mohawk nation, nine to the Oneida, fourteen to the Onondaga, ten to the Cayuga, and eight to the Seneca. The sachems, united, formed the council of the League—the ruling body in whom resided the executive, legislative, and judicial authority.

"It thus appears that the government of the Iroquois was an oligarchy, taking the term, at least, in the literal sense, 'the rule of the few;' and while more system is observable in this, than in the oligarchies of antiquity, it seems, also, better calculated in its framework to resist political changes. . . . Next to the sachems, in position, stood the chiefs—an inferior class of rulers, the very existence of whose office was an anomaly in the oligarchy of the Iroquois. The office of chief was made elective, and the reward of merit; but without any power of descent, the title terminating with the individual. . . . After their election they were raised up by a council of the nation; but a ratification by the general council of the sachems was necessary to complete the investiture. The powers and duties of the sachems and chiefs were entirely of a civil character, and confirmed by their organic laws to the affairs of peace." ("League of the Iroquois," pp. 62–71.)—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

142. Iroquois Population.

(Page 170, last line.)

The Iroquois have fluctuated greatly in numbers since the first white settlement in this country; and

their numbers have quite generally been exaggerated. At least this is the impression conveyed by the conflicting statements and estimates given in Morgan's great work, "The League of the Iroquois." Dr. Seaver's estimate being based on Government statistics undoubtedly represents at least approximately the numbers of the Iroquois in Mary Jemison's day, and for the purposes of this biography that is the important point.

In this connection may be cited the following quotation from Appendix B (page 226) of "The League of the Iroquois:"

"It is improbable that at any time from the establishment of the League to its disruption by the Revolutionary War the Iroquois numbered more than 15,000 or 16,000 souls. This was apparently the total when they first march into history (in the earlier part of the seventeenth century), and it is very close to the total today. This uniformity in numbers, however, is little more than an interesting coincidence. The original Iroquois blood has been much diluted by admixture of other Iroquoians, of Algonquins, and of whites."

On page 229 it is further said, "The Indians are now slowly increasing," meaning presumably at the date of the edition, 1904.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

143. Indian Marriage Customs.

(Page 171, line 10.)

"Marriage was not founded upon the affections, which constitute the only legitimate basis of this relation in civilized society, but was regulated exclusively as a matter of physical necessity. It was not even a contract between the parties to be mar-

ried; but substantially between their mothers, acting oftentimes under the suggestions of the matrons and wise men of the tribes to which the parties respectively belonged. . . .

"When the mother considered her son of a suitable age for marriage, she looked about her for a maiden, whom, from report or acquaintance, she judged would accord with him in disposition and temperament. A negotiation between the mothers ensued, and a conclusion was speedily reached. Sometimes the near relatives, and the elderly persons of the tribes to which each belonged, were consulted; but their opinions were of no avail, independently of the wishes of the mothers themselves. Not the least singular feature of the transaction was the entire ignorance in which the parties remained of the pending negotiation; the first information they received being the announcement of their marriage, without, perhaps, ever having known or seen each other. Remonstrance or objection on their part was never attempted; they received each other as the gift of their parents. As obedience to them in all their requirements was inculcated as a paramount duty, and disobedience was followed by disownment, the operative force of custom, in addition to these motives, was sufficient to secure acquiescence. The Indian father never troubled himself concerning the marriage of his children. To interfere would have been an invasion of female immunities; and these, whatever they were, were as sacredly regarded by him, as he was inflexible in enforcing respect for his own. . . .

"From the very nature of the marriage institution among the Iroquois, it follows that the passion of love was entirely unknown among them. Affection after marriage would naturally spring up between the parties, from association, from habit, and from mutual dependence; but of that marvellous passion which originates in a higher development of the powers of the human heart, and is founded upon a cultivation of the affections between the sexes, they

were entirely ignorant. In their temperaments they were below this passion in the simplest forms.

"Attachments between individuals, or the cultivation of each other's affections before marriage, was entirely unknown; as also were promises of marriage. The fact that individuals were united in this relation, without their knowledge or consent, and perhaps without even a previous acquaintance, illustrates and confirms this position. This invasion of the romances of the novelist, and of the conceits of the poet, upon the attachments which sprang up in the bosom of Indian society may, perhaps, divest the mind of some pleasing impressions, but these are entirely inconsistent with the marriage institution, as it existed among them, and with the facts of their social history." ("League of the Iroquois," pp. 320–323.)

—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

144. Polygamy among the Indians.

(Page 171, line 11.)

Although polygamy has prevailed to a limited extent among the Senecas in later times, it was prohibited in earlier days, and considered disgraceful.—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

Major Marston, commanding officer at the U. S. Fort Armstrong, in the North-western Territory, in 1820, in an official report to our government, relative to the conditions, customs, religion, etc., of the various tribes of the North-western Indians, states, that "many of these Indians have two or three wives; the greatest number that I have known any man to have at one time, was five. When an Indian wants more than one wife, he generally prefers that they be sisters, as they are more likely to agree, and live together in harmony. A man of fifty or sixty years

DEDICATION OF JEMISON STATUE AT LETCHWORTH PARK, SEPTEMBER 19, 1910

From left to right: Miss Carlenia Bennett, Miss Isabel Howland, Mrs. Charles M. Dow, Mrs. Wolcott J. Humphrey, Miss Susan P. Darling, Dr. Charles M. Dow (seated at table), Arthur C. Parker, Dr. Charles Delamater Vail (speaking), Miss Caroline Bishop, Dr. William P. Letchworth, Rev. Louis A. Peirson, Dr. E. H. Hall, Dr. George F. Kunz

old, who has two or three wives, will frequently marry a girl of sixteen."—*Interpolation by Mix, ed. 1842.*

145. Relations of the Sexes.

(Page 171, line 19.)

From all history and tradition, it would appear that neither seduction, prostitution, nor rape, was known in the calendar of crimes of this rude savage race, until the females were contaminated by the embrace of civilized men. And it is a remarkable fact, that, among the great number of women and girls who have been taken prisoners by the Indians during the last two centuries, although they have often been tomahawked and scalped, their bodies ripped open while alive, and otherwise barbarously tortured, not a single instance is on record, or has ever found currency in the great stock of gossip and story which civilized society is so prone to circulate, that a female prisoner has ever been ill-treated, abused, or her modesty insulted, by an Indian, with reference to her sex. This universal trait in the Indian character can not be wholly, if in the least, attributed to the cold temperament of their constitutions—the paucity of their animal functions, or want of natural propensities—for polygamy is not only tolerated but extensively indulged in, among nearly all the North American tribes. Of this we have the most abundant proof, not relying solely on the testimony of Mrs. Jemison, who states that it was tolerated and practiced in the Seneca nation, but on the statements of all writers on that subject and of all travelers and sojourners in the Indian country. . . . On the other hand, this abstemiousness can not

be attributed to the dictates of moral virtue, as that would be in direct opposition to all their other traits of character. And, again, no society or race of men exists, so purely moral, but that, if there was any crime within their power to perpetrate, to which they were prompted by their passions, some one or more would be guilty of committing it, if restrained by moral virtue only.

Therefore we are driven to the conclusion, that the young warrior has been taught and trained up from his infancy, to subdue this passion; and to effect that object, he has been operated upon by some direful, superstitious awe, and appalling fear of the consequence of the violation of female chastity; and, with the same anathema held to his view, taught to avoid temptation, by demeaning himself perfectly uninquisitive and modest, in the presence of females, and especially female prisoners. It is not supposed however, that great exertions are made at the present day, to instill those prejudices, if I may be allowed so to apply the word, into the Indian youth, for those dicta have been so long promulgated, and obedience thereto so rigidly enforced, through so many generations that they have become an inborn characteristic of the race.

We can easily perceive the policy of the ancient founders of this precautionary branch of savage education, and it is worthy of the paternity of a Solon. By this precaution, jealousy, feuds, strife, and bloodshed, are avoided among the warriors, while they are out on their predatory excursions, stealthily seizing prisoners, scalps, or plunder by night, or warily and noiselessly winding their course through the forest by day.

—*Interpolations by Mix, ed. 1842.*

146. Dissolution of Indian Marriages.

(Page 171, line 19.)

The following is an interesting account given to Christopher Gist by Colonel Mercer, agent of the Ohio Company, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of North Carolina, of a Shawnee festival in Ohio in which Indian marriages were dissolved and husbands were chosen by the Indian women:

"In the evening a proper officer made a public proclamation, that all the Indian marriages were dissolved, and a public feast was to be held for the three succeeding days after, in which the women (as their custom was) were again to choose their husbands.

"The next morning early the Indians breakfasted, and after spent the day in dancing, till the evening when a plentiful feast was prepared; after feasting, they spent the night in dancing.

"The same way they passed the two next days till the evening, the men dancing by themselves, and then the women in turns round fires, and dancing in their manner the form of the figure 8, about 60 or 70 of them at a time. The women, the whole time they danced, sung a song in their language, the chorus of which was,

I am not afraid of my husband;
I will choose what man I please.

Singing those lines alternately.

"The third day, in the evening, the men, being about 100 in number, danced in a long string, following one another, sometimes at length, at other times in a figure of 8 quite around the fort, and in and out of the longhouse, where they held their councils, the women standing together as the men danced by them; and as any of the women liked a man passing by, she stepped in, and joined in the dance, taking hold of the man's stroud, whom she chose, and then con-

tinued in the dance till the rest of the women stepped in and made their choice in the same manner; after which the dance ended, and they all retired to consummate." See Pownall's "Topographical Description, London," 1776, last paragraph of the work.
—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

147. Indian Funeral Customs.

(Page 173, line 17.)

"The religious system of the Iroquois taught that it was a journey from earth to heaven, of many days' duration. Originally it was supposed to be a year, and the period of mourning for the departed was fixed at that term. At its expiration it was customary for the relatives of the deceased to hold a feast—the soul of the departed having reached heaven, and a state of felicity, there was no longer any cause for mourning. In modern times the mourning period has been reduced to ten days, and the journey of the spirit is now believed to be performed in three. The spirit of the deceased was supposed to hover around the body for a season before it took its final departure; and not until after the expiration of a year, according to the ancient belief and ten days according to the present, did it become permanently at rest in heaven. A beautiful custom prevailed, in ancient times, of capturing a bird, and freeing it over the grave on the evening of the burial, to bear away the spirit to its heavenly rest. Their notions of the state of the soul when disembodied are vague and diversified; but they all agree that, during the journey, it required the same nourishment as while it dwelt in the body. They, therefore, deposited beside the deceased his bow and arrows, tobacco and pipe, and necessary food for the journey. They also painted the face, and dressed the body in its best apparel. A fire was built upon the grave at night, to enable the spirit to prepare its food. With these tokens of affection, and these superstitious con-

cernments for the welfare of the deceased, the children of the forest performed the burial rites of their departed kindred."—("League of the Iroquois," p. 174.)—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

148. Hurd and Palmer's Mill.

(Page 181, line 7.)

It appears from "The Life of William Pryor Letchworth" (page 43) that the original sawmill erected by Hurd and Palmer near the Middle Fall of the three Portage Falls in what is now Letchworth Park was carried away by a flood and was succeeded by a more ambitious lumbering plant which was burned on January 23, 1858. In February of the following year, 1859, Mr. Letchworth acquired the mill-site and all the buildings connected with it. Eight or nine years later, according to information given by Mr. Pond of Genesee Falls, the portions of the lumbering plant not destroyed by the fire in 1858 were removed by the orders of Mr. Letchworth.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

149. Chapter I, Part II.

(Pages 193–198.)

This chapter by Ebenezer Mix first appeared in the edition edited by him and printed at Batavia in 1842. It formed Chapter XVIII of recent editions. —*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

150. Mary Jemison's Generosity.

(Page 194, line 26.)

The Hon. Truman L. Stone, of Sonyea, N. Y., communicates the following incident illustrating the generosity of Mary Jemison and her never-failing sympathy for those in distress. The incident is retold by

Mr. Stone as nearly as possible in the words of his grandfather, Truman Stone, who was accustomed to tell it to his children and grandchildren nearly every Thanksgiving Day after the Thanksgiving dinner.

"The best meal of victuals I ever ate was cooked by Mary Jemison, the White Woman of the Genesee. A short time after I settled in Orangeville, which in 1807 was in Genesee county (now Wyoming county), all of the grain crop of the settlers was a failure, consequently, it was a year of great dearth. There was no grain to be had; and although we had meat and milk and some vegetables, we felt the necessity of having bread.

"I heard that there was some corn on the Genesee flats, twenty-five miles away, and started out on foot with a pillow-case for a sack, to buy and bring home some corn or wheat. I continued my journey, making inquiries of the settlers along the road for corn or wheat. Some had a little corn and some had a little wheat but none to sell and not enough for their own use. On the second day away from home, I was traveling up the Genesee river on the Gardeau reservation. Just at night, I came up to the White Woman's cabin and asked her if she had any corn. She replied that she had corn but none to sell. I told her that I would give her five dollars for a bushel of corn. Her reply was that she would not sell me a bushel of corn for a bushel of dollars. At the same time, she asked me if I was hungry. I told her that I had not had anything to eat since breakfast the day before. She invited me into the cabin, swung a kettle over the fire and made a cake (an Indian cake was some cracked corn wet up, a little salt added and baked in a kettle). After the cake was done, she broke a goose egg into the kettle and fried it, all of which was served on a wooden platter or plate. Then she invited me to eat, which I did, and it was the best dinner I ever ate.

"While I was eating, the White Woman went up

the log stairs to the attic and brought down the pillow-case full of shelled corn. I offered to pay her for it but she said, 'No, I will take no pay. Take this to your starving family.' When I started for home, it was dark, I took the corn and carried it home, twenty-five miles away, that night, and we had corn bread for a few days. Then our wheat ripened and we had plenty ever after."

The story just recited, so interesting and so spiritually exalting, was communicated to Mr. Letchworth and in his acknowledgment, dated Glen Iris, January 29, 1900, Mr. Letchworth promised to use it when a fitting occasion occurred. To redeem this promise by Mr. Letchworth is now the object of the Reviser.

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

151. Inscription on Monument.

(Page 195, line 27.)

To make the inscription correspond with facts ascertained since the inscription was chiseled, read: "Born, 1743; abducted, 1758; removed to Genesee River, 1762; aged, ninety years."—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

152. A Reminiscence of the Jemisons.

(Page 197, line 24.)

"The author, in his boyhood, has often seen the 'White Woman,' as she was uniformly called by the early settlers; and remembers well the general esteem in which she was held. Notwithstanding she had one son who was a terror to Indians as well as to the early white settlers, she has left many descendants who are not unworthy of her good name. Jacob Jemison, a grandson of hers, received a liberal education, passed through a course of medical studies, and was appointed assistant surgeon in the United States

Navy. He died on board of his ship in the Mediterranean." ("Turner's Hist. of the Holland Purchase," p. 295.)—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

153. Chapter II, Part II.

(Pages 198–207.)

This chapter, by Hon. William Clement Bryant of Buffalo, first appeared in the edition printed at Buffalo in 1877. It formed Chapter XIX of recent editions.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

154. William Clement Bryant.

(Page 198, line 2.)

William Clement Bryant was born in Holley, Orleans County, N. Y., December 21, 1830, and died in Buffalo, September 2, 1898. He had a fine personal character, and a genial, kindly disposition, and in his profession as a lawyer he had the reputation for learning. For many years he was counsel for the Western Savings Bank of Buffalo, and had among his clients many prominent citizens whom he advised as to their wills and estates. With a comfortable competency, he had much leisure to read and study and take interest in matters outside his profession. He had a special penchant for local history and Indian affairs, and on account of the latter was esteemed by the Indians of the Alleghany, Cattaraugus, and Tuscarora reservations as a particular friend. He was adopted by the Senecas and given the name of *Da-gis-ta-ga-na, the burning fire,* and by the Mohawks who called him *Ky-o-wil-la* (meaning lost). He was president of the Buffalo Historical Society from January, 1876, to January, 1877. He was a great lover of nature and of scenery like that of Niagara

Falls and Letchworth Park, and shared Dr. Letchworth's views as to the use to which such scenery should be put for the benefit of the people.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

155. Thomas Jemison.

(Page 201, line 17.)

On November 12, 1913, Mr. Frank H. Severance, librarian of the Buffalo Historical Society Library, wrote to the Reviser: "Ulysses J. Kennedy of Irving, N. Y., 'Buffalo Tom's' grandson, informs me that his grandfather, Thomas Jemison, died September 3, 1878."—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

156. Thomas Jemison's House.

(Page 202, last line.)

Mr. Jemison's dwelling-house is still standing in a good state of preservation near Mt. Morris, and is cherished as an honored landmark.—*Letchworth, ed. 1877.*

The same may be said at the present time.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

157. The Jemison Orchard.

(Page 205, line 13.)

Besides other varieties of choice fruit, Mr. Jemison's orchard embraces more than three hundred bearing apple trees.—*Letchworth, ed. 1877.*

158. Chapter III, Part II.

(Pages 208–212.)

This chapter by Mrs. Asher Wright first appeared in the edition published at Buffalo in 1877. In an instructive and entertaining book entitled "Our Life

Among the Iroquois Indians," by Harriet S. Caswell, may be found an account of the efforts and sacrifices made by this noble woman and her devoted husband for the elevation of the Indians on the Buffalo and Cattaraugus reservation.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

159. Mrs. Jemison's Conversion.

(Page 212, line 25.)

Mary Jemison removed from Gardeau to the Buffalo Creek Reservation, according to the best of my recollection, in the summer of 1831. My first acquaintance with her was in the following summer. She was then quite decrepit and feeble, but quite talkative and generally, when I saw her, appeared cheerful. My conversation was generally upon the subject of religion, of which she seemed to have very confused and indistinct ideas. At first she seemed indignant * that I should speak of her as a sinner who stood in need of Divine mercy. She seemed to suppose she had never been guilty of a single sin. In a few months, however, it was very apparent that with increasing light upon the nature of christianity, her views of herself were radically changed. She saw she needed help from God, and appeared to seek it in humble, earnest prayer; and in the summer of 1833 she gave as satisfactory evidence of conversion as could reasonably be expected from a person in her circumstances.—*Rev. Asher Wright, in ed. 1840.*

* Mens sibi conscia recti.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

160. Chapter IV, Part II.

(Pages 213–227.)

The first part of this chapter, by William Pryor Letchworth, LL.D., first appeared in the edition

printed at New York in 1898. A few lines have been inserted by the Reviser of the 1918 edition to make a little clearer the quotations from the *Gettysburg Compiler*. The latter part of the chapter, by Edward Hagaman Hall, L.H.D., referring to the place of Mary Jemison's capture, first appears in the 1918 edition.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

161. Chapter V, Part II.

(Pages 228–242.)

The portion of this chapter by William Pryor Letchworth on pages 228–234 concerning the interment of Mary Jemison and the removal of her remains to Letchworth Park first appeared in the edition printed at Buffalo in 1877. In that and subsequent editions it comprised Appendices I, II, and III. The portion of this chapter by Mr. Letchworth on pages 235–236 concerning the erection of the marble monument first appeared in the edition printed at New York in 1898. In that, and subsequent editions, it was Appendix IV. It superseded another Appendix IV by Ebenezer Mix which appeared in the 1877 edition. The portion of this chapter on pages 236–242 concerning the Council House Grounds and the bronze statue, by Charles Delamater Vail, first appears in this edition of 1918.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

162. Millard Fillmore.

(Page 234, line 37.)

Honorable Millard Fillmore.—*Letchworth, ed. 1877.*

Millard Fillmore was the thirteenth President of the United States. He was born in Summer Hill, N. Y., February 7, 1800, and died in Buffalo, N. Y.,

March 7, 1874. See Chamberlain's "Biography of Fillmore" (1856) and the article by Gen. James Grant Wilson in "Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography" (1887).—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

163. Chapter VI, Part II.

(Pages 243–250.)

This chapter appears for the first time in the edition of 1918.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

164. William Holland Samson.

(Page 243, line 2.)

Dr. Edward Hagaman Hall furnishes the following biographical note:

"William Holland Samson was an editorial writer on 'The Rochester, N. Y., Post-Express' from 1881 to 1911, during the last five years of that period being managing editor. In October, 1911, he moved to New York City where he became Vice President of the Anderson Galleries. He died June 24, 1917, aged 57 years, and was buried in his native town of Le Roy, N. Y. His most notable editorial works outside of the columns of 'The Post-Express' were 'The Private Journal of Aaron Burr,' 'Letters from George Washington to Tobias Lear,' and 'Letters from Zachary Taylor from the Battlefields of the Mexican War.' During his residence in Rochester he devoted a large amount of time to the study of local history and the accumulation of a library. His collection of prints, engravings, autographs, maps, pamphlets and books concerning the Indians of Western New York and the settlement and development of the region by the whites was the largest ever formed in that part of the United States by a single individual. A biographical notice of Mr. Samson was printed in 'The Rochester Post-Express' of June 25, 1917."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

165. Chapter VII, Part II.

(Pages 251–263.)

This chapter was added by Ebenezer Mix, Esq.—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

This chapter by Mr. Mix first appeared in the edition printed at Batavia in 1842, and since then has been printed as Chapter V. In the present edition this interpolation has been taken out of a place in which it did not belong and is here put among the additions to the original story.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

166. Little Beard's Town.

(Page 251, line 8.)

The name of Little Beard's Town was *De-o-nun'-dă-gă-a*, signifying *Where the hill is near.* It was situated upon the west side of the Genesee Valley, immediately in front of Cuylerville.—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

167. Canaseraga Creek.

(Page 252, last line.)

The name by which this creek and the village of Dansville is now known to the Senecas is, *Gă-nus-gă-go*, signifying *among the milkweed.*—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

The name of the creek is now spelled *Canaseraga.*—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

168. Canandaigua.

(Page 253, line 23.)

Gă-nun'-dă-gwa, a place selected for a settlement, is the present spelling and pronunciation of this name.—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

169. Silver Lake.

(Page 258, line 12.)

Gä-na'-yät. Its signification is lost.—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

170. Mount Morris.

(Page 258, line 30.)

The name of Mount Morris in the Seneca dialect was *So-no'-jo-wan-ga.* This was the name of Big Kettle, an orator not less distinguished among the Senecas than Red Jacket himself.—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

171. Big Tree Village.

(Page 259, line 25.)

The word *Gä-un-do-wä-na,* which was the name of this village, signifies a *big tree.*—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

172. Cannewagus.

(Page 259, line 28.)

The Iroquois still retain their geographical names with great fidelity. As their proper names are descriptive, they still form a part of their language. Wherever an American village sprang up on one of their known localities the name of the old village was immediately transferred to the new, and down to the present time the Iroquois still call them by their original names. Thus *Gä-no-wan-ges,* signifying *Stinking Water.* The name of this Indian village was transferred to Avon, by which it is still known among them.—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

173. Squawkie Hill Village.

(Page 261, line 24.)

Da-yo'-it-gă-o, the name of this village, means *Where the river issues from the hills*. It describes the place where the Genesee river emerges from between two narrow walls of rock, and enters the broad valley of the Genesee. This valley, separating itself from the river at this point, extends up to Dansville, and the Caneseraga creek flows through it.—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

Mr. Arthur C. Parker, in a recent address at Squawkie Hill, said: "The name *Squawkie* is said to be derived from the tribal name, *Muskwaki*, meaning *red earth*, whom we recognize as the Fox Indians before their affiliation with the Sac or Sauk."—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

174. Chapter VIII, Part II.

(Pages 264–273.)

This chapter by Lewis H. Morgan first appeared in the edition of "The Life of Mary Jemison" printed at Auburn in 1856. It is taken from Morgan's famous work, "The League of the Iroquois." It formed Appendix VI of the 1913 edition.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

175. Gahunda and Tecarneodi.

(Page 264, table.)

Gä-hun'-da and *Te-car-ne-o-di'* are common nouns, signifying, the former, *a river*, or *creek*, and the latter, *a lake*. They are always affixed by the Iroquois, in speaking, to the name itself.—*Morgan, ed. 1856.*

176. Chapter IX, Part II.

(Pages 274–293.)

This chapter on the bibliography of "The Life of Mary Jemison" appears for the first time in this edition of 1918.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

177. "Author and Finisher."

(Page 289, line 24.)

The expression in the Bible is, "looking to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith"—that is to say, the beginning and the end, or the all-comprehending source of our faith. Mr. Mix evidently missed the significance of Dr. Seaver's allusion.—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*

178. Table of Epochal Years.

In a final review of the life of Mary Jemison certain years stand out as epochal in her career, and with a recapitulation of them this work may fittingly be brought to a close:

1743: Mary Jemison's Birth. In the formative period, 1743–1758, of Mary Jemison's character the dominant factor seems to have been not so much the character of her father as the character of her mother. In the indescribable crisis of abduction with which this formative period closes Mary Jemison's story of it is so incisive and illuminative that the repetition of the story verbatim is called for. "Mother," so run Mary's words, "from the time we were taken had manifested a great degree of fortitude and encouraged us to support our troubles without complaining, and by her conversation seemed to make the distance and time shorter, and the way more smooth. But father lost all his ambition in the beginning of our trouble,

THE UPPER PORTAGE FALL AT LETCHWORTH PARK, NEW YORK

Specimen of the scenery which surrounds Mary Jemison's last resting-place.

and continued apparently lost to every care—absorbed in melancholy. Here, as before, she insisted on the necessity of our eating; and we obeyed her, but it was done with heavy hearts," etc., etc. In other words, in this great drama, Mary Jemison's mother, in her every act and utterance, exemplified the height of wisdom, courage, and self-command to which an inspired sense of parental duty can obtain.

1758: Mary Jemison's Abduction. Evokes for Mary Jemison the activities of her life as a woman: Marriage, Motherhood, Birth, and Death of Children—a series of incredibly extraordinary experiences, borne in a spirit absolutely unique. However heavy the blow to the feelings (page 121) a masterful recovery of self-poise soon ensued. But in a way, more remarkable, as a result of her abduction, Mary Jemison's adoption into an Indian family brings to her an Indian mother, sisters, and brothers of very superior character. The Indian adopted mother figures in Mary Jemison's life as a fitting representative of her own mother.

1763: Peace of Paris, February 10. Ends the French and Indian War and makes possible the recovery of personal freedom by captives held by Indians. But, inexplicably to many, Mary Jemison does not become an applicant. On the other hand, after the Revolutionary War (1783) she elects to spend the remainder of her days with her Indian friends.

1797: Big Tree Treaty. The Treaty of Big Tree (September 15) made Mary Jemison one of the extensive landowners of the Genesee Valley. The gift was arranged through Mary Jemison's adopted Indian brother, *Kaujisestaugeau* (page 93), and embraced 17,927 acres known as The Gardeau Reservation.

1817: Naturalization. On the 9th of April, 1817, an act was passed by the Legislature of the State of New York for the naturalization of Mary Jemison and ratifying and confirming the title of her land (page 136).

1823: Publication of "The Life of Mary Jemison." On the suggestion of the citizens of the Genesee Valley "The Life of Mary Jemison" was prepared (1823) and published (1824) by James Everett Seaver, M.D., from dictation by Mary Jemison, to preserve to them an intimate record of Mary Jemison's life.

1833: Mary Jemison's Death, September 19. Received Christian burial in graveyard of Seneca Mission Church, Buffalo Creek Reservation, though almost to the day of her death she was a conscientious member of the pagan party (page 159) among the Senecas. A marble slab was placed to mark the spot.

1874: Reinterment of Mary Jemison's Remains. Remains exhumed at Buffalo and reinterred March 7 in the Indian Council House grounds at Letchworth Park. The erection of a marble monument marks recognition by the great philanthropist, William Pryor Letchworth, of the value to the public of the life and history of Mary Jemison.

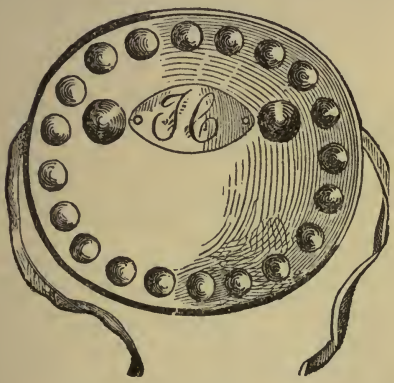
1910: Dedication of Bronze Statue. The bronze statue of Mary Jemison erected by William Pryor Letchworth on the marble monument at the grave in the Council House Grounds was dedicated September 19. To give to the world a permanent and speaking likeness of a great and good woman, art has achieved in this work one of its signal successes.

1918: Definitive Edition of "The Life of Mary Jemison." Wherein is sought to make complete and

trustworthy the record of this woman, of whom Dr. Seaver said in his original Introduction (page xiv):

"Her neighbors speak of her as possessing one of the happiest tempers and dispositions, and give her the name of never having done a censurable act to their knowledge."

—*Reviser, ed. 1918.*



GĂ-NUH'-SĂ, OR SEA-SHELL MEDAL

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